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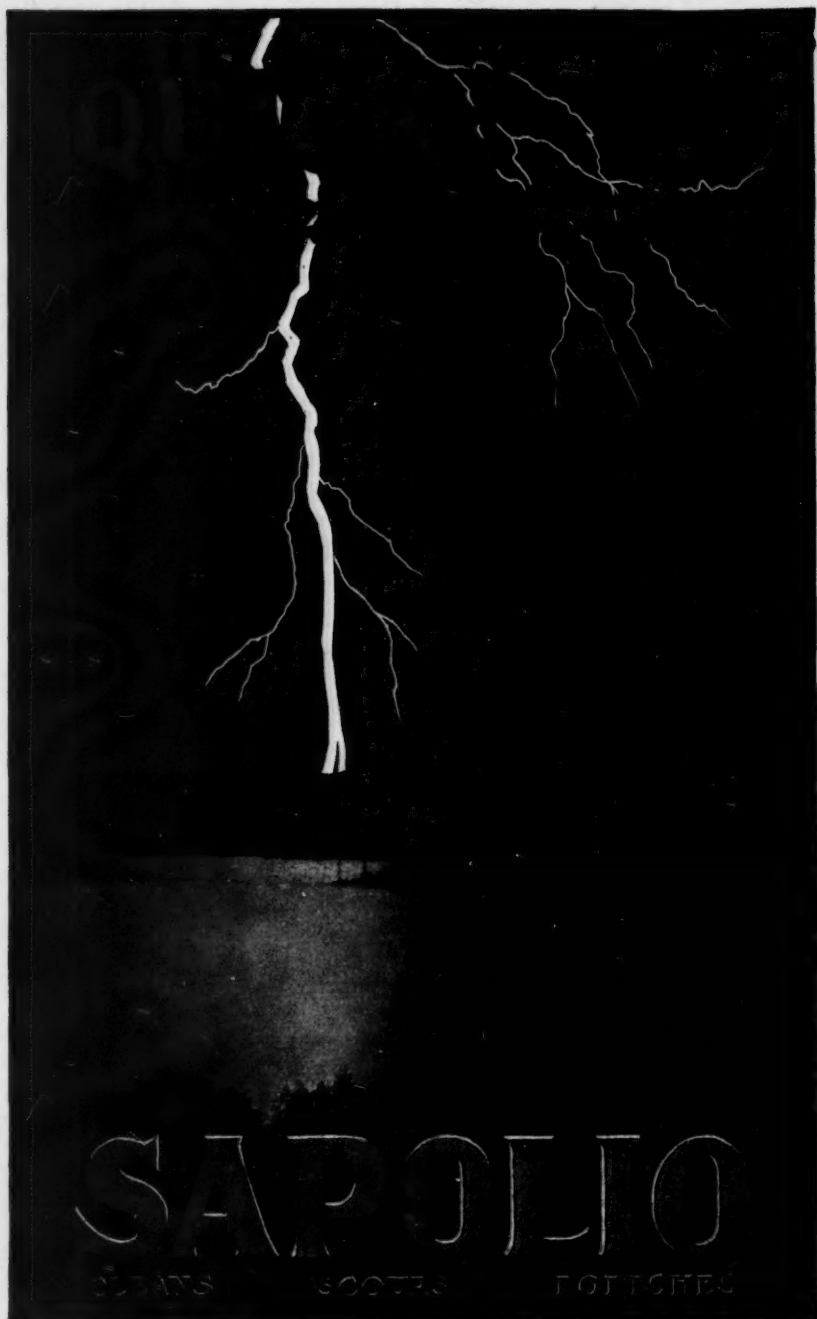
1907

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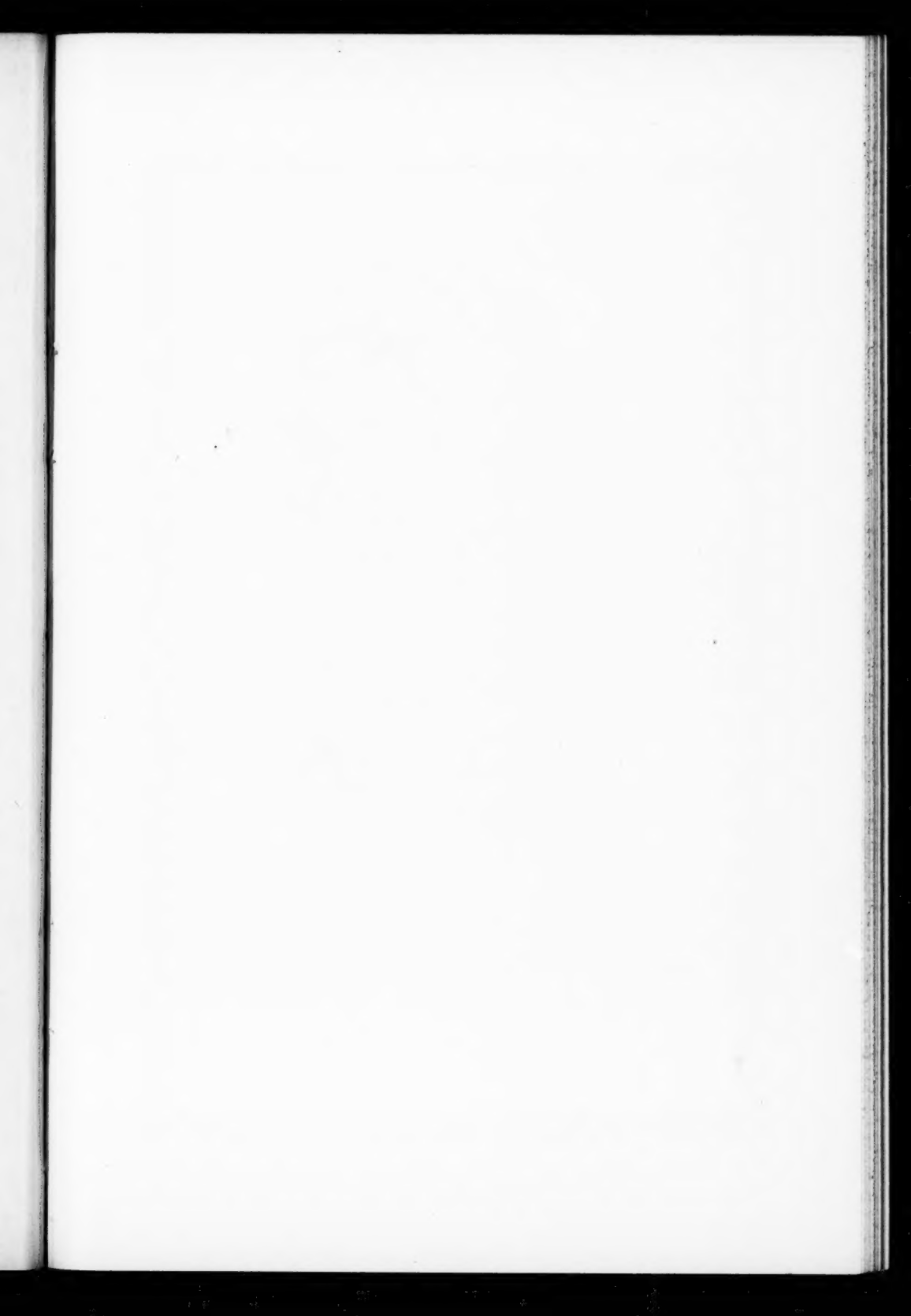
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EMMA, LADY HAMILTON.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE

R^T HON^{BLE} LORD NORTHWICK

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

VOL. II

AUGUST, 1907

NO. 5

EMMA HAMILTON

THE WOMAN NELSON LOVED AND ENGLAND NEGLECTED

By GEORGE S. STREET



FROM the Duke* it is natural to pass to our greatest sailor. He himself, to be sure, has little part in London. For our memories his place is on the sea, almost wholly; away from the sea he bore no such part in our life as Wellington bore, nor could he have borne it had he lived after Trafalgar. For our national purpose, so to say, he had his great intellectual gift of consummate seamanship, his great moral gift of devotion to his country, but he can never stand for such a rounded type of Englishman as stands the Duke. The men had one thing in common, that both were quickly emotional, but Wellington was the lord of his emotion and Nelson was the slave of his. The only occasion of their meeting, when Nelson exposed the childlike boastfulness which was a weak if amiable side of him to the Duke's grim observation, is sad

to think on but not surprising. The greatest of our sailors could never have played a great part in the broad world of affairs. For us his place is on the sea. And if his spirit might be supposed to seek the land, it would hardly seek Piccadilly: it would go, of course, to that peaceful Merton where he longed to rest.

But with his Emma it is otherwise. The bustle of Piccadilly may well be imagined congenial to her. Of her life in England, after all, this was the most active and interesting part so far as social things went, and Emma loved social things. Here, too, she gave birth to Horatia: I think she must be supposed to visit Piccadilly—I don't think the traffic would prevent her at all—and so I write of her. And writing of her I must perforce write of Nelson.

I really cannot admit that there is any reasonable doubt of Emma Hamilton's character. Men have sometimes written of her as though she were a problem like Mary Queen of Scots—of whom also, by the way, I have quite a definite view. Mr. Walter Sichel, for example, to whose copiously informed book I am greatly

* See "The Great Duke," PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for April, 1907, in Mr. Street's series on "The Ghosts of Piccadilly."



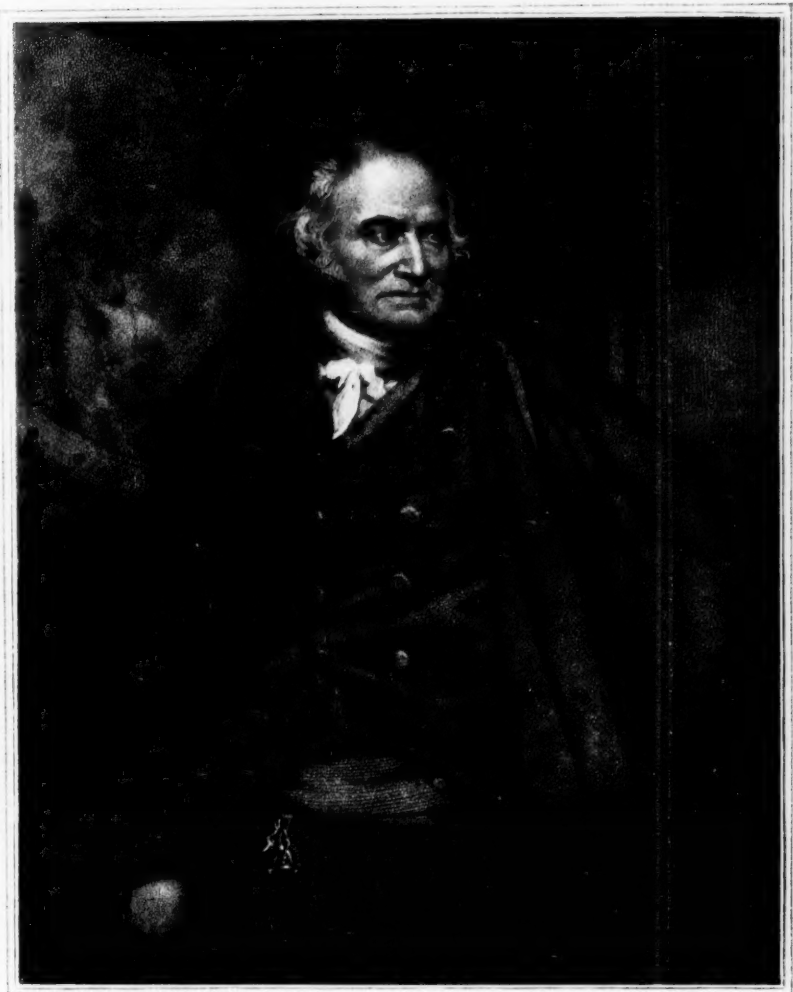
From the painting by L. Guzzardi (1799)

LORD NELSON

Engraved by I. Skelton

indebted, writes with a fine air of defending a much-wronged woman. He seems to tilt, lance in rest, in her defence, like some champion of legendary chivalry. I admire the attitude, but I cannot induce my old bones to adopt it. I remember (with no disrespect to Mr. Sichel) what Thackeray said in another connection of the defence of Nell Gwynne made by her footman, that, after all, "the

jade was indefensible and it is pretty certain her servant knew it." Not that Emma was a courtesan or anything like it. She was the mistress of two men in her youth and after her marriage became the mistress of another. Poverty in the early cases, passion in the other may or may not be held a sufficient excuse. For my part I do not care. I am far from agreeing with Dr. Johnson, who



CHAS. TURNER

For the First Arm of the English School.

GEORGE ROMNEY. PAINTER.

Engraved by W. Bond, from a Picture by Martin Archer Shee Esq R.A.

TO PRINCE HOARE ESQ Secretary for foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy, Author of "An Inquiry into the requisite cultivation and present state of the Arts of Design in England" & of other useful publications, this portrait and the annexed memoir, are respectfully inscribed by John Britton & W^m Bond

London, Published March 1. 1806 by Longman & Co. Printers near St. John's Church, & W. Bond, Engraver.

Romney painted innumerable portraits of Lady Hamilton, including the one reproduced as a frontispiece to this number of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

assured the chivalrous Bozzy, pleading extenuating circumstances for some other lady, that "the woman's a"—so-and-so—"and there's an end of it." There is *not* an end of it. It is a narrow view, an unprofitable exaggeration of a part into the whole. Still, one can hardly say that on her record Emma is one's idea of a fine character. Putting common frailty aside, one does not find in her any clearly noble qualities of heart or head. She was a warm, generous, kindly creature, loving to have dependents but loving also to cherish them, loyal, courageous. She was clever and appreciative. But, the gods be praised, there are hundreds of thousands such women whose conduct is defensible as well. On the other hand she was vain and vain-glorious, a little intoxicated with her power as the wife of an ambassador, the friend of a Queen—though it was but the Queen of Naples,—and the love of a hero. It was a strange fate that turned a serving wench into all this, but happily for the colour of life in all ages such fates have waited from time to time on beauty with no very wonderful qualities to aid it.

Such as she was, you must imagine her at the beginning of 1801, soon after her return from Naples, setting up house with her husband at what was then 23 Piccadilly—a small house between the Savile Club and Down Street. You imagine her, of course, a very beautiful woman. How many portraits of her have you seen? A host by Romney, no doubt. To my mind the most sympathetic of these are those he did of her in youth and in a simple mood. There is a reproduction in Mr. Sichel's book of a sepia study, done in 1784, which shows one a girl of compelling loveliness and grace. I could have fallen in love with her as she sat for it more easily than with Sir Joshua's "Bacchante," though that perhaps is the most beautiful picture of her we have. In 1801 she was thirty-six, a very beautiful woman still, but started on the road to corpulence—that sad journey so many beautiful

women must take. Second-rate painters often give good likenesses, and I dare say Masquerier's portrait of her at this time shows her much as she was—with large eyes and fine features and a mass of hair grown darker since her youth, rather heavy withal and with something of a Jewish look about her. Graceful she remained, almost perfectly so, I do not doubt. You imagine her bustling about her new abode, arranging the furniture she had sold jewels to buy—in comparative wealth or in poverty Emma was always hard up—and singing as she worked and directed. Sir William, her husband, smiles approval, and both expect with eagerness the coming of the hero, who has a lodging near by in St. James's Street.

It is not polite altogether to ignore this lady's husband. He is a little in the background, to be sure, sitting there rather pathetically, planning how to get himself rewarded for his services to his country, interested in art, enthusiastically admiring his beautiful wife and her heroic lover. They in turn respected and liked him. I do not think there is any obligation upon us to go about to enquire precisely how much Sir William Hamilton knew. I confess that to me it seems a thing almost incredible, in all the circumstances, that he did not know everything—a thing quite incredible that he did not know much. He acquiesced in much, and for this acquiescence you are at liberty, if you choose, to find many hard words. But unless you take your knowledge or ignorance of life from novels and plays, you cannot think it monstrous or unique. He was an old man with a fatherly love for the beautiful woman he had so generously—perhaps so foolishly—married, with an affectionate admiration for her lover. I am not seeking to excuse, but merely to suggest to you how he may be explained without any positive necessity for execrating him. Poor Sir William Hamilton! He is a figure of immemorial comedy, of course, a pathetic figure, not altogether unlovable.

Only for a short time was Nelson able to frequent 23 Piccadilly. Soon he had hoisted his flag for the expedition which was to end at Copenhagen. But there was no lack of visitors there. Queen Charlotte naturally refused to receive Lady Hamilton, and she was not "in society" as the respectably exclusive understood it; but there were many distinguished people who did not consider her interesting career a bar to acquaintance. Old Q., for example, did not mind it in the least.* She was a great favourite with that ancient voluptuary and was not omitted from his famous will. Those accomplished cousins, Lady Diana Beauclerk and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, had for her that admiration which women (so often maligned in this regard) are wont to have for the beautiful of their sex when they themselves have wit as well as looks. Various other fashionable but less important ladies came to her. Walter Savage Landor came and wrote verses about her. Mrs. Billington came,—a pretty creature whose society unhappily could not increase Emma's respectability. Crowds of refugee Italians, crowds of humble relations, were delighted to come. George, Prince of Wales, wished to come, but there was a terrible fuss about that, which we will attend to in a minute, and he came not. Greville, Sir William's nephew and her old "protector," came, with



SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON

cynical thoughts, it may be, but (I am convinced) quite good-naturedly. It is the custom of Lady Hamilton's champions to say harsh things of Greville, but I think their zeal outruns their judgment. Even the pro-

fessed morality of his day would hardly have condemned his relation with Emma Hart, or Lyon, when the friendless girl, cast out by another man, threw herself at his head with her "What shall I do? Good God, what shall I do?" He treated her kindly and educated her attentively if with incomplete success. It is really absurd to suppose that by any standard of conduct known to him—we have much better standards now—he ought to have

married her, or that he ought to have welcomed her as an aunt with reverent joy. They remained friends and that should be enough for the champions.

All these people Emma Hamilton entertained with her impulsive kindness and her great powers of amusement. She struck her famous "attitudes" for them, and she danced the tarantella. Wraxall gives us a vivid account of this treat. It happened on the evening of the day that the news of Copenhagen came, the 15th of April, 1801. He looked in at 23 Piccadilly about ten o'clock, and found Old Q. there, and the Duke of Gordon, Calonne, the Duke de Noia from Naples, John Kemble and his wife, Greville and Nelson's brother the parson—an interesting company. Emma, radiant with victory, sang to the harpsichord and danced the taran-

* See "Old Q." in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for December, 1906.

tella, and it is pleasant to note that what apparently impressed Wraxall, even more than the lady's grace, was the agility of her veteran husband.

Sir William began it with her, and maintained the conflict, for such it might well be esteemed, for some minutes. When unable longer to continue it, the Duke de Noia succeeded to his place; but he, too, though near forty years younger than Sir William, soon gave in. Lady Hamilton then sent for her own maidservant; who being likewise exhausted, after a short time, another female attendant, a Copt, perfectly black, whom Lord Nelson had presented her, on his return from Egypt, relieved her companion. It would be difficult to convey any idea of this dance; but the *Fandango* and *Seguedilla* of the Spaniards present an image of it. We must recollect that the two performers are supposed to be a Satyr and a Nymph; or, rather, a Faun and a Bacchante. It was certainly not of a nature to be performed, except before a select company; as the screams, attitudes, starts and embraces, with which it was intermingled, gave it a peculiar character. I only mentioned it [I forgive him freely!] in order to shew Sir William Hamilton's activity and gaiety at that advanced period of life.

Such doings at the little house in Piccadilly! But life then was not all singing and dancing for Emma Hamilton. On January 29th she had given birth to Horatia and a fortnight later she was playing hostess as though nothing had happened—but ten weeks later, as we have seen, she was wearing down four successive partners in the tarantella. Wonderful pluck, and a wonderful constitution truly, and if they alone made character one would join with the most fervid of her eulogists. Nelson's correspondence with her about this event is surely as curious as any letters ever hero penned. They arranged an elaborate system of deceit—could it really have deceived?—according to which Nelson had an anxious officer called Thomson whose wife, befriended by Emma, was expecting her confinement. Letters come addressed to

"Mrs. Thomson," and the expedient is further used in his avowed letters to her by frequent mention of the Thomsons. "I believe dear Mrs. Thomson's friend"—when Horatia had been born—"will go mad with joy. He cries, prays and performs all tricks, yet dares not show all or any of his feelings, but he has only me to consult with. He swears he will drink your health in a bumper . . . he does nothing but rave about you and her." So he wrote to her whom he thought, as a later letter has it, his "wife in the eye of God." The dried bones of a passion are always sad to see, but a dead passion which was debased by deceit and subterfuge is pitiable.

And this passion was debased by something worse than deceit. It is worth while, since we are on the subject, that our idea of Nelson and Lady Hamilton should correspond to the truth; and the truth was not, as one would suppose from sentimental reflections, that their passion—apart from its unhappy conflict with convention and customary standards—was an ennobling and ideal one. Take the most tolerant view, which is the wisest as a rule, and suppose that what is finest in the relation between a man and a woman may co-exist with that which in the eye of the world is wrong. Those of us who will admit this probably know of cases where they are certain of it. Yes, but the least this assumes is that the man and the woman are sure of one another. Can it possibly be an ideal and ennobling passion when the man is racked with fear of the woman's unfaithfulness?

The Prince of Wales intimated his wish to dine with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. It was obviously difficult to refuse and Sir William, moreover, wanted the Prince's aid in getting a pension. When Nelson heard of the project he was beside himself with rage and anxiety and wrote letter after letter of hysterical protest. He assumes that the Prince's intention was to make Lady Hamilton his mistress, and for that assump-

tion there was unfortunately only too much reason. But his letters, further, mean nothing if he was not afraid that she would consent. "Do not sit long at table. Good God! He will be next you and telling you soft things. . . . His words are so charming that, I am told, no person can resist them. . . . Hush, hush my poor heart, keep in my breast, be calm, Emma is true. . . . But no one, not even Emma, could resist the serpent's tongue. . . . Did you sit alone with the villain? No! I will not believe it. Do not let the rascal in." And so forth,—a medley of entreaty and fear and protestations of faith which truly protest too much.

One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. Here was a great hero, writing to the woman who was the love of his life, and he fears lest the attractions of a licensed debauchee, "a star-coated rapsallion," as Squire Beltham has it, should be too much for her; that it was not safe for her to sit next him at dinner. Alas! one can only suppose that there was little heroine in the woman to whom he wrote. His fear may have been baseless—she had to appease it by giving up the dinner—but that he had it tells us too much for any but a confirmed sentimentalist to go on rhapsodising about their passion. I like the woman, but there is an old tag about liking and truth.

Yet Nelson's love for Emma Hamilton, ennobling or otherwise, was the thing nearest his heart, and no view of her character can acquit the English Government—or the nation, in so far as it knew and made no protest—of the blackest ingratitude and treachery to Nelson in leaving her to starve. I trust if I have seemed cold

about her my sincere warmth in this regard may partly excuse me to the sentimentalists. The stupid, ghastly irony of it! "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter to my country": those were almost his last words. He had lived for his country and he had died for it. His country loudly acclaimed that he had saved it. And his country made his brother, who had saved no one unless in his calling as a clergyman, an earl and gave him £120,000. And his country entirely ignored the necessities of the woman and child he had left to its care. By the time they were actually in want it was thinking of other matters, to be sure. Yet with all her faults Emma Hamilton had not done the country ill service. She might have hindered Nelson from his devotion to it, but she ever added fuel to that fire. The country might have remembered her, but it was content with that magnificent piece of irrelevance in regard to Nelson's brother. Besides, when a strict regard for morality positively pays, I suppose it is ingenuous to be surprised.

The black days were yet distant when Merton Place was bought and Piccadilly ceased to be Lady Hamilton's constant abode. Sir William kept on the house, it is true, and she was there sometimes. She lived just out of Piccadilly, in Clarges Street, for some years later on. Keeping strictly to my theme and its limitations, however, I confine her association with Piccadilly to that eventful year of 1801, when Copenhagen was fought and Horatia was born, and she danced the tarantella to Old Q. and the Kembles. We take leave of her at the end of it—the gay, generous, clever, coarse, beautiful creature.





PANORAMIC VIEW OF VIENNE IN 1640

A TYPICAL FRENCH TOWN AND ITS LESSON FOR STRENUOUS AMERICA

By ALVAN F. SANBORN



VIENNE* is not an upstart among the towns of France. Its authentic history begins with the invasion of Gaul by the Roman Cæsar in whose "Commentaries" it figures as a fortress of the Ædui. It abounds in relics of this remote past. A stretch of highway and a house, recently exhumed in a fair state of preservation, testify to the Roman occupation, while Roman coins and household utensils are constantly coming to light. The crypt of its church, St. Restitut, which holds the ashes of the saint, dates from before Charlemagne, and the choir, from the eleventh century. A castle of the Duc de Vienne (imposing even as a yawning ruin), a venerable abbey and a fragment of a mediæval city

* The name Vienne is fictitious.

wall, to which crumbling houses cling like ragged lichens to the rock, illustrate superbly the feudal epoch.

This old town, of which the feudal castle surmounting a high and rocky hill is both crown and nucleus, is an island, resembling a boat in shape, produced by the successive divergence and convergence of the Loire and one of its offshoots called the Little Loire. Vienne is also the starting-point of two canals. It has eight fairly well-defined parts.

I. A public park, popularly known as the "Bois," confronting the broad confluence of the three streams—the boat's prow, so to speak, washed to starboard and to larboard by the waters of the Big and Little Loires. This park would do credit in situation, beauty and extent to a city of 100,000 inhabitants. It has a promenade fully half a mile long beneath four rows of giant, centenarian planes and

limes, whose overarching branches, impermeable to the fiercest mid-day sun, form a finely traceried vault suggestive of what a cathedral nave might be in a greater, grander, more aspiring, more religious world than ours. The Bois promenade is out-door nursery for babies; playground for boys and girls; twilight and moonlight trysting-place for lovers; Sunday resort for families; asylum for hobbling, contemplative age; dreaming-ground for "silent poets" and "brushless artists"; and drill-ground for soldiers (Vienne is a garrison town) when the heat of the uncovered barrack yard is too intense or its space too limited for the desired manœuvres.

II. A "court quarter," adjacent to the "Bois," embracing two nearly parallel streets, broad, macadamized and well-shaded; and a number of stone and brick mansions surrounded by generous grounds and screened from passing view by high hedges or high ivy-and-woodbine-twined stone walls and iron fences. Here inhabit the more substantial burghers; here silence, sleepiness and conventional stateliness reign.

III. A retail trading district; a long street devoted to shops, la Grande Rue, what would be called the "Main Street" in an American town; but differing from a Main Street in the narrowness of its sidewalks and roadway, the presence of pavings, the solidity of its buildings and the artistic distinction of its shop-window displays.

IV. A quay beside the Little Loire. This is a broad, open, unshaded area debouching at its lower end in the Bois and at its upper end in a plaza with a central fountain. It is bordered on the water side by a river wall of solid masonry and on the land side by a line of cafés and hotels. It is the scene of so many business and pleasure activities of so many sorts as to be a fair modern counterpart of the ancient Roman forum.

V. A manufacturing section comprising a group of factories among

which a rope walk, bottle works, a pottery and a tannery may be mentioned.

VI. A governmental section, in which the public buildings—schools, city hall and *gendarmérie nationale*—are located and in which serio-comic functionaries, notably the gendarmes, very fierce and very splendid with cocked hats, silver braid and trailing swords, are perpetually visible.

VII. An ecclesiastical section, including, besides the Church of St. Restitut, a boys' boarding-school of the Mariste brotherhood, a convent for girls and church day-schools for the town children; a section chiefly signalized by mysterious flittings to and fro of broad-skirted "brothers," and white-capped "sisters" and fitfully brightened and shadowed by wedding and funeral parades.*

VIII. A laborers' section consisting of a network of narrow, winding, paved, alternately ascending and descending streets, bordered directly, without the intervention of front yards or sidewalks, by small one or two-story quaintly irregular stone or stucco houses whose walls are frescoed and doorways festooned with ivies, woodbines, roses, honeysuckles and trumpet-creepers, and whose doorstones and window ledges are enlivened by potted plants. Most of these houses have back yards devoted to fruit, flower and vegetable culture and are more or less utilized in fine weather as kitchens, dining-rooms and sitting-rooms. The real summer sitting-rooms, however, are the streets: here the goodwives "visit" while they make their needles fly, and here the families watch out the twilight after the day's work is done.

Seen from a fairly distant vantage, Vienne with its *château féodal* "lifted to the white clouds" is one of those "castellated towns that would befit the scenery of dreamland," and its setting comes little short of being the dreamland scenery it befits. Parallel lines of the slender, delicate, fluttering,

*The anti-clerical crusade has diminished the picturesqueness of this quarter. But religious instruction is still given therein by "secularized" brothers and sisters who have adopted secular attire.

indecisive poplars which Corot, the dreamer, adored and painted, stretch along the canal routes for miles and miles, till they merge first in each other and then in a gray-green blur on the horizon. Pale highroads bordered by creamy acacias radiate into the great unknown like so many milky ways; rich velvet hedges brocaded with white bloom cross and crisscross in intricate interlacings; lustrous streams fringed with silvery pollarded willows course through vivid emerald meadows where snow-white cattle browse. It is a symphony in green and silver, dainty, tender, debonair, without a single melancholy strain or note. One need not go the full length of Buckle's glamorous environment theories to think that such a smiling, cheering landscape must have a happy effect on those whose lives are passed therein; must soften and sweeten human character.

Vienne holds a weekly market and a monthly fair. The former is a highly important event for the feminine part of the community. Early on Friday morning, the female domestics of the large farmers and the wives and daughters of the small ones—buxom, sunburned creatures, very spick and span in black waists and skirts, blue aprons and the stiffest of starched white caps—jog up to the Quay in cunning donkey-carts; unload on the pavements their vegetables, salads, fruits, eggs, butter, cheese, live hens, ducks, geese, pigeons and rabbits; seat themselves with becoming dignity on benches provided for them by the municipality, and, with arms folded over their ample bosoms, hold themselves in readiness for business. Thither flock the good-wives of the town, to bargain and buy, or to gossip under the guise of buying and bargaining. From eight to eleven a scene is enacted that compares favorably for vigor of gesticulation and noise, if not for transfer of values, with that of the floor of a stock exchange, and in liveliness of chatter and transfer of news with that of an old-fashioned American sewing-circle.

The trading over, those of the market-women who are not forced to hurry back to the farms devote the remainder of the day to laying in supplies of groceries and drygoods from the stores of the Grande Rue, or to "visiting" with their town relatives and acquaintances.

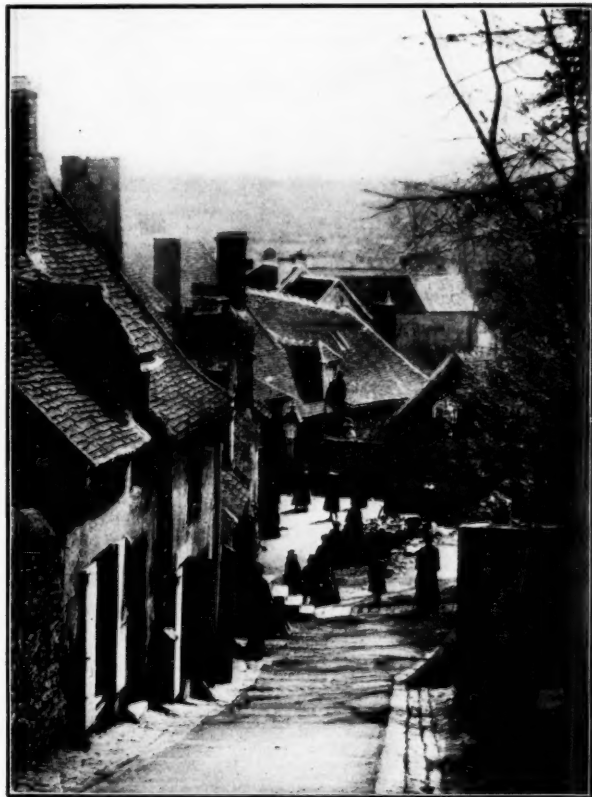
On the day of the fair (the second Tuesday of each month), the Quay and the Bois present an unwonted and picturesque aspect. The former is covered by tents and barracks (sprung up like mushrooms in a night) containing drygoods, household furnishings, confectionery and toys. And the latter is occupied by herds of the beautiful white kine which are one of the glories of central France; by flocks of sheep munching the tempting grass uncropped since the preceding fair, or reposing with muzzles stretched confidently over one another's necks; and by pigs, sprawling sows giving suck to litters of exquisite, tender pink shoats (to think that such rosebuds of things should blossom into porcine grossness!), goats, horses, mares with foals, donkeys and mules. Sturdy farmers, in black felt hats and black or blue frocks, hardy, angular boys, bareheaded, rosy-checked, awkward girls, and the same capped and aproned women who vend in the weekly market, stand effective guard over the motley array of squealing, grunting, lowing, bleating, braying and whinneying quadrupeds, and hold animated parley with possible buyers.

Up to noon, this colossal barnyard into which the Bois has been transformed—the most mystic imagination would find therein no suggestion of a cathedral now—is the centre of the activities of the fair. By now most of the animals have changed hands and the interest shifts to the Quay, where the women and children abandon themselves to the seductions of the nomad merchants' stalls; and to the cafés of the town, where the men, light of heart and heavy of purse, turn their attention to good cheer. It is long after dark before the stalls and the cafés, the glamorous

merchandise and the virile mirth cease to attract.

The August fair lasts for two days, the first being assigned to cattle and

itself, but in the hamlet of Vert-Galant about two and a half miles distant on the line of one of the canals, is so far participated in by



A STREET IN VIENNE

the second to sheep and pigs. Buyers come from as far as a hundred miles away, and the amount of live stock disposed of is enormous.

The fairs and markets show how impossible it is for the Viennois to carry on the most prosaic business without little accessories of sociability and mirth. They are not the real merrymakings of Vienne, however; the real merrymakings are the patronal and communal fêtes.

The fête of St. Jean Baptiste, though celebrated not in Vienne

the Viennois—thanks to a beautiful poplar-shaded tow-path leading to the hamlet and to the frequent running of cheap 'buses by the high-road—that it is considered by them as their own. The Vert-Galant City Hall—in France, a town of 500 people, it would seem, may have its *city* hall—is decked on this occasion with flags and greenery. The public square in front of it is possessed by two or three similarly decorated, canvas-covered dancing pavilions, flanked by restaurants and by several painted,

gilded, mirrored and bespangled *carrousel*s of flying horses. On the canal, one or more stationary canal-boats, gay with bunting, flags and lines of Chinese lanterns, are equipped with dancing platforms and restaurants. A horse-chestnut avenue which connects the public square with the canal is bordered on either side by gaudy booths containing wheels of fortune and other games of chance, *cafés-chantants*, shooting-ranges, mountebanks, acrobats, *marionnettes*, jugglers, and candy, gingerbread, cheap jewelry, trinket and toy counters. From eight o'clock in the morning, the *carrousel*s of the square and the booths of the avenue are generously patronized by a throng as brave in apparel as themselves. The dancing pavilions are crowded with dancers from three o'clock in the afternoon till three the next morning, when, in June at this latitude, the dawn appears.

The official exercises of the day begin with a bestowal of alms on the poor of the parish. Then come a children's ball with prizes for the most nimble couples; a grotesque donkey race in which ten or a dozen donkeys start and only two or three reach the finish, owing to various

comical mishaps by the way; a laughter-provoking greased-pole contest; the crowning of a *rosière* (the girl with the best record for conduct during the year); a distribution of playthings to "good" girls and boys; a scissors tournament for girls; a display of fireworks; and a concert by the Vienne Brass Band.

Three similar fêtes are held in the course of the twelvemonth at Vienne itself, and there are half a dozen others in as many neighboring villages which are liberally patronized by the Viennois. Two French patriotic festivals—the Quatorze Juillet and the so-called Fête Franco-Russe—are celebrated with much verve and splendor. The latter was signaled a few years since by a veritable mediæval street masque, in which the noble and the wealthy condescended to take part (the memory of the horseplay of the owner of the tannery in the character of Bacchus will live long in the unwritten annals of the town); and the affair netted several hundred francs for the poor in whose behalf it was given. In July, a *fête foraine* (travelling fête) invades the town, takes possession of a corner of the Quay, and holds it for a fortnight to the equal delight



A NIVERNAIS WEDDING



A NIVERNAIS LAUNDRY

of children and adults. Ever and anon, a circus arrives by the "owl train," and is found encamped upon the Quay the next morning. Other visitors to this same Quay are a Guignol Lyonnais (a puppet-show corresponding to the English Punch and Judy, the Italian Punchinello and the German Hanswurst); a theatrophone, a cinematograph, and open-air *chansonniers* who teach their chansons to the public after the fashion of the street *chansonniers* of Paris.

But the supreme summer attraction of the Quay and of the town is a series of theatrical performances given during the months of July, August and September, in temporary barracks, half tent, half shed, capable of seating from three to four hundred people. The troupe of 190—comprised fourteen performers attached to Paris companies in the winter. The stage properties, though demanding rather more work of the imagination than the imagination altogether likes to do, were fresh and bright and, for the most part, in good taste. The repertoire was amazingly varied. Excepting only the broadest of broad farce and a certain type of society play

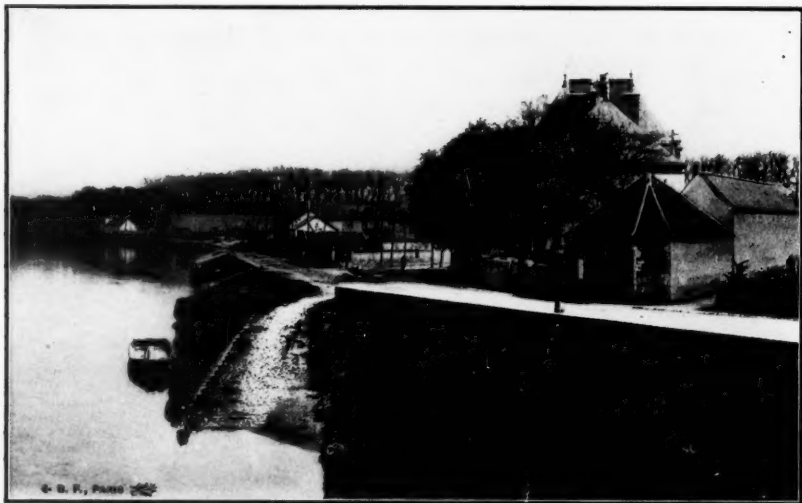
wisely adjudged too daring for a provincial audience, no important *genre* known to the French stage was lacking. Cheek by jowl with such successes of the outer boulevards of Paris as Xavier de Montépin's "Mendiant de St. Sulpice," Pierre Décourcelle's "Deux Gosses" and with the military skits of Courtéline, were Dumas Père's "Tour de Nesle" and "Trois Mousquetaires" (advertised, by the way, with delightful, because unconscious, humor as "Un drame de cape et de l'épée d'Alexandre Dumas, de l'Académie Française), Victor Hugo's "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas," Théodore de Banville's "Le Baiser," Augier's and Sandeau's "Gendre de M. Poirier," Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Divorçons," Lemonnier's "Madame la Maréchale," Bisson's "Les Surprises du Divorce" and even such imposing excerpts from the repertoire of the venerable Comédie Française as Racine's "Phèdre" and "Germanicus," Corneille's "Horace," Molière's "L'Étourdi" and Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro." No American town of double the size of Vienne could offer, I venture to say, an English repertoire so representative.

The interpretations, necessarily uneven, were surprisingly free from the ranting one looks for in such a quarter. Like the proverbial fool who entered the church to scoff and remained to pray, I went to this barrack of a theatre time and again, expecting to be convulsed by absurdities or shocked by crudities, only to come away more or less edified.

The audience gave the precious support of intelligent appreciation expressed in warm applause—a cordiality for which the management showed its gratefulness by various little surprises in the way of after-pieces and curtain-raisers not announced on the fliers, and by proffering the school-children several *matinées* of adapted historical dramas and tableaux. The last performance of the season was the occasion of a genuine ovation. The excited spectators, not content with calling every member of the company before the curtain after the last act, obstinately refused to leave the theatre until both the managers had promised, in graceful speeches, to bring the troupe back another summer.

The summer theatre, as coming

from without, can only by a certain license be reckoned an organic part of the community life. It is altogether different with the *café*. The *café* is indigenous—as unforced a product of the social conditions as grass and wild flowers are of the soil. Vienne possesses three *cafés* which compare favorably in all respects with the best to be found in the capital. They are large, well-lighted and tastefully decorated; are supplied with all the more important Parisian dailies and illustrated weeklies, as well as with the journals of the centre of France; and offer every Parisian privilege in the way of games and writing materials. The business and professional men assemble therein with unswerving regularity, late in the afternoon at the hour of the *apéritif* and after dinner at the hour for coffee, for a turn at dominos, cards or billiards, the exploitation of business projects and consummation of business deals, or the vivacious interchange of ideas which, to the French mind, is always and everywhere a sufficient end in itself. Here, the large farmers also congregate when they chance to be in town; on Sundays and fair days



WEST SIDE OF THE LOIRE AT VIENNE

they are in a decided majority. The drinks are the Parisian drinks—Malaga, Madeira, banyuls, absinthe, amer, quinquina and vermouth in

their sanctums invaded as our own city club veterans.

Besides these *chic* cafés, and the three or four first-class hotels



A WOODLAND WALK IN VIENNE

the afternoon, beer, black coffee and hot grogs in the evening,—the prices are exactly the Parisian prices, and the tip to the garçon is the Parisian tip. These cafés are invaded, from time to time, by itinerant café-concert troupes and the popular audiences they attract—to the great profit of the café proprietors and the growling annoyance of the habitués, jealous of innovations, and as loath to have their habits deranged and

whose taprooms and terraces are similar social centres, there are some two score small cafés and taverns frequented by the populace, where tips are practically unknown, where the drinks are the provincial drinks (light wine is the chief beverage), the prices are the provincial prices and the journals few in number and limited in range; but where parties at cards, dominos and billiards, or engaged in lively discourse, are as much to be

counted on as in the more stylish and expensive resorts.

The Vienne Brass Band, of which the town is very proud, gives Sunday afternoon concerts in the Bois during the summer months, and moonlight concerts at intervals, when the weather permits. This band goes away every season to take part in a musical tournament at which the bands and choral societies of a large area are represented; and when, as now and again happens, it comes back winner of a second or third prize, the town, I am told, goes wild with rejoicing. The tournament was held at Vienne, four years ago, and the people are not yet tired of lauding the beauty and brilliancy of the occasion. A series of horse races on a good track in a neighboring town should be added to the list of Vienne's annual diversions.

If one compares the life of Vienne with the life of an average American town, one notes:

I. *A greater sociability*—within the class limits prescribed by French decorum,—thanks, probably, to the love of talk and dread of isolation inherent in the Gallic temperament. "Ten minutes of Parisian conversation," says Émile Deschanel, "are

fuller of ideas, images, sensations of every sort, than three days of provincial talk." There is a measure of truth in the saying. Vienne talk is not Parisian conversation by a long remove. Still, it is replete with telling sallies and retorts, with cleverness, sparkle, raillery, drollery and fancy, with all that, in a word, which, in the absence of Parisian *esprit*, is the best possible substitute for it, and which would be missing in the provincial town of any country other than France—with the possible exception of Ireland.

Even between the different social grades (paradoxical as it may seem), a large degree of honest *camaraderie* prevails, familiarity between social superiors and inferiors being both pleasant and safe for all parties concerned when (and perhaps only when) there is not the slightest possibility of its being misconstrued into a social sanction, or the slightest danger of social barriers being rudely overleaped because of it.

II. *A greater richness in amusement resources.* To the festive occasions already mentioned should be added such others as Christmas, New Year's, Mardi Gras, Mi-Carême, Pentecost and Easter Monday, all of



NIVERNAIS PLOWMEN RETURNING FROM WORK



GENERAL VIEW OF VIENNE FROM THE EAST

which are celebrated with zestful hilarity. Verily, the person who should undertake to assist at all the gala events of the year in the town itself and the district of which the town is the recognized centre, would have no sinecure.

III. *A more widespread sentiment for beauty*, evidenced through every department of living in a hundred little ways that may not here be enumerated, but most signally in a remarkable love and nurture of flowers. The average householder, judged by the charming decorative floral effects he obtains with the simplest materials, might easily pass for a professional gardener.

IV. *A more widespread gaiety*—so widespread, indeed, as to be the dominant note. Of a truth, a community where the laborers work long hours, for an average of three or four francs a day and where a finical economy is the price of decency, as is the case at Vienne, is not precisely an earthly paradise. And yet so prevalent and permanent in Vienne is that "fashion of the smiling face," which makes a large part of every conception of a paradise, that the town presents something of the outward aspect of one, and comes

much nearer being one in reality, than many a community where work is lighter, hours shorter and wages higher.

Some years ago, while travelling "steerage" between New York and Liverpool, I made the acquaintance of a robust young Welsh laborer who was returning to Wales for good, after having worked several years at high wages in Youngstown, Ohio. "I can earn more in America than in Wales," he said, "but I cannot have as much pleasure"; and then he launched into a panegyric of the simple and wholesome diversions of his Welsh town. It is, in part at least, their longing for the gaiety and the gaudy rites of their local *festa*, that prevents many of our Italian immigrants from making permanent homes among us. The French provincial, still more enamored of the life of his community than the Italian, is exceedingly reluctant to go out of sight of his village *clocher* (church-tower)—not to mention emigrating over seas.

The present worldwide tendency of provincial populations to gravitate to the great cities, although sufficiently pronounced in France to occasion more or less concern, is still

much less pronounced there, statistics show, than in the United States. It is easy to understand why, if the social atmosphere of Vienne is the social atmosphere of the major part of the French villages and small towns.

No patriotic American would wish to have French economic conditions repeated in the United States. More than that, we would not reproduce here if we could the manners and customs of the French provincial towns, the affectation of "the simple life" being the most ridiculous and inexcusable of all the affectations.

Nevertheless, we might emulate, without recourse to servile imitation, the example of the French provincials, in appealing constantly to a sentiment for beauty, practising sociability and encouraging gaiety. We might, in our towns and villages, transfigure even our humdrum daily tasks by merry rituals, and provide an abundance of stimulating and picturesque diversion for our well-earned hours of leisure. And if we should do these things, we should make appreciable progress, I am sure, in checking the exodus from the country to the city.



NIVERNAIS COUNTRY TYPES

AN AMERICAN PAINTER: EASTMAN JOHNSON

By MARK SELBY



THE week-long exhibition in the gallery of the Century Association last February of the residuary works of Eastman Johnson preceded the final dispersal of those works. For the painter was not only, and by the best of titles, a conspicuous and typical member of an association which its constitution declares "shall be composed of authors, artists and amateurs of letters and the fine arts," but was also of the generation of the artists of the Sketch Club who founded the Association in 1847. Had he been a New Yorker then, he would doubtless have been among them, filling as he did so thoroughly the social as well as the artistic "bill."

For in 1846 Eastman Johnson, who was born in 1824 and died in 1906, was already a busy and popular artist. Not yet a painter, but a portraitist in black and white, having taken up that vocation at eighteen, with only such teaching as in that remote time could be had in such a hamlet as Lovell, Maine. Somehow, one always associated Johnson with Nantucket, probably because that was his summer home in his old days and so many of his subjects were taken from it, including that of one of his most famous works, the "Corn Husking," which attracted so much attention at the final sale. Hardly any of them were marines, however; perhaps only that one of the

couple on the cliff, looking seaward, "Flying the Kite," which was also in the final exhibition and seemed to so many, in its directness and its rejection of the unessential, a precursor of Winslow Homer. Maine or Nantucket, the painter all his life remained an unmistakable "Down Easter," in his outward ways and modes of speech, as well as in his ways of thinking and in his shrewd and humorous outlook on life. "A very vernacular man," as was said of Daniel Webster. Not in Lovell, nor much more in Augusta, where he opened his first studio and offered his crayons to the Augustans at eighteen, were there in the early forties any facilities such as now exist almost everywhere for "studying art." "The strong propensity of nature" had to make its unguided way. But one has to remark of the Americans who did give themselves to art in those days that the strong propensity of nature had to be so much stronger than now, with the modern multiplication of facilities, as to amount to a real vocation. There was no temptation or inducement for any American country boy to become an artist who was not really "called" to be an artist. It was not, probably, until, at twenty-one, the young portraitist of three years' standing in "taking likenesses" removed with his parents to the national capital, that he found any models or any examples. And truly, they were not rife in the Washington of 1845. But "subjects" for portraiture were plentiful. The "Great Triumvirate" were in the fulness

of their powers and of their fame, and of them young Johnson secured sittings from the great New Englander. No extant likeness of Webster conveys more thoroughly the impression his personal presence made upon his contemporaries than the resulting pencil sketch. And there were at the Capital relics of a still earlier generation whom equally he secured, and who take us back to the "conditores imperii"—John Quincy Adams, the old man acrimoniously eloquent on the verge of his eightieth year; the widow of Alexander Hamilton on the verge of her ninetieth and of her fiftieth of widowhood; and "Dolly" Madison, of whom Johnson's portrait puts so vividly before us the charm of the "vieille coquette" who carried her Virginian, or more specifically Carolinian, charm into extreme age, and retained her social primacy at the old Virginian village which Washington was in her time, long after she had abdicated the official primacy of "the Lady of the White House." (It was not unofficially known as the White House, by the way, until long after her time, nor officially, as we all know, until the present Administration.) These are real historical documents and historical possessions, these sketches done in Washington before Daguerre, to say nothing of the photograph, and not long after Durand, in such portraits as the Madison and the John Quincy Adams, had "preserved to us the thoughtful countenances of writers and statesmen." Johnson, too, had his chance at our literary class. It was in 1849 that he returned to his native New England, on what may be called a portrait-sketching tour, and, as graphically as he had done the politicians and the matrons of the capital, depicted, or rather delineated, the Brahminical writers of the time, Longfellow and his family, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Charles Sumner, then just emerging as an apostle of culture, hardly yet as an aspiring politician. Not less interesting, to those who knew the artist afterwards, was the harvest

of anecdote and reminiscence he brought away from these sittings, than the results of them in black and white. For the painter was first of all an observer, and no trait of character escaped him, whether or not it could be set down in black and white. Long afterwards he used to delight himself and his hearers with reminiscences, having also a graphic force and verisimilitude, of the benignity of "the white Mr. Longfellow," as Mr. Howells has been recalling that Björnson called him; of the incredible bashfulness of Hawthorne, of the etherealized shrewdness of Emerson, of the majestic attitudinizing of Sumner.

Artists' prices were low enough in those days compared with what the fashionable artists have been able to charge since. But the cost of living was proportionally low. Even at twenty-five dollars for a crayon head, if that was Johnson's earliest price, it was perfectly possible for a frugal youth to save up for the trip to Europe which then even more than now was the necessary goal of the artistically minded. "We must look after our shillings," as the British painter of that period said in explanation of his restricting himself to portraiture and abstaining from "high art." All the same, every artist of the time may be supposed to have had a soul above buttons and secretly to have cherished the hope of fame if not of fortune which should derive from a loftier source than the personal vanity of his fellow-citizens. It was the savings of the Washington and New England portraiture, we may conjecture, that enabled this young American draughtsman to devote himself to Europe and to color. It was in the autumn of 1849, when so many commercial American Argonauts were setting their faces westward, that this artistic American Argonaut set his face to the eastward in quest of his Golden Fleece. I have it from his coeval and lifelong friend Mr. George H. Hall that, when the two embarked together on the European packet,

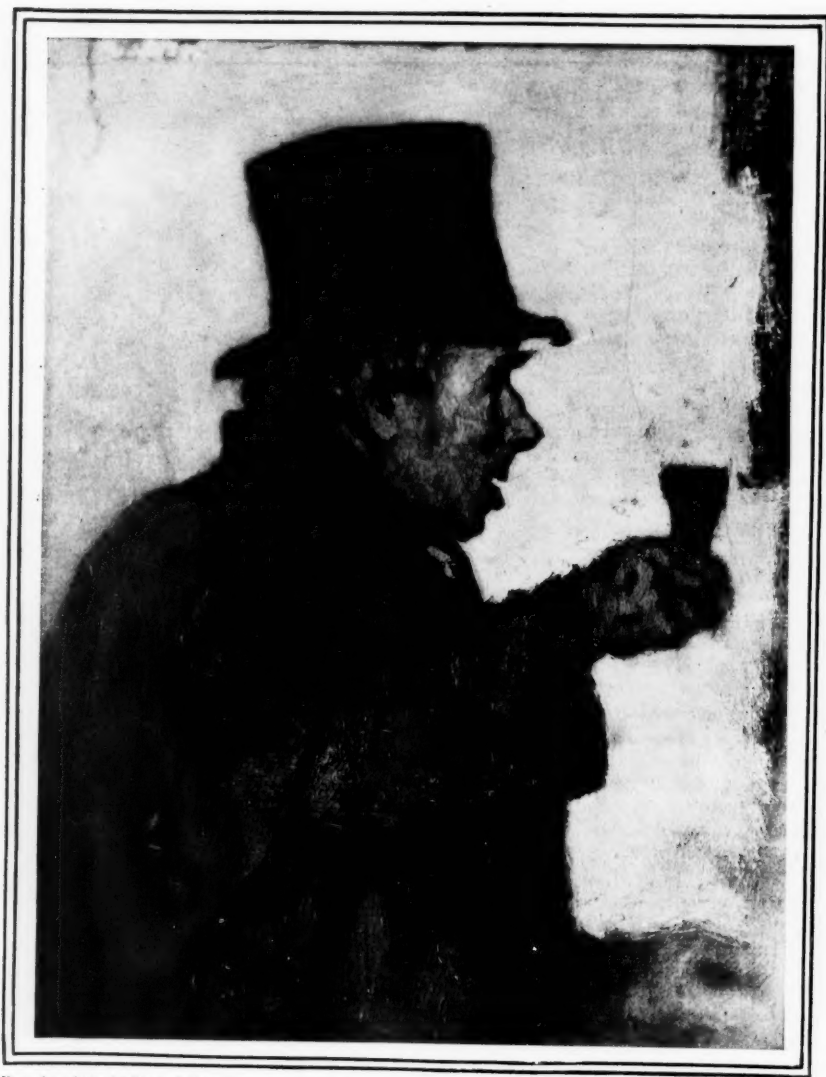
Johnson had never yet handled a brush. At least he had nothing about painting to unlearn. It seems strange enough now to the younger generation of painters, when even Munich is becoming a rather remote tradition, in the present prevalence of Paris in all the arts of form, that little Düsseldorf, with no talent of the first rank even then to cite, should have been the Mecca of the American artistic pilgrim. But so it was, and so for many years it continued to be. Our present young pilgrim, however, made his pilgrimage leisurely and with many halts in the desert. His "wanderjahre" were seven in all: one at the Royal Academy; one with Leutze, then at the height of the vogue which was afterwards to bring him to America and give us "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and "Westward the Course of Empire"; four at the Hague and one in Paris. It was at the Hague that he "found his handwriting" and painted the first pictures that gave him artistic standing and popular vogue, "The Savoyard" and "The Card Players." It was then more implicitly understood than now that it was for workmanship only that an American artist resorted to Europe, and that after he had become a craftsman



From a portrait by himself

EASTMAN JOHNSON

it was his business to celebrate his own country and to seek in it subjects for celebration. But in any case it is quite impossible to imagine an American so very racy of his native soil as this American



From the painting by Eastman Johnson

JIM



From the drawing by Eastman Johnson

"DOLLY" MADISON

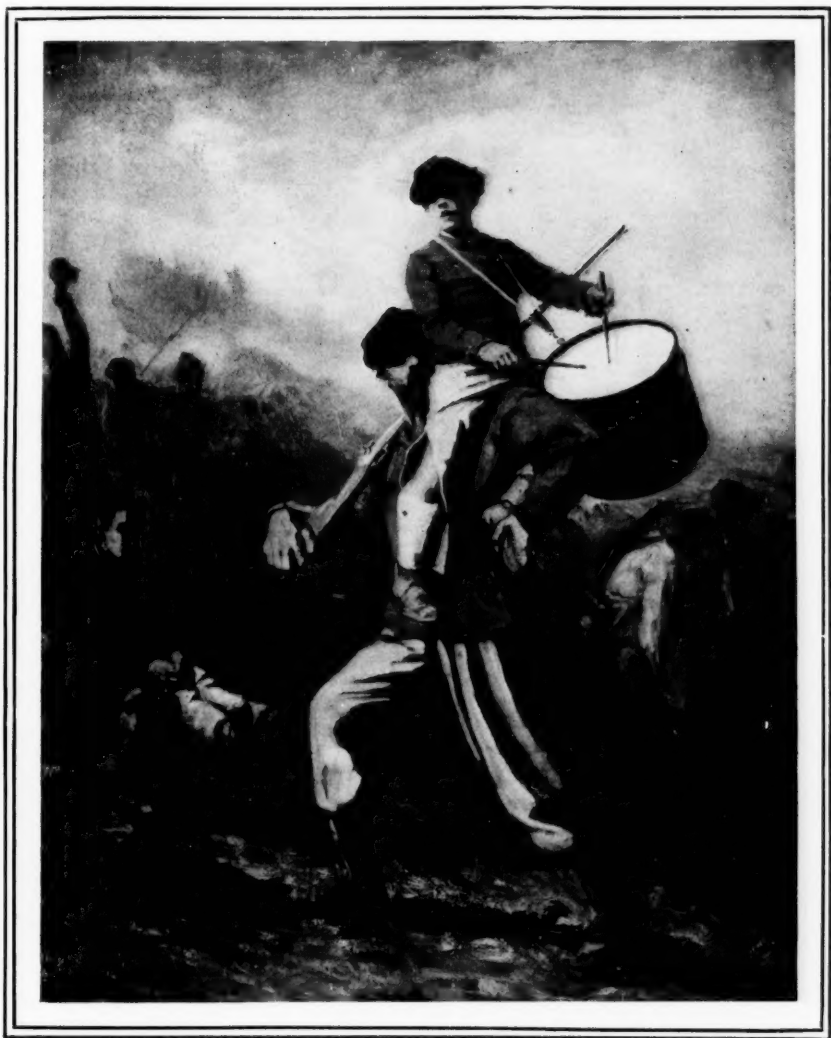
changing his mind with his skies. A Gallicized or even a Teutonized Eastman Johnson, an Eastman Johnson substituting even the studio slang of any European capital for his own vernacular American, is absolutely unthinkable. To him, as to many another American, working in letters or in pigments or in clay, the aboriginal American thing appeared the most American thing, and his first studies after his return home in 1856 were devoted to the Indian tribes on the northern shores of Lake Superior. But his real quest and his real interest were what one may call character-hunting, and the aborigines were not his kind of game. In 1858 appeared the "Old Kentucky Home," which made it clear what one variety was, of the game that he had a vocation to pursue. It made at once his place and its own, and enabled him to reach the American goal of a studio in New York, where he was to remain established for the rest of his life, and where he was to hunt American character in works of genre and of portraiture.

It was incident to his position as a much-sought and successful portrait painter that most of his most characteristic and successful work was dispersed in homes and institutions, and "strongly held," as they say in Wall Street, and with great difficulty recoverable even for the purpose of a "memorial exhibition." This is a particular pity in his case, because the eye for character, which a painter has his best opportunity to exhibit in portraiture, was so clearly the first of the gifts the good fairies had conferred upon Eastman Johnson. Really of nobody in our time could one say more decisively than of him, that his portraits—the best of his portraits—fully filled the German definition of a portrait as a "characterbild." At the exhibition in the Century, of which one has to own the artistic hospitality to the stranger within its gates, I happened to meet a portrait-painter of a newer school, and quite possibly of a more evanes-

cent fashion, and asked him, naturally, what he thought of the show. His answer was: "But it's so different, don't you know, so *démodé*?" And I could n't help thinking, though I hope I had the politeness not to say: "Young fellow, when your fashion has equally passed, and when you and yours are brought to the test of time to which Eastman Johnson is brought here, how many of the works of you and yours do you imagine will equally stand the test with these things that we are looking at?" Truly, also Scripturally, "the fashion of this world passeth away." The audacious William Watson has lately come to the rescue of Samuel Johnson, nay, of Samuel as a poet, in which character Samuel has been discredited for three or four generations, saying:

His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
But, 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.

The "vesture" of Johnson's age, meaning now not Samuel's but Eastman's, was the manner of painting inculcated two generations ago at Düsseldorf. The "school," with its particular inculcations of drawing, *chiaroscuro*, and color, was doubtless artificial and conventional, as is any manner of painting, or for that matter of any other art, so soon as its precepts have hardened into a tradition, into a dogma. Nothing is surer than that the fashion of this world passeth away, the fashion of Paris in 1906 not less surely, and quite possibly much more swiftly, than the fashion of Düsseldorf and The Hague in 1850. But, in one of these fashions as in the other, the perceptions of a man who has insight and who has learned its particular technique, will make their way. Either fashion, any fashion, is to the right artist a medium of expression, and conveys him, for his contemporaries and for posterity. "The readiness is all," the native insight and the acquired skill. And the sum of Eastman Johnson's performance, the portrayal of the panorama of American life as for sixty years it was unrolled before a shrewd



From the painting by Eastman Johnson

THE DRUMMER-BOY

and humorous regard, surely this is a national and even a human document. One recurs, all the same, to his regret

of the past generation, whose counterfeit presentment gave proof of the power of the painter who,



From the drawing by Eastman Johnson

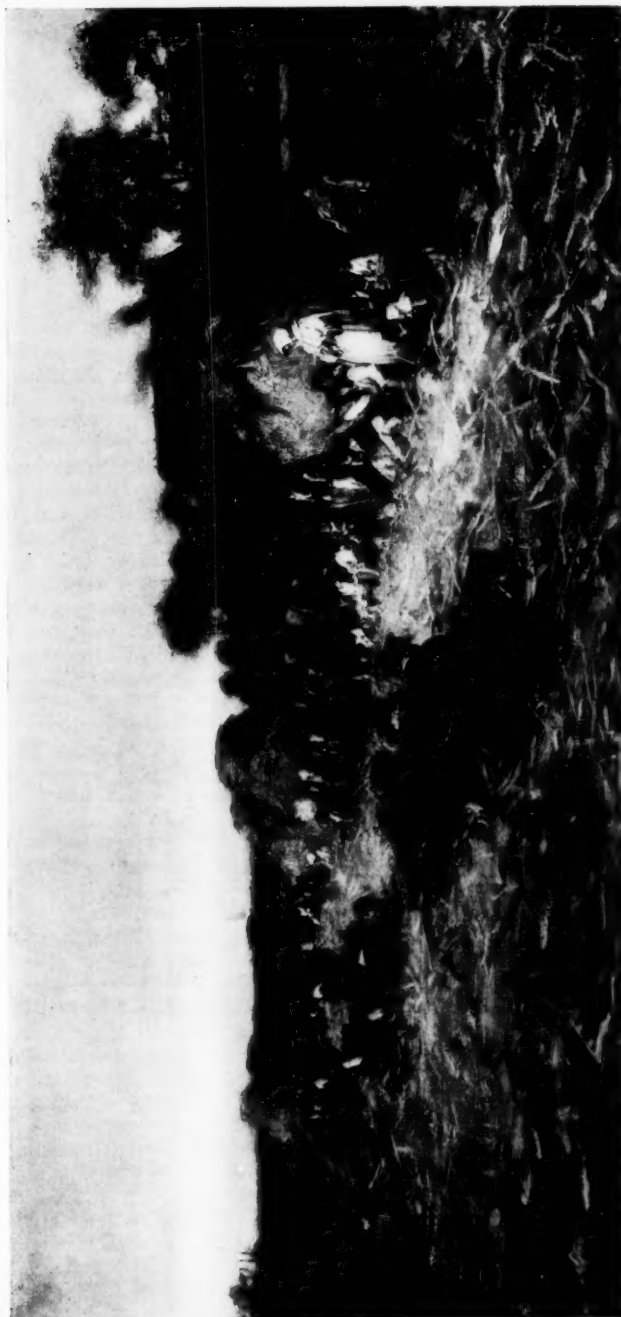
MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

that more of the portraits could not have been shown. For it was in his portraits most of all that his outlook on life and his criticism of life were most vividly embodied. There are half a dozen portraits of his that one would like to see hung up in any gallery in the world, in the Prado, in the Louvre, alongside of the "Tailor" in the National Gallery, and be very confident that they would not be extinguished by their neighbors. There was one in particular, of a certain doctor in New York,

poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the
man

Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest.

It is, I repeat, a pity that there were not more examples of this pictorial psychology in the memorial exhibition. And yet the best thing in it, the most vital and the most enduring, was probably Johnson's portrait of himself. Necessarily it



From the painting by Eastman Johnson

THE CORN-HUSKING

was a "view" and a transient view, a criticism and perhaps an impulsive criticism. It was one of many, of one of which a beholder observed, "Why should Johnson wish to persuade himself that he looks like that?" But the painter had to paint, and, if he had no other subject at the moment, to paint himself. Even as it is recorded of a great draughtsman who was asked how he had acquired his astonishing draughtsmanship, and who made answer: By drawing. If I cannot sleep at night, I stick my toes out of bed and draw them."

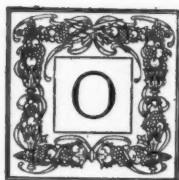
But it was not only in painting that the painter's shrewd and humorous observation of life was employed. It was almost equally vivid and almost equally artistic and even more racy in his vernacular talk. "After all," as the other Johnson said about Garrick—"after all, I thought him less to be envied on the stage than at the head of a table." To the later as to the earlier Johnson a tavern chair was

"the throne of human felicity." In the later case it was a club chair, while in the earlier a club chair was a tavern chair. It was a great treat when the painter could be induced to expatiate in reminiscence. His active life had extended over more than half a century; he had met, often as sitters, some of the most famous and some of the most interesting people of his long time, and he had not allowed a single pronounced trait of character or single striking incident to go by him unremarked. It is an old saying that a pictorial artist has his own way of story-telling, induced by his habits of close visual observation. The time gives the saying many proofs but none more characteristic or more interesting than Eastman Johnson's story-telling. Those who knew only his pictorial anecdotage missed much, while his pictures, in addition to the qualities they exhibit to every spectator, have an added and peculiar charm to those who knew the man.

SIR EDWIN SANDYS

A DEMOCRATIC LEADER OF COLONIAL TIMES

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE



Of all the great figures identified with the early history of the United States, there are few so deserving of honorable and grateful remembrance as is Sir Edwin Sandys. For almost a quarter of a century this notable Englishman gave of his talents, his time and his money to make the dream of English colonization in America a golden reality. His was the mind that shaped, his the hand that drafted, the charters under which the settlers in forest-held Virginia turned impending failure into enduring success: the historic

General Assembly of 1619, the first really representative legislative body ever convened within the limits of the present Republic, was largely the creation of his genius—a creation which cost him dear at the time, but left him among the immortals; and, when the Pilgrims embarked on their epoch-making voyage across the tumultuous Atlantic, they sailed deeply in his debt for the assurances they bore of liberty to practise their religion and to establish a government after their own heart. As he toiled for freedom of thought and action in America, so did Sandys struggle against despotism at home. He was, in very truth, a forerunner of Cromwell and the Civil War, a mighty

agent in rousing the nation to indignant action.

Although the years of his best activities were coeval with the reign of the first Stuart, the greater part of his life was lived before James ascended the throne. The story of this earlier period may be briefly told, with emphasis on but one point, the friendship that sprang up between Sandys and Richard Hooker. Had it not been for the influence exercised on him by Hooker, it may reasonably be questioned whether he would at any time have become a leader of the popular party and an apostle of toleration. All other circumstances of the crucial years of youth and early manhood conspired to make him a court man and a bigot. When he was born, in 1561, his father—whilom prisoner of Mary Tudor, whilom fugitive from her fury, but now Bishop of Worcester and devoted adherent of Elizabeth—was sedulously fostering the Protestant reaction and strictly enforcing conformity to the Church of England. From his infancy to the age of fifteen, the boy Sandys was bred in an atmosphere of uncompromising animosity to all forms of religious dissent, and of blind loyalty to the Crown. He never completely unlearned the lessons of this time, so far as concerned the Church of Rome. But the happy fate that sent him to Oxford and to Hooker saved him from becoming a zealot like his father.

By family tradition he should have been educated at Cambridge, and to Cambridge he would have gone had not his father chanced to hear such praise of Hooker that he declared: "God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin." Hooker was then a tutor at Corpus Christi College, and accordingly, in 1577, Sandys entered Corpus Christi, as did his playmate, George Cranmer, grandnephew of the martyr, a high-spirited but serious-minded lad of an outlook singularly broad and singularly clear for his years. Cordial, even confidential, relations were soon

established between master and scholars. Hooker, his biographer Walton tells us, "had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of his pupils (which in time were many), but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys and his as dear George Cranmer. . . . Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils there was a sacred friendship—a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies."

Knowing what we do of the saintly Hooker, it is easy to imagine the manner in which he accepted this first trust, and his determination to make his pupils men worthy their race and their religion, learned men, pure-minded men, brave men, men who should live not merely for themselves but for their fellows and for posterity. No record of their walks together and their talks together has been preserved, but doubtless the burden of Hooker's discourse was the intolerance of the times, the evil of strife and controversy and the tribulations of the poor. And it is quite possible that in those first years of friendship the great churchman of the future laid before his disciples the tentative plans of his magnum opus, "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," in the preparation of which he afterwards had their enthusiastic assistance. Certainly, there is no room for question that when the Oxford days were at an end Sandys was fitted, as were few of his contemporaries, to grapple with the vital problems of the age.

But the time for action had not yet come. After college, the study of law was broken by frequent visits to the beloved Hooker, himself no longer connected with Oxford but a struggling country parson in Buckinghamshire. Walton has left a graphic account—and one affording an instructive glimpse into Sandys's character—of the law student's first pilgrimage to the new scene of his master's labors. Riding out from

London with Cranmer, he found Hooker in a field, reading Horace and tending sheep. And afterwards, when adjournment was had to the miserably

lose on his return to the metropolis but, unfolding to his father—now Archbishop of York—the tale of Hooker's poverty and woes, he begged



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Company

From Alexander Brown's "The First Republic in America."

SIR EDWIN SANDYS

poor parsonage, the friends sought in vain to continue the conversation so pleasantly begun in the open air. Household cares oppressed the clergyman. His wife, a virago, commanded him to domestic duties, to rock the cradle, to watch the fire, and so berated the young Londoners that they were fain "to seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night." Not a moment did the pitying Sandys

that a worthier benefice be found for his old tutor. The archbishop's response was a letter offering Hooker the mastership of the Temple, an offer which, characteristically enough, he accepted only with great reluctance, preferring, he said, the peace and quiet of a country life.

This was in 1585, and the next year saw Sandys enter on his parliamentary career as a member from Hampshire.

He was elected the day before the unhappy Queen of the Scots faced the commission appointed to place her on trial for her life, and he was thus a member of the Parliament that went into the evidence afresh and urged on Elizabeth the necessity of bringing her old-time rival to the block. What position Sandys took in this judicial murder there is no means of saying. In fact, all that is known of his course in this Parliament and the two following Parliaments, when he was elected from Devonshire, is that he was active on several committees. At best, he could not have found much opportunity to play the rôle of reformer so long as Elizabeth reigned, and possibly it was the realization of this that induced him, in 1593, to abandon Parliament temporarily and join Cranmer in a prolonged tour of the Continent.

Leisurely and intelligently the two friends traversed France, Germany and Italy, studying the civil, military and religious institutions of the times, meeting foreign celebrities and, it may hardly be doubted, sending Hooker long accounts of their doings and discoveries. The chances are, too, that it was while they were abroad together that they wrote their well-known notes on the sixth book of Hooker's "Polity." Thus three years passed in travel and study and then they parted, Cranmer to return to England and begin the political career that came to so untimely and tragic an end at the hands of Irish rebels four years afterwards. Sandys, however, remained on the Continent, principally in France, where he seems to have written his "*Europae Speculum*," that criticism of Catholic institutions and usages which, caustic as it is, is tempered by references revealing the liberalizing influence of Hooker.

By the end of 1599, he too was once more in his native land, where he found a complex and difficult situation. When Elizabeth came to the throne it was the young men of England who had rallied about her to make her position secure against the

dynastic pretensions of Mary of Scotland and the intrigues of the Catholic nobles. Now a new generation had grown up, and the young men of this later day, restive and turbulent, were hindrances rather than helps to "good Queen Bess." Sandys was confronted with the problem of choosing between two rival groups, the party of Essex and Southampton, and the party of the old guard, of which his father had been a life-long member. Although his sympathies were naturally with the former, as more representative of his advanced ideas and as numbering many of his friends, Sandys would seem to have cut the Gordian knot by affiliating himself with neither party, and by going into peaceful and, we must believe, studious retirement. It is true that a certain "Lord Sandys" was the most fiery spirit in the so-called Essex Rebellion, but this could not have been our Sandys, who was then plain Edwin Sandys, Esq. And that he adopted a policy which maintained him in Elizabeth's favor is shown by the fact that shortly after his return to England she conveyed to him the rich manor of Bishops Enbrooke, in Kent, the county of his mother's kinsfolk and by this time the county of Hooker.

Thus, the beginning of the seventeenth century found him a man of forty, erect, clean-limbed, keen-eyed, cultured, well read in books and well read in men. Figure him, if you please, pacing the heaths of Kent, pondering the teachings of his tutor and the lessons he had learned in the hard school of experience; pondering, too, certain well-laid plans for the social and political betterment of his country and, with sore impatience but prudent self-command, biding his time against the moment he could put these plans into execution. Figure him, a little later, hopeful that this moment had at last arrived, galloping to the north to bid James Stuart welcome to his new kingdom, and to learn for himself what manner of man Elizabeth's successor might be. Be sure that there would be no lack

of loyalty, no lack of warmth in the Englishman's greeting to the Scot; but be sure likewise that neither would there be lack of discernment in his steely eyes, seizing at a glance every detail of James's uncouthness and fatuity. We know only by conjecture what impression the monarch made on the subject, but we have documentary evidence as to the impression the subject made on the monarch. For, arrived at the Charterhouse after his long progress from Edinburgh, James knighted Sandys in an imposing ceremony, and to Elizabeth's grant added another Kentish holding, the historic Norborne Court, with its ancient mansion and picturesque chapel famed as the favorite haunts of the monks of St. Augustine.

Sandys became Sir Edwin Sandys in May, 1603. Before a twelvemonth had passed he was back in the harness of public life, not, as James perhaps had fondly imagined, a King's man but a people's man, resolved that there must be an end to the intolerable grievances of the nation. Already the hopes awakened by James's Utopian promises had begun to wane. Men saw that so far from curbing the greed of the monopolists he was the rather inclined to give them looser rein; that the prospect was similar with respect to the impositions, or duties levied on commercial imports; that corrupt judges remained corrupt; that there was an increasing tendency to visit the rigors of the law upon Protestant dissenters; and that, on the contrary, "Popish recusants" were treated with unwonted leniency. Added to the indignation thus provoked was the disgust occasioned by the new monarch's foreign policy, or, rather, want of a foreign policy; by his overt assumption of the right to do as he pleased with his subjects' persons and fortunes; and by his wanton prodigality, dispensed at a time when poverty and disease were sweeping England hand in hand.

So it came about that the Parliament which met in March, 1604, the first Parliament of the new régime,

was not the pliant assembly upon whose acquiescence in her wishes Elizabeth could always depend. To be sure, it granted the King the monies he desired, but it quarrelled with him on a subject dear to his heart—the union of England and Scotland,—and it made very evident its desire to compel him to proceed against the recusants and to grant several sorely needed reforms—particularly the relinquishment of certain oppressive feudal prerogatives of the Crown, the correction of sundry abuses of the Exchequer, the abolition or modification of monopolies, and the adoption of measures to promote trade. Had it been a united body it might have accomplished much. But as it was, the Lords—then as now painfully conservative—blocked the demands of the Commons, with the result that the sum total of legislation effected was satisfactory to neither Parliament nor King, and the condition of the people was little, if at all, improved.

Out of the hurly-burly of dispute and recrimination, however, one definite and important fact clearly emerged—the fact that Parliament intended to revive its neglected rights by claiming that the legislative power lay with it, not with the King. In emphasizing this claim, none was more voiceful than Sir Edwin Sandys. From the first he was an untiring leader of the party of reform. The journals of the House of Commons from 1604 to 1607 abound with entries testifying to the ardor with which he pressed the claims of Parliament and the needs of his constituents and of the nation at large. He was a member of the most important committees—the committee on religious matters, the committee on monopolies, the committee on trade, the committee on wardships. When conferences were held with the Lords he was usually a conferee, and he was almost certain to be found among the deputations appointed to wait on the King. In debate he was no less energetic. Roundly declaring that "Parliament

is no Parliament if it be not free," he exhorted his colleagues to stand firm for their privileges; and where the will of Parliament clashed with the desires of James—as in the matter of the Union—he was outspoken and unyielding in his opposition to the King.

Fortunately for himself, for England and for America, the good-natured "British Solomon" did not as yet take umbrage at these attacks. Otherwise, the royal ordinance of March 19, 1607, increasing the Council of Virginia and "augmenting their authority, for the better directing and ordering of such things as shall concern the two several colonies," would not have contained the name of Sir Edwin Sandys as a member of the new Council. This is the first documentary mention of Sandys in connection with American affairs, but it is reasonable to suppose that, if not himself an original Virginia "adventurer," he must from the time of its inception have been deeply interested in the colonization project. Its promoters included some of his closest friends, and he could hardly have failed to be impressed by its possibilities from the political and economic point of view. In any event, from the moment of his appointment as a Virginia councillor he began to study trans-Atlantic questions with the intensity and intelligence that characterized his handling of domestic affairs.

He found plenty to occupy his mind. Already Spain had signified her displeasure, not merely by the remonstrances of diplomacy but by capturing and imprisoning would-be colonists. And, as time passed and stories of colonial dissension drifted home, he realized that in the form of government provided by the first charter lay another source of danger to the success of the enterprise. The "Spanish wrongs" disposed of, he bent his energies to the task of devising a scheme whereby the prospects for governmental stability and economic prosperity might be improved. The first result of his labors

—and an excellent result—was the charter of 1609 transferring the government of the colony from the Crown to the Virginia Company and relieving the colonists from taxes and customs dues. This charter James promptly granted, having regard less to its constitutional significance than to the fact that it would enable him to assure the representatives of indignant Spain that he had no share in the attempt of his subjects to establish themselves in the New World. Highly delighted, and quite willing to assume the responsibility, Sandys and his friends set about the work of reorganization.

Hardly was this completed when the tidings came to him that James was about to summon Parliament. The news was not unwelcome. In common with other thoughtful observers Sandys had watched with mingled fear and indignation the course of events during the three years that had elapsed since Parliament last met. In that interval James had replenished his purse by forced loans, by arbitrary increase of impositions and by lavish sales of monopolies. Unmindful of the growing distress, he had indulged in splendid "progressions" through his realm, in hunting, in masquerading, and in many another form of pleasure that entailed economic waste. Now, all other means failing, he was calling Parliament for the single purpose of obtaining fresh funds. Of this his subjects were well aware, and none better than Sir Edwin Sandys and his fellow reformers. So to London they rode, prepared not to give but to bargain. The King's demands they met by counter demands. There must be recognition of the illegality of levying impositions without the consent of Parliament; there must be a curtailment of monopolies; there must, in fine, be the acknowledgment that in Parliament lay the legislative power. Lacking this acknowledgment, not a penny. With such a King and with such a Parliament, agreement was out of the question. Bluster and whining on one side, firmness on the other,

dissolution, and Edgehill that much nearer.

Four years more of opportunity to Sandys to devote himself to the development of England's dominion over sea. Sadly did Virginia stand in need of his intellect, his energy, his unfailing optimism. Discouraged by the non-fulfilment of their sanguine visions, the adventurers were talking of withdrawing their support and of abandoning the colony to the wilderness, the Spaniard and the Indian. But Sandys, with Smythe and Southampton and others of like stout heart, rallied the waverers, found additional capital, labored night and day. To the King went a petition for a third charter, and albeit it contained provisions incompatible with his own exalted ideas of sovereignty, James granted this charter as cheerfully as he had its predecessor, thus unwittingly giving his approval to what the late Alexander Brown was justified in calling "the entering wedges of American liberty, the heralds of our Declaration of Independence." For when it was decided, a few years later, to create a colonial legislative assembly composed of delegates elected by the colonists themselves, Sandys and those who assisted him in drafting the "Great Charter" by which the first American House of Representatives was called into being, were able to take this momentous forward step by virtue of privileges bestowed in the charters of 1609 and 1612.

This, however, is anticipating. Between 1610 and 1618, the year of the "Great Charter," much occurred to strengthen Sandys's claim to be considered a leader not merely of Parliament but of the nation, a democratic leader in the best sense of the term. Noteworthy in this respect was the policy he adopted in the Parliament of 1614—the Addled Parliament as it has come down in history. Elected to represent several boroughs, despite the strenuous efforts of the Court party to prevent his election from any, he not only thwarted the King's will at every turn, but on one memor-

able day—the twenty-first of May—he delivered a speech which struck at the very existence of the monarchy. The King is king, he made brave to assert, not by reason of inheritance but because he is the chosen of the people. He rules only by the consent of the people. "No successive king but first elected." Small wonder that James, cherishing the belief that he ruled England by divine right and his superior wisdom, should angrily dissolve a Parliament approving such treasonable utterances—ay, and in its bitterness at what it was pleased to call its grievances, threatening his Scotch followers with a Sicilian Vespers. Small wonder that, a day or so after the dissolution, His Majesty should with his own Most Gracious hands tear to fragments the bills proposed by the offending assembly. Small wonder that Sandys and other of its most obstructive members should be haled before the Privy Council to clear themselves and to "bring in their notes and papers to be burnt."

For that speech of the twenty-first of May James never forgave Sandys—"my greatest enemy," as he began to style him. His election in 1617 as assistant treasurer of the Virginia Company, and his subsequent election as treasurer, giving him full control of the company, were regarded with so little favor by the titular head of the nation that when, in the course of time, he came up for re-election, the monarch roughly intervened. "Choose the devil if you will," ran the message he sent to the company, "but not Sir Edwin Sandys."

This message was sent in 1620; that is to say, after Sandys had seen to it that the colonists—who, by the way, do not seem to have craved the boon—should enjoy in far away Virginia the blessings of self-government, and after he had secured for the Pilgrims authority to plant their fertile seeds of liberty in the New World. Reason enough, in all conscience, for James to frown upon him. Bending to the storm Sandys gave place, not

to one of the King's nominees but to his bosom friend, Southampton, and thus contrived to retain a supreme influence in the councils of the company. Soon, too, he had opportunity to strike back at the King.

For seven years James had tried the experiment of governing without a Parliament. The consequences had not been happy. Lower and lower sank England's prestige, lower her fortunes.

Contemporary memoirs paint in lurid colors the wretchedness of the kingdom. Everywhere starvation and pestilence stretched out their skinny hands. Men roamed the highways and byways in quest of work, and, not finding it, turned thief or worse. Trade was completely at a standstill. "Tenants generally," complained the court newsmonger, Chamberlain, "cannot pay their rents, and many make suit to give up their leases. . . . Corn and cattle were never at so low a rate since I can remember; wheat at 2s a bushel; barley at 7s a quarter, *et sic de cæteris*; and yet they can get no riddance at that price. So that land falls everywhere." James himself felt the pinch of poverty. He needed money to assist his son-in-law, the Count Palatine, at war and hard pressed; he needed money still more to satisfy his greedy favorites. And, therefore, dislike the prospect as he might, there was no recourse but to convene the Lords and Commons and throw himself on their mercy.

The new Parliament, the Parliament of 1621, was unquestionably the most important of the reign, and its proceedings were followed with breathless anxiety by all England. As was only to have been expected, the speech from the throne paid scant attention to the lamentable conditions existing throughout the country. Instead, the emphasis, after considerable circumlocution, was on the King's financial needs. "I seek your supply," he finally entreated, "not that it should fall into a bottomless purse, but to use the same as the necessity of my affairs shall require." Here was the true Stuart

note of colossal egotism and colossal selfishness. Finding that he did not purpose sending troops immediately to the aid of the Count Palatine, the House voted him but a niggardly appropriation and at once turned to the question of reforms.

Again Sandys held all eyes. He had not been present at the opening of Parliament, being engaged, his brother Samuel explained, in urgent business connected with Virginia; but he took his seat before the session was a fortnight old, and within a few days electrified the House by demanding the prohibition of all tobacco imports from Spain. Irritating in the extreme must this demand have been to James, who was then nursing sedulously his pet project of the "Spanish match." But Sandys took no thought for the feelings and desires of the King. His object was to benefit England and to benefit likewise his beloved Virginia, and he had arguments to convince the Commons of the reasonableness of his proposal. The existing commercial depression, he set forth, was mainly due to the scarcity of money, and this in turn was largely attributable to the fact that the gold formerly derived from Spain had been replaced by tobacco. Tobacco, he continued, could be grown as readily in Virginia as in the West Indies, and, consequently, "it will be a double profit to us to divert the bringing in of tobacco out of Spain, and to cause it to be brought out of Virginia and the Summer Islands [the Bermudas]; for thereby we shall enrich those countries under our dominion and also England shall be better stored with money, when we will not take our return for our merchandise in tobacco but in coin or bullion as we were wont to do." He had sounded a popular chord and, in face of the vicious opposition of the "Spanish party," the House passed his bill.

Now began a harrying of the monopolists, whose iniquities were so laid bare that the King had no choice but to leave them to their fate. Next the judiciary was attacked,

a victim being found in none other than Lord Chancellor Bacon, against whom charge after charge was brought home. James stirred uneasily. This revival of impeachments was little to his liking. Still less to his liking was the fact that Parliament was not concerning itself with his pecuniary difficulties. He alternately pleaded and threatened, but to no avail. Then to the ears of at least one member came a report that the King had marked certain Commoners for punishment. This member was Sandys. Rising in his seat, shortly before the summer recess, he informed the House that he had heard "some would be questioned for some words spoken here," and expressed his fear lest misleading reports of his policies and his speeches had been carried to high quarters. He therefore requested his colleagues to place on record their opinion of all he had said and done in Parliament. The response was prompt and to the point, the House resolving that "Sir Edwin Sandys is free from having given any just cause of offence, either to His Majesty or any other person."

Time speedily disclosed reason for his misgivings. Parliament had no more than adjourned when he was committed to the custody of the sheriff of London, as was the philosopher Selden, not a member of Parliament but one of his warmest friends. His house was searched and his papers were seized. The story goes that the King's officers insisted upon his wife's surrendering to them the keys to her private cabinet, which she gracefully did with the remark that "she wished His Majesty had a key to unlock her husband's heart, that His Majesty might see there was not therein anything but loyalty." These acts roused the people to a passion. It was popularly supposed that Sandys had been arrested for his parliamentary utterances, and although the court gave out that his imprisonment was due to a non-parliamentary offence, the demand for his release became insistent and vociferous. So high

did feeling run, that ere a month was out James in a panic opened the prison doors. Even then murmurings continued, to rise to a formal remonstrance the moment Parliament resumed its stormy session. Again the King, through Secretary Calvert, denied that the occasion of his action was Sandys's course in the House. Polite but manifest incredulity greeted the announcement. Yet it was absolutely true. Not in Parliament but in Virginia lay the secret of the arrest.

The rejection of his nominees for the treasurership of the Virginia Company, the creation of a free elective Legislature in Virginia, and above all the representations of Spain; with which country he hoped to ally England by a royal marriage, had worked James to a frenzy. In Sandys, as the moving spirit of the company, he saw his evil genius, and, having determined to resume for himself the government of the distant colony, it was only natural that he should begin by removing from his path the man who would most bitterly oppose his contemplated attack on the company. Foiled in this purpose, he nevertheless proceeded on the course he had marked out. Being the man he was, and being completely under the domination of the Spanish ambassador, he could not do otherwise. Now circumstances favored him, for the company was torn by internal dissensions. Still, it made a brave resistance. To his demands that it surrender its charters, a contemptuous refusal was returned. The commission he appointed to investigate its affairs were compelled to report that "nothing could be taken hold of to wrest the patent from the company." As a last resort James turned to the Court of King's Bench, and on July 24, 1624, the charters were declared null and void. By this decision the company was swept out of existence, but the institutions it had planted remained to blossom into the United States of America.

With the resumption of royal control of Virginia, Sandys's period of

greatest usefulness came to an end. The few years of life that remained to him may be rapidly summed up. In 1625, and again in 1626, he occupied a seat in the House of Commons, but hardly displayed his old-time strenuosity. Well might he have wearied of a struggle that seemed hopeless, and the more hopeless with the passing of unworthy James and the advent of unworthier Charles. Thereafter he spent his days in retirement, until his death in October, 1629. He was buried in

the beautiful chapel at his Kentish home, beneath a magnificent monument he himself had built, and, strange as it may seem, not one of his many children had the filial piety to inscribe the pedestal he left blank. But better than any mortuary inscription is the inscription his life itself wrote in the pages of history.

There he stands resplendent as a founder of the Anglo-Saxon democracy of to-day, the democracy whose influence penetrates to the most remote corner of the earth.

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

II

CONTENTMENT



I HAVE attempted of late, in more than one book, to depict a certain kind of tranquil life, a life of reflection rather than of action, of contemplation rather than of business; and I have tried to do this from different points of view, though the essence has been the same. I endeavored at first to do it anonymously, because I have no desire to recommend these ideas as being my own theories. The personal background rather detracts from that adds to the value of the thoughts, because people can compare my theories with my practice, and show how lamentably I fail to carry them out. But time after time I have been pulled reluctantly out of my burrow, by what I still consider a wholly misguided zeal for publicity, till I have decided that I will lurk no longer. It was in this frame of mind that I published, under my own name, a book called "Beside Still Waters,"

a harmless enough volume, I thought, which was meant to be a deliberate summary or manifesto of these ideas. It depicted a young man who, after a reasonable experience of practical life, resolved to retire into the shade, and who in that position indulged profusely in leisurely reverie. The book was carefully enough written, and I have been a good deal surprised to find that it has met with considerable disapproval, and even derision, on the part of many reviewers. It has been called morbid and indolent, and decadent, and half-a-hundred more ugly adjectives.

Now I do not for an instant question the right of a single one of these conscientious persons to form whatever opinion they like about my book, and to express it in any terms they like. They say, and obviously feel, that the thought of the book is essentially thin, and that the vein in which it is written is offensively egotistical. I do not dispute the possibility of their being perfectly right. An artist who exhibits his paintings, or a writer who publishes his books, challenges the

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criticisms of the public; and I am quite sure that the reviewers who frankly disliked my book, and said so plainly, thought that they were doing their duty to the public, and warning them against teaching which they believed to be insidious and even immoral. I honor them for doing this, and I applaud them, especially if they did violence to their own feelings of courtesy and urbanity in doing so.

Then there were some good-natured reviewers who practically said that the book was simply a collection of amiable platitudes; but that if the public liked to read such stuff, they were quite at liberty to do so. I admire these reviewers for a different reason, partly for their tolerant permission to the public to read what they choose, and still more because I like to think that there are so many intelligent people in the world who are wearisomely familiar with ideas which have only slowly and gradually dawned upon myself. I have no intention of trying to refute or convince my critics, and I beg them with all my heart to say what they think about my books, because only by the frank interchange of ideas can we arrive at the truth.

But what I am going to try to do in this paper is to examine the theory by virtue of which my book is condemned, and I am going to try to give the fullest weight to the considerations urged against it. I am sure there is something in what the critics say, but I believe that where we differ is in this. The critics who disapprove of my book seem to me to think that all men are cast in the same mould, and that the principles which hold good for some necessarily hold good for all. What I like best about their criticisms is that they are made in a spirit of moral earnestness and ethical seriousness. I am a serious man myself, and I rejoice to see others serious. The point of view which they seem to recommend is the point of view of a certain kind of practical strenuousness, the gospel of push, if I may so call it. They

seem to hold that people ought to be discontented with what they are, that they ought to try to better themselves, that they ought to be active, and what they call normal; that when they have done their work as energetically as possible, they should amuse themselves energetically, too, take hard exercise, shout and play,

Pleased as the Indian boy to run
And shoot his arrows in the sun,

and that then they should recreate themselves like Homeric heroes, eating and drinking, listening comfortably to the minstrel, and take their fill of love in a full-blooded way.

That is, I think, a very good theory of life for some people, though I think it is a little barbarous: it is Spartan rather than Athenian.

Some of my critics take a higher kind of ground, and say that I want to minimize and melt down the old stern beliefs and principles of morality into a kind of nebulous emotion. They remind me a little of an old country squire of whom I have heard, of the John Bull type, whose younger son, a melancholy and sentimental youth, joined the Church of Rome. His father was determined that this should not separate them, and asked him to come home and talk it over. He told his eldest son that he was going to remonstrate with the erring youth in a simple and affectionate way. The eldest son said that he hoped his father would do it tactfully and gently, as his brother was highly sensitive; to which his father replied that he had thought over what he meant to say, and was going to be very reasonable. The young man arrived, and was ushered into the study by his eldest brother. "Well," said the squire, "very glad to see you, Harry; but do you mean to tell me that your mother's religion is not good enough for a d—d ass like you?"

Now far from desiring to minimize faith in God and the Unseen, I think it is the thing of which the world is more in need than anything else. What has made the path of faith a steep one to tread is partly that it

has got terribly encumbered with ecclesiastical traditions; it has been mended, like the Slough of Despond, with cartloads of texts and insecure definitions. And partly, too, the old simple undisturbed faith in the absolute truth and authority of the Bible has given way. It is admitted that the Bible contains a considerable admixture of the legendary element; and it requires a strong intellectual and moral grip to build one's faith upon a collection of writings, some of which, at all events, are not now regarded as being historically and literally true. "If I cannot believe it all," says the simple, bewildered soul, "how can I be certain that any of it is indubitably true?" Only the patient and desirous spirit can decide; but whatever else fades, the perfect insight, the Divine message of the Son of Man cannot fade; the dimmer the historical setting becomes, the brighter shine the parables and the sayings, so far beyond the power of His followers to have originated, so utterly satisfying to our deepest needs. What I desire to say with all my heart is that we pilgrims need not be dismayed because the golden clue dips into darkness and mist; it emerges as bright as ever upon the upward slope of the valley. If one disregards all that is uncertain, all that cannot be held to be securely proved in the sacred writings, there still remain the essential facts of the Christian revelation, and more deep and fruitful principles than a man can keep and make his own in the course of a lifetime, however purely and faithfully he lives and strives. To myself the doubtful matters are things absolutely immaterial, like the *débris* of the mine, while the precious ore gleams and sparkles in every boulder.

What, in effect, these critics say is that a man must not discuss religion unless he is an expert in theology. When I try, as I have once or twice tried, to criticise some current conception of a Christian dogma, the theological reviewer, with a titter that resembles the titter of Miss

Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby," says that a writer who presumes to discuss such questions ought to be better acquainted with the modern developments of theology. To that I demur, because I am not attempting to discuss theology, but current conceptions of theology. If the advance in theology has been so enormous, then all I can say is that the theologians fail to bring home the knowledge of that progress to the man in the street. To use a simple parable, what one feels about many modern theological statements is what the eloquent bagman said in praise of the Yorkshire ham: "Before you know what you are, there—it's vanished!" This is not so in science; science advances, and the ordinary man knows more or less what is going on; he understands what is meant by the development of species, he has an inkling of what radio-activity means, and so forth; but this is because science is making discoveries, while theological discoveries are mainly of a liberal and negative kind, a modification of old axioms, a loosening of old definitions.

Theology has made no discoveries about the nature of God, or the nature of the soul; the problem of free will and necessity is as dark as ever, except that scientific discovery tends to show more and more that an immutable law regulates the smallest details of life. I honor, with all my heart, the critics who have approached the Bible in the same spirit in which they approach other literature; but the only definite result has been to make what was considered a matter of blind faith more a matter of opinion. But to attempt to scare men away from discussing religious topics, by saying that it is only a matter for experts, is to act in the spirit of the Inquisition. It is like saying to a man that he must not discuss questions of diet and exercise because he is not acquainted with the Pharmacopœia, or that no one may argue on matters of current politics unless he is a trained historian. Religion is, or ought to be, a matter of vital and daily concern for every one of us;

if our moral progress and our spiritual prospects are affected by what we believe, theologians ought to be grateful to any one who will discuss religious ideas from the current point of view, if it only leads them to clear up misconceptions that may prevail. If I needed to justify myself further, I would only add that since I began to write on such subjects, I have received a large number of letters from unknown people, who seem to be grateful to any one who will attempt to speak frankly on these matters, with the earnest desire, which I can honestly say has never been absent from my mind, to elucidate and confirm a belief in simple and essential religious principles.

And now I would go on to say a few words as to the larger object which I have had in view. My aim has been to show how it is possible for people living quiet and humdrum lives, without any opportunities of gratifying ambition or for taking a leading part on the stage of the world, to make the most of simple conditions, and to live lives of dignity and joy. My own belief is that what is commonly called success has an insidious power of poisoning the clear springs of life; because people who grow to depend upon the stimulus of success sink into dreariness and dulness when that stimulus is withdrawn. Here my critics have found fault with me for not being more strenuous, more virile, more energetic. It is strange to me that my object can have been so singularly misunderstood. I believe, with all my heart, that happiness depends upon strenuous energy; but I think that this energy ought to be expended upon work, and everyday life, and relations with others, and the accessible pleasures of literature and art. The gospel that I detest is the gospel of success, the teaching that every one ought to be discontented with his setting, that a man ought to get to the front, clear a space round him, eat, drink, make love, cry and strive and fight. It is all to be at the expense of feebler people.

That is a detestable ideal, because it is the gospel of tyranny rather than the gospel of equality. It is obvious, too, that such success depends upon a man being stronger than his fellows, and is only made possible by shoving and hectoring, and bullying the weak. The preaching of this violent gospel has done us already grievous harm; it is this which has tended to depopulate country districts, to make people averse to discharging all honest subordinate tasks, to make men and women overvalue excitement and amusement. The result of it is the lowest kind of democratic sentiment, which says "every one is as good as every one else, and I am a little better," and the jealous spirit, which says "if I cannot be prominent, I will do my best that no one else shall be." Out of it develops the demon of municipal politics, which makes a man strive for a place, in the hope of being able to order things for which others have to pay. It is this teaching which makes power seem desirable for the sake of personal advantages, and with no care for responsibility. This spirit seems to me an utterly vile and detestable spirit. It tends to disguise its rank individualism under a pretence of desiring to improve social conditions. I do not mean for a moment to say that all social reformers are of this type; the clean-handed social reformer, who desires no personal advantage, and whose influence is a matter of anxious care, is one of the noblest of men; but now that schemes of social reform are fashionable, there are a number of blatant people who use them for purposes of personal advancement.

What I rather desire is to encourage a very different kind of individualism, the individualism of the man who realizes that the hope of the race depends upon the quality of life, upon the number of people who live quiet, active, gentle, kindly, faithful lives, enjoying their work and turning for recreation to the nobler and simpler sources of pleasure—the love of nature, poetry, literature and art.

Of course the difficulty is that we do not, most of us, find our pleasures in these latter things, but in the excitement and amusement of social life. I mournfully admit it, and I quite see the uselessness of trying to bring pleasures within the reach of people when they have no taste for them; but an increasing number of people do care for such things, and there are still more who would care for them, if only they could be introduced to them at an impressionable age.

If it is said that this kind of simplicity is a very tame and spiritless thing, I would answer that it has the advantage of being within the reach of all. The reason why the pursuit of social advancement and success is so hollow, is that the subordinate life is after all the life that must fall to the majority of people. We cannot organize society on the lines of the army of a lesser German state, which consisted of twenty-four officers, covered with military decorations, and eight privates. The successful men, whatever happens, must be a small minority; and what I desire is that success, as it is called, should fall quietly and inevitably on the heads of those who deserve it, while ordinary people should put it out of their thoughts. It is no use holding up an ideal which cannot be attained, and which the mere attempt to attain makes fruitful in disaster and discontent.

I do not at all wish to teach a gospel of dulness. I am of the opinion of the poet who said

Life is not life at all without delight,
Nor hath it any might.

But I am quite sure that the real pleasures of the world are those which cannot be bought for money, and which are wholly independent of success.

Every onewho has watched children knows the extraordinary amount of pleasure that they can extract out of the simplest materials. To keep a shop in the corner of a garden, where the commodities are pebbles and

thistle-heads stored in old tin pots, and which are paid for in daisies, will be an engrossing occupation to healthy children for a long summer afternoon. There is no reason why that kind of zest should not be imported into later life; and, as a matter of fact, people who practise self-restraint, who are temperate and quiet, do retain a gracious kind of contentment in all that they do or say, or think, to extreme old age: it is the jaded weariness of overstrained lives that needs the stimulus of excitement to carry them along from hour to hour.

Who does not remember the rigid asceticism of Ruskin's childhood? A bunch of keys to play with, and a little later a box of bricks; the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" to read; a summary whipping if he fell down and hurt himself, or if he ever cried. Yet no one would venture to say that this austerity in any way stunted Ruskin's development or limited his range of pleasures; it made him perhaps a little submissive and unadventurous. But who that ever saw him, as the most famous art critic of the day, being mercilessly snubbed, when he indulged in paradoxes, by the old wine merchant, or being told to hold his tongue by the grim old mother, and obeying cheerfully and sweetly, would have preferred him to be loud, contradictory and self-assertive? The mischief of our present system of publicity is that we cannot enjoy our own ideas, unless we can impress people with them, or, at all events, impress people with a sense of our enjoyment of them. There is a noble piece of character-drawing in one of Mr. Henry James's novels, "The Portrait of a Lady," where Gilbert Osmond, a selfish dilettante, finding that he cannot make a great success or attain a great position, devotes himself to trying to mystify and provoke the curiosity of the world by retiring into a refined seclusion, and professing that it affords him an exquisite kind of enjoyment. The hideous vulgarity of his attitude

is not at first sight apparent; he deceives the heroine, who is a considerable heiress, into thinking that here, at last, is a man who is living a quiet and sincere life among the things of the soul; and having obtained possession of her purse, he sets up house in a dignified old palace in Rome, where he continues to amuse himself by inviting distinguished persons to visit him, in order that he may have the pleasure of excluding the lesser people who would like to be included.

This is, of course, doing the thing upon an almost sublime scale; but the fact remains that in an age which values notoriety above everything except property, a great many people do suffer from the disease of not enjoying things, unless they are aware that others envy their enjoyment. To people of an artistic temperament this is a sore temptation, because the essence of the artistic temperament is its egotism, and egotism, like the Bread-and-butter fly, requires a special nutriment—the nutriment of external admiration.

And here, I think, lies one of the pernicious results of an over-developed system of athletics. The more games that people play, the better; but I do not think it is wholesome to talk about them for large spaces of leisure time, any more than it is wholesome to talk about your work or your meals. The result of all the talk about athletics is that the newspapers get full of them too. That is only natural. It is the business of newspapers to find out what interests people, and to tell them about it; but the bad side of it is that young athletes get introduced to the pleasures of publicity, and that ambitious young men think that athletics are a short cut to fame. To have played in a University eleven is like accepting a peerage; you wear for the rest of your life an agreeable and honorable social label, and I do not think that a peerage is deserved, or should be accepted, at the age of twenty. I do not think it is a good kind of fame which depends on a personal per-

formance rather than upon a man's usefulness to the human race.

The kind of contentment that I should like to see on the increase is the contentment of a man who works hard and enjoys work, both in itself, and in the contrast it supplies to his leisure hours; and, further, whose leisure is full of varied interests, not only definite pursuits, but an interest in his relations with others, not only of a spectatorial kind, but with the natural and instinctive desire to contribute to their happiness, not in a priggish way, but from a sense of cordial good-fellowship.

This programme may seem, as I have said, to be unambitious and prosaic, and to have very little that is stirring about it. But my belief is that it can be the most lively, sensitive, fruitful, and enjoyable programme in the world, because the enjoyment of it depends upon the very stuff of life itself, and not upon skimming the cream off and throwing away the milk.

My critics will say that I am only appearing again from my cellar, with my hands filled with bottled platitudes; but if they are platitudes, by which I mean plain and obvious truths, why do we not find more people practising them? What I mean by a platitude is a truth so obvious that it is devoid of inspiration, and has become one of the things that everyone does so instinctively, that no reminder of them is necessary. Would that it were so in the present case! All I can say is that I know very few people who live their lives on these lines, and that most of the people I know, find inspiration anywhere but in the homely stuff of life. Of course there are a good many people who take life stolidly enough, and do not desire inspiration at all; but I do not mean that sort of life in the least. I mean that it ought to be possible and delightful for people to live lives full of activity, and perception, and kindness, and joy, on very simple lines indeed; to take up their work day by day with an agreeable sense of putting out their powers, to find in

the pageant of nature an infinite refreshment, and to let art and poetry lift them up into a world of hopes and dreams and memories; and thus life may become a meal to be eaten with appetite, with a wholesome appreciation of its pleasant savors, rather than a meal eaten in satiety or greediness, with a peevish repining that it is not more elaborate and delicate.

I do not claim to live my own life on these lines. I started, as all sensitive and pleasure-loving natures do, with an expectation of finding life a much more exciting, amusing and delightful thing than I have found it. I desired to skip from peak to peak, without troubling to descend into the valleys. But now that I have descended, partly out of curiosity and partly out of inefficiency, no doubt, into the low-lying vales, I have found them to be beautiful and interesting places, the hedgerows full of flower and leaf, the thickets musical with the voices of birds, the orchards loaded with fruit, the friendly homesteads rich with tranquil life and abounding in quiet, friendly people; and then the very peaks themselves, past which my way occasionally conducts me, have a beautiful solemnity of pure outline and strong upliftedness, seen from below, which I think they tend to lose, seen from the summit; and if I have spoken of the quieter joys, it is—I can say this with perfect honesty—because I have been pleased with them, as a bird is pleased with the sunshine and the berries, and sings, not that the passers-by may admire his notes, but out of simple joy of heart; and, after all, it is enough justification, if a pilgrim or two have stopped upon their way to listen with a smile. That alone persuades me that one does no harm by speaking, even if there are other passers-by who say what a tiresome note it is, that they have heard it a hundred times before,

and cannot think why the stupid bird does not vary his song. Personally, I would rather hear the yellow-hammer utter his sharp monotonous notes, with the dropping cadence at the end, than that he should try to imitate the nightingale.

However, as I have said, I am quite willing to believe that the critics speak, or think they speak, in the interests of the public, and with a tender concern that the public should not be bored. And I will take my leave of them by saying, like Miss Flite, that I will ask them to accept a blessing, and that when I receive a judgment, I shall confer estates impartially.

But my last word shall be to my readers, and I will beg of them not to be deceived either by experts or by critics; on the one hand, not to be frightened away from speculating and reflecting about the possible meanings of life by the people who say that no one under the degree of a Bachelor of Divinity has any right to tackle the matter; and, on the other hand, I would implore them to believe that a quiet life is not necessarily a dull life, and that the cutting off of alcohol does not necessarily mean a lowering of physical vitality; but rather, that if they will abstain for a little from dependence upon excitement, they will find their lives flooded by a new kind of quality, which heightens perception and increases joy. Of course souls will ache and ail, and we have to bear the burden of our ancestors' weaknesses as well as the burden of our own; but just as, in the physical region, diet and exercise and regularity can effect more cures than the strongest medicines, so, in the life of the spirit, self-restraint and deliberate limitation and tranquil patience will often lead into a vigorous and effective channel the stream that, left to itself, welters and wanders among shapeless pools and melancholy marshes.

WOULD FATE BE KIND

(RONDEAU REDOUBLÉ)

WOULD Fate be kind, and give our childhood back,
All the long years which we have left behind,
And bid us walk again the self-same track
Which we have followed, ignorant and blind,—

Should we be glad the same old path to find,
With every sorrow, every loss and lack,
And every burden for the heart and mind,—
Would Fate be kind and give our childhood back?

Would Grief's wild storms, Disaster's thunder-crack,
Be recompensed by all Life's joys combined?
Would we toil on beneath Care's heavy pack,
All the long years which we have left behind?

Fair fruits were bitter, underneath the rind;
In bluest skies the tempest gathered black;
Would we rejoice, should Fate her skein rewind,
And bid us walk again the self-same track?

Why change the dates in Time's grim almanac?
Safe with the past let them remain enshrined;
Nor crave the path in Life's cramped zodiac
Which we have followed, ignorant and blind.

We should not be more happy or resigned,
Nor suffer less from scourge, and knout, and rack,
Briers and thorns with nettles intertwined.
If she should send us on the self-same track,
Would Fate be kind?

ELIZABETH AKERS

LIBERAL CULTURE: ATHENIAN AND AMERICAN

PRESIDENT JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

BEFORE THE SCHOOLMASTERS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK

AND VICINITY



WHEN we speak of Liberal Culture, of the intellectual and æsthetic life of man, Greece is the mother of us all.* She herself borrowed from all the nations, but on all she borrowed she set her own creative stamp.

It has been well said that if it was the Phœnicians who taught the Greeks writing, it was the Greeks who wrote. If their fresh sensibility was charmed by the technical skill of Egyptian and Assyrian artists, their sense of human dignity was shocked by its subjection to despotism and priestcraft; their instinct for beauty and reason rejected its lifeless and fantastic and monstrous forms, and though they adopted the foreign technique, they set about to create an art of their own—an art true to nature and to human life, an art which, as all the world knows, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And with the Greek love of beauty went the Greek love of knowledge.

It was the Greeks who first discovered and illustrated the sovereign efficacy of reason. We talk of the modern scientific method, and doubtless we have perfected its details. But the love of knowledge for its own sake, the passion for truth, the courage to follow the lead of the

evidence, faith in reason and fearlessness in its exercise without misgiving and without regard to consequences, calm interrogation of nature and of human life which, though baffled and puzzled, never grows weary and never loses hope of receiving a rational answer,—these things in which we glory to-day are the gifts to the human race of ancient Greece, by whom first they were originated, developed and put in universal application. Thus Greece, as I have said, is in things æsthetic and intellectual the mother of us all. From her we derive our arts, letters, science, and philosophy; and of these she was actually the creator. "So well has she done her part," said the Athenian Isocrates, with justifiable pride, "that the name of Greeks seems no longer to stand for a race, but to stand for intelligence itself." Herein lies the greatness, the undying greatness, of Greece. In the glorious creations of her artists and poets, her orators, statesmen, and philosophers, Greece after the lapse of seventy generations still possesses an intellectual empire, which is mightiest of the mighty, which shows no sign of decay but is still as of yore fresh with the dew of immortal youth.

UNIVERSALITY OF CULTURE IN ATHENS

Now, next to the creation of such a fine culture by the Greeks, next to the manifestation of this high reason, the most astonishing thing is the universality of its diffusion, appre-

*For further details relative to Greek Culture, see Butcher's "Some Aspects of the Greek Genius," especially the first essay entitled "What We Owe to Greece," on which I have drawn freely in this speech.

ciation, and enjoyment. In Athens it was the birthright of every citizen. And the taste and intelligence of the Athenian populace far surpassed that of any other community that has ever existed. It was not the few, it was the many who demanded and relished the friezes of Phidias, the dramas of Sophocles, the orations of Pericles. Even in the abstract discussions preserved in the dialogues of Plato, shopkeepers and tradesmen mingle as speakers with statesmen and philosophers. What we see is the spectacle of an entire community appreciating and enjoying the noblest culture. The meanest citizen of Athens in the fourth century before Christ, through the activity and intercourse of his daily civic life and in virtue of his æsthetic and intellectual environment, enjoyed a means of liberal education which no university has ever supplied.

The highest culture even for the lowliest citizen: that is the lesson of Athens to the world. If it was not possible to equalize material wealth she saw to it that the spiritual treasures of mankind were shared by all her citizens on equal terms. A democracy in government—indeed, the first democracy the world had ever seen,—she presents also the spectacle of a democracy in the noblest art, culture, and the things of the mind. What history generally shows is a highly civilized ruling class over against a rude, ignorant, and brutal multitude. But in ancient Athens, as all the citizens were free and self-governing, so all of them were refined and cultured by the amenities of art and letters. There, and I believe there alone, in the long history of mankind has been realized Burke's noble conception of the State as "a partnership in all science, in all art, in every virtue, and in every perfection."

Yet this is an ideal which no democracy, and least of all our own Republic, can afford or should be willing to disregard. It is, however, the field in which our achievements, measured by those of Athens, rank

lowest, whether we consider either the character of our thought and culture, or the extent to which it has elevated and ennobled the mind of our people or the spirit of our nation.

CULTURE OF THE PEOPLE IN ATHENS AND IN AMERICA

Of course, there is one obvious explanation of this falling-off. While the citizens of Athens were all free, intelligent, and exquisitely cultured, these citizens themselves constituted an exclusive and privileged order, supported by a slave class which performed for them the lowest offices of agriculture and of trade. Exempt from the necessity of laboring for a livelihood, and enjoying the opportunity of leisure and the means of amusement, the Athenian citizens, resisting the temptation to sloth and sensuality, devoted themselves to art and letters, to politics and philosophy, to the free and disinterested pursuit of the noble and the good. But in modern Christendom there is no slave class. In America all men are equal before the law, neither manual nor mercantile labor is held in disesteem, and the first problem of everybody is to earn a living. If, therefore, we are justly to appraise the relative attainments of the two communities—of Athens and America,—we must, in dealing with Athens, consider the degradation of its slaves as well as the intelligence and refinement of its citizens. On the one hand we should set all human beings in the United States, on the other all human beings in Athens. Doubtless the comparison in these terms would be more flattering to our national pride. But it is not my object to fill you with complacent self-regard. I grant you without argument that American artisans and traders enjoy a status and a happiness far beyond even the dreams of Athenian prophets and reformers. The principal question still remains—"Can America do more than she has yet done for the development of a refined culture

and a rational intelligence, such as ancient Athens made the possession of all her citizens?"

NEWSPAPER INTELLIGENCE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

I do not think that as a people we lag behind the Athenian or any other nation in our general knowledge of facts. On the contrary, I believe that in this sense the Americans are the most intelligent human beings who have ever trod this planet. Our world-embracing daily newspapers bear witness to our desire to be informed—and to be informed at once—in regard to everything happening beneath the sun—yes, and within the closet, and under the cover of night, and in the dark recesses of human passion and crime. There is no matter of fact, whether material or moral, personal or impersonal, to which an American is indifferent. And his immense native curiosity (which is also at the root of his inventiveness) is at once gratified and stimulated by the ubiquitous and omniscient reporters of the newspapers. So, again, our system of universal public schools is the expression of our love of knowledge. In these schools, facts (and sometimes principles) are organized and communicated to our children. But when the children leave the schools most of them become, like their parents, the disciples of the editors and reporters of the newspapers, under whom they remain, with variations and interchanges, for the rest of their days. So it happens inevitably that the intelligence of our people is of the newspaper order. It knows something of everything; but its knowledge is superficial, inaccurate, chaotic, and ill-digested. Only a small number of newspapers contain any articles which appeal to the judgment of their readers or contribute to the formation of their taste. Consequently, a second characteristic of what I have called the newspaper intelligence of our people is its indifference to aesthetic

culture and its suspicion of theory, of principles, and of reason.

OUR DEFECTIVE RATIONAL AND ARTISTIC DEVELOPMENT

If the American mind is to be raised to its highest potency a remedy must be found for these evils. The first condition of any improvement is the perception and frank recognition of the defects themselves. I repeat, then, that while as a people we are wonderfully energetic, industrious, inventive, and well-informed, we are, in comparison with the ancient Athenians, little more than half developed on the side of our highest rational and artistic capabilities. The problem is to develop these potencies in an environment which has hitherto been little favorable—and to develop them in the American people, and not merely in the isolated thinker, scholar, and artist.

Of course it might be said that Nature had not endowed us Americans with these capacities. But there are two reasons why I cannot accept that pessimistic view. In the first place, Nature is infinitely prodigal of her gifts, and though she bestows them differently on different nations and individuals, she does not in her universal bounty omit the best things—or at least the capacity for the best things. And, in the second place, what America has already done in the highest fields of human activity is ample proof that she has the ability to do more and better. No, I make no doubt that Americans are endowed with an instinct, even a full-blooded instinct, for reason and beauty, as they have undoubtedly proved their possession of an instinct for liberty, for energetic industry, and for perception, invention, and knowledge of facts. If no American city is an Athens, if no American poet is a Homer or Sophocles, if no American thinker is a Plato or Aristotle, it is not because Americans possess only a rudimentary reason and imagination and sen-

sibility, but because, owing to causes which are part of our national being—causes which are connected with our task of subduing a continent,—the capacities with which Nature has generously endowed us have not been developed and exercised to the fulness of their pitch and potency. Our work in the nineteenth century was largely of the utilitarian order; in the twentieth century we are summoned to conquer and make our own the ideal realms of truth and beauty and excellence which, far more than material victories, constitute the true greatness of nations.

HOW TO STIMULATE AMERICAN CULTURE AND REASON

Given the capacity for the highest rational and æsthetic achievements, its unfolding and development are a matter of nourishment, stimulus, and use. Nature condemns to atrophy every organ which is not used and fed. The powers of reason and culture in us must also be nourished with food convenient for them and stirred to activity by means of appropriate stimulus. Here the newspaper is utterly useless. It is only the organ of yesterday's happenings, whereas to stimulate the human spirit in its highest functions you need the quintessence of the rational and æsthetic intelligence of all the generations of mankind. The great creations of human genius—it is these that nourish, challenge, and evoke the kindred powers in ourselves.

Of course, we must begin with the young. It is too late to remake those who have grown up. When Darwin published his "Origin of Species" he cared only for the verdict of men under thirty-five years of age. And if the critical faculty is rigid at that age, how much earlier must be the period of the leafage and bloom of the instinct for the highest truth and beauty. As in most other reforms you must begin with children. And what, you ask, shall we do with and for them? I shall not arrogate to myself the right to instruct you in

your own vocation, but I am persuaded that you will concede me the privilege of at least describing some things which the ancient Greeks did that seem to me of supreme importance in this connection.

THE CULTURE OF THE SENSE OF BEAUTY BY MEANS OF BEAUTY

In the first place, the Greeks provided for their children beautiful and harmonious objects of sense-perception. They removed from the range of their sight and hearing whatever was ugly and dissonant. Harmonies of sound attuned the ear, beauties of form and color gladdened the eye. That these æsthetic impressions were not only conveyed to the soul, but had efficiency also to mould the soul into the essence of beauty and harmony, was not only the conviction of the Greeks, but the principle on which they based their system of education. You know what that system is. You know that the body was rendered agile and graceful by gymnastics, and the passions subdued and the mind ennobled by music and poetry. Harmony and beauty were the key-note of Athenian education; and the city abounded in beautiful statues and temples, music charmed men's leisure hours, and gymnastics furnished at once a means of recreation and a school for the training and exhibition of the beauty of the most beautiful of all objects—the human form itself.

We cannot reproduce this system and environment in America. Our works are useful, but seldom beautiful; and the mark of the commonplace is the sign by which cultured and not unsympathetic visitors describe us. Are we then left without means of improvement? Far from it. In our cities, galleries of art—thanks to the munificence of our men of wealth—are everywhere arising. May they increase, and the objects of beauty they enshrine be multiplied! Nor are other instruments for the culture of the beautiful beyond our reach. Why should not our multi-millionaires

provide for every school in every city in our Union plaster casts of beautiful statues, copies of beautiful pictures, etchings and drawings of beautiful scenes, so that when the pupils lifted their eyes from their books they might be greeted by a feast of beauty encircling them on every side? Nor is this all: we can apply the Greek principle in fields unknown to the Greeks themselves. Interest in natural scenery, and love of it for its own sake, are a comparatively recent development in the emotional life of man. They played but a small part in literature—and, I suppose, in life—before the close of the eighteenth century. But in the twentieth century the instinct is fullgrown. So far as I know, it has never been used systematically for educational purposes. Yet where can you find more varied or exquisite beauty than in the flowers of the field, the pine trees of winter, the starry vault of a summer night, the music of falling waters, the song and plumage of birds, the infinitely varied forms and colors and sounds of the whole animate and inanimate creation? Nature herself, the source of our artistic capacity, has filled the world of perception with objects to evoke it and delight it. Can we not awaken in the fresh minds of the new generation a love for the beauty of nature? Be assured nothing so subtly enters into the life of the soul, and nothing in education is more permanent? Long after our graduates at Cornell have forgotten all they learned in the class-room, they retain fresh and vivid images of the lake and hills and gorges and thundering cataracts and undulating fields which make our campus the most beautiful and romantic spot in the world.

CULTURE BY POETRY

Secondly, we can follow the example of the Greeks in refining and ennobling the minds of the rising generation by means of the best literature. Here again I would use what we have. It may be true that

in the past the culture of Europe was maintained by the study of the classical literatures of Greece and Rome. I am a firm believer in the great and unique value of a classical education. But I am forced to the conclusion that even in Europe the modern and contemporary interests of the human mind will suppress, if they have not already suppressed, the monarchical rule of the ancient classics. In America, indeed, the classics never took deep root, and their influence was at best but weak and partial. And nowadays, when neither our grammar-schools nor high schools prescribe Greek or Latin, when the universities and even the old-fashioned classical colleges have made them mainly or entirely elective, it is obvious that we must look to other agencies for the culture of the rising generation of Americans. The sand-blind pedant thinks there is no hope of culture in America because we do not study the thought of the past in languages not our own. I ask, were not the Greeks the most highly cultured people the world has ever seen? Well, the Greeks knew no language but their own. But they did know how to use what they possessed. The text-books of their schools were the works of their greatest authors, and especially the poems of Homer. And Greek boys were required to commit to memory these immortal creations of Greek genius. I should say, then, that that American is not a Greek who is one outwardly, who tells us we must get our culture through the Greek language. But that American is most deeply imbued with the Greek spirit who should speak to us somewhat as follows: "O my fellow-countrymen, we possess, thanks to Divine Providence, a language which is spoken in all quarters of the globe and by the most progressive communities; that language enshrines a literature inferior to none which either ancient or modern writers have produced; let us, O my countrymen, follow the wise example of the Greeks in using our own

literature for the training and ennobling of the mind and spirit of each successive generation of Americans; and, without excluding other great names of that literature—nay, including them,—let us prescribe the greatest, let us make the plays of Shakespeare the standard text-book in our schools, and require the older pupils to commit to memory the noblest dramas he has written." Here is a simple way to the finest culture. That it is an effective way the example of the ancient Greeks demonstrates. As I have already said, the one method of awakening and energizing our native susceptibility to culture is by means of the stimulus and nourishment furnished by the actual creations of a high and noble culture.

My point was that in comparison with the ancient Greeks we Americans must confess to a defect in the creations of the higher rational and æsthetic powers. The quality of our culture is not so fine, the range of our thought is not so high. And I have suggested that the tone of our culture might be refined and elevated if provision were made whereby our boys and girls should enjoy more systematic converse with beauty in art and in nature and assimilate, by memorizing, that wealth of beauty—beauty of language, of imagery, and of sentiment—which is found in our best literature and especially in the poetry of Shakespeare. All this is following the example set by the Greeks. And what these things might do for the development of American culture, I believe that another Greek practice might do for the development of the highest rational activities, in which, as I have said, we have also been outstripped, by the Greeks

THE CULTIVATION OF REASON

This brings me to a third recommendation. Remember that there is no criticism of the American powers of observation, invention, or general intelligence. The point is not

that we do not know *things*; as a matter of fact we know more things, and we know more about those things, than any other people. The point is not that we do not *know*—the point is that we do not think and reason. We have writers on politics, on science, and on philosophy; but we have no Burke, no Newton, no Aristotle. Of course, these are high standards. But, in the first place, I persuade myself that nothing is too high for Americans to aim at and, in the second place, I can make clear the defect by taking signal instances of the faculty and achievement. What is needed to turn an American scientist or philosopher into a Plato or Aristotle? Not observation, not experiment, not the ordinary processes of reasoning and intelligence. Is it not that the great thinker shows an original, a creative power which the ordinary thinker does not possess? He flings out a new creative idea—like the idea of attraction, or evolution, or potentiality and actuality—and, lo! the whole realm of observed fact and everyday thought falls into a new arrangement, takes a new significance, and bursts into consequences and results that amaze and shake the bravest hearts and intellects.

The problem, then, is this: "Can we do anything for the development of this creative reason in America?" I answer, as I answered in relation to culture, "It is a problem of stimulus, nourishment, and use." If in education we are content to have the pupils merely get facts, or at most to reason in a mechanical way, we are doing nothing for the development of creative reason. Nor will easy subjects and free election among them develop this power, any more than mere matters of fact or parrot-like reasonings about them. I recognize the importance of the conception of interest in education; but I suspect an interest which is confined to easy subjects and to mere matters of fact. The good teacher will interest the pupil in his subject, however difficult—and it takes bracing discipline to

evoke the highest intelligence. But the teacher is still more important than the subject. Let the teacher realize that reason is implicit in the pupil and that it is his business to draw it out—that this achievement is the object of all education,—and the first step will have been taken in the development of the highest reason among our people. We are too prone to rest in mere knowledge of facts. Of course, it is easier to teach the boy facts than to train him to think; and our big schools and large classes make the problem still more difficult. Yet the true method of teaching was formulated and illustrated by Socrates.

It is the method of personal intercourse with constant challenging of the reasoning faculty. It is no accident that Socrates produced a

Plato, or Plato again produced an Aristotle. In America we have been too prone to regard the teacher as an automatic pump and the boy's mind as a tub to be filled. The boy's mind is really a spark of the Divine Reason, and the business of education is to fan it into a living flame. And this we accomplish by bringing it into contact with the creations of the highest reason and stirring it with the air of challenge and of criticism. In a word, if America is to rank with Athens in the exercise of the high prerogative of reason, the rising generation must be trained to think and not merely to perceive and read.

The mission of the higher schools of the country is to make the newspaper intelligence of our people a rational intelligence.

LOVERS

By MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

I



As a nurse, I have seen strange things, sad things; extreme, dangerous, violent and weak things—I touch life at its uttermost extremities. But subtle things one rarely sees; subtlety is not for the sick-bed: it is a quality of health. The desire of the sick man is to food, warmth and sleep; it is the desire of the savage or the new-born child. When the body fails, the mind becomes simple; it runs limpid, as a brook.

Once I was witness to delicate mysteries, and then I wept. How bitterly I wept! The memory of it shakes me yet.

When patients die, one does not weep. When patients suffer, one's

professional interest tempers sympathy—and I am enthusiastic in my profession: it is the only outlet life has ever given me. I have maintained a judicial, a proper prose attitude throughout my career! nothing so opposed to poesy as crape, as lint.

And yet once, being a practical woman of a cool calling, I cried; all to myself, violently, stealthily, in the silence of a large green world. And yet the matter which moved me would have provoked many, probably most, to laughter.

I was sent to a country house and had barely settled there when a little baby was born—a daughter, a first-born. This was matter-of-fact enough; it was tiresome in its monotony. Babies are born—they flourish or they die—in many houses, at all hours, and to varying fortune enough. For my part, not only have I never been a mother, but I have

never known Love. To me, maternity means nothing whatsoever. I cherish no gawky memories of early, half-blown sweethearting, am innocent of a bundle of letters gone limp. I have never attracted to myself romance in any form. So far as I know, no man has ever given me a second look, or bestowed on me some brief, wistful thought of positive detachment.

You observe that I was not disposed to sentiment by the advent of this little child in the rambling country house.

It was a large house with a pallid face; springing up in a world of green—sometimes I likened it to a horse mushroom. It bore an air of mute misery. I have marked the same mood in the dull eyes of some elderly women. Behind it was a sighing pine wood, before it a singing river. Perhaps the house was pensive because it was so old and echoed with dead feet and voices; or perhaps because of the green of the wood and the brown of the river. The song and sigh of these two broke as from a bosom. Youth, joy and simplicity had no true part with the place: I felt that from the first. And yet the people in it were the most cheerful, commonplace, stupidly prosperous people you could imagine. And the baby was hearty, a very creditable child indeed, giving no trouble.

There were eight of us in the house, including the baby and exclusive of servants. There was the young couple, my patient and her husband. There was also a double set of grandparents—four fidgety, fond and anxious people. They had assembled in the big pale house for this momentous family event, the birth of the first grandchild. You could not have conceived a human grouping more mediocre, more complacent, more slightly droll. And yet, I wept!

The house had recently been left to the young couple by a maiden aunt: they were the sort of people who, already wealthy, have a reserve of rich relatives—people belonging to the upper middle class;

thick-headed, virtuous, making up the backbone of the nation.

The grandparents were so much alike in their precise and well-to-do ways that, for the first few days, I had barely distinguished between Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Lee or Mr. Lee and Mr. Vernon. Both ladies wore handsome costumes and caps of good lace; both gentlemen were at the leisurely stage of white hair and a passion for the morning paper. At the end of a week, however, I found a startling disparity between all four. Mrs. Vernon was sweet and pink and helpless; would drop her handkerchief, mislay her spectacles, wonder where she had left her book, tangle up her knitting. She was usually knitting; she lived in a positive whirl of wool—a fancy snowstorm. And yet with all her fireside industry and her fury of designing shoes and jackets and hoods for the new baby, this gentle old woman was subject to odd moods that made me marvel. She would suddenly start up, fling aside book or knitting in a careless heap—anyhow—and, pulling a shawl about her shoulders, run out like a girl into the garden. I used to see her peering about for first snowdrops, or triumphantly carrying a bent spray of golden winter jasmine, or lifting her old face with rapture to the relenting sky, or trotting joyously towards the pine wood.

On these occasions Mr. Lee would always join her. Wherever he might happen to be, he seemed to divine her out-of-door mood—catch it. In truth, he was her perfect slave, always picking things up and finding things. He had a wistful way of watching a woman, of looking for an opening to do her some homage. I could have married a man like Mr. Lee.

He was inclined to amiable corpulence and yet there was a look in his clear eye which contradicted both amiability and corpulence. They were shaves of steel sometimes, those blue eyes of his. He was by way of being a fiery old gentleman. His wife's maid told me that in youth he had been a poet and that his friends

bespoke Fame for him, but he had been paralysed by Fortune. I learnt a great deal from this woman: upper servants are the only true biographers.

She said that the two old couples had been fast friends for many years, although, until recently, they had lived some distance apart. They had visited frequently, travelled together and—now they were old—lived in adjoining houses in the next county. They all four agreed most perfectly: no ripple had ever crossed their perfect friendship.

If Mr. Lee was fiery, Mr. Vernon was exactly the reverse. He was never out of temper and had no tradition of poesy—the most dignified and beautifully selfish man I ever met in my life! He never gave any trouble, nor afforded any pleasure. Selfish people are so refreshingly simple to get on with: it is your self-effacing saint who sets the world's teeth on edge. He was a man of sound learning and small humor, with an irritating trick of always being in the right. He wrote scientific pamphlets and took a keen interest in all the topics of the day. He had a fond, scornful manner of regarding his wife's charming foibles, and sometimes when plump Mr. Lee groped on the floor for a knitting-needle, or patiently held some endless skein of wool, his old friend would stare quizzically at them both, laugh aloud and walk swiftly away. That laugh made me jump the first time I heard it.

Mrs. Lee in many ways was exactly like Mr. Vernon. She also was clever; in that sane, cold manner that slays imagination. She also took an interest in burning topics and was on the committee of a dozen most commendable societies. And she experimented with religious sects of every new sort as they sprang up, and talked about them in a tangle of words which gave a beguiling brilliance to threadbare truisms.

I should have supposed that, with all these kindred interests, she and Mr. Vernon would have been fast

friends, just as the other old couple were. Nothing of the kind. They never came near each other without sparring—and yet they seemed to enjoy it. There was a fitness but no fondness about them.

As for my patient, the baby's mother, she was a petulant woman, not very young; and she combined—in dilution—the qualities of her parents. She had Mrs. Vernon's pretty helplessness and Mr. Vernon's easy-going egoism. As for her husband,—he was handsome. I dislike handsome young men. Nature, in modelling the male sex, never seems to have enough material for brains and body—something goes short. Adam was an experiment; Eve the finished article. This young man was a chastened edition of his father, Mr. Lee—yet with none of the father's fire. His blue eyes were quite blank of anything held back. And he parroted of his mother's eccentricities, without her caustic brilliancy. He was fond of his wife, proud of his first-born; fools and wise men hold these feelings in common.

As days—and more, nights—went on, my sense of subtlety deepened. And yet who, looking at fat Mr. Lee or scientific Mr. Vernon, could associate mystery with them? As to the ladies, sentiment was surely ruled out by the handsome rustlings of their silk gowns. These things spelled money—and money is the most candid thing this wily old world preserves.

And yet I was convinced that the four had lived; that there had been instilled into their lives a something which would never let fall its drop into the placid current of the silly younger couple.

This idea obsessed me. Lying awake at night, often enough with the baby's round, tickling head in the nest of my neck, I would think matters over, pick up links, try to make a chain. I went at this in a business-like way; with a cool method inevitable to a person of my calling.

What were the things that made for Mystery?

First. Crime, of the bald, commercial sort. Crime and plump Mr. Lee? Inconceivable! Dignified Mr. Vernon bestrewn about by the broad arrow? Farcial! I laughed aloud, and my patient, in the room adjoining, moved in her sleep—moaned.

There was also Poverty. Deep seas are plumbed by poverty. Yet I had it on the word of the ladies' maid that both couples had been born to ample fortune.

There remained that other branch of more imaginative sin embraced by the seventh commandment. Yet one had only to recall the faces—all purity and transparency—of the old ladies, to dismiss that idea. Did one of the four suffer from periodic mental malady! A wild theory! I fell asleep, feeling remorsefully that I was doing these placid people a wrong by trying to fit them with common sins and sordid mysteries.

Each morning I rose up laughing at the extravagance of my dark imaginings; each night my sense of the hidden, the subtle, the evasive grew. And all the time I was so removed from the poignant, the ethereal truth. I was gross and unimaginative—nothing had ever happened to peel the scales from my eyes.

II

There came a February day which was all precocious spring; the world was young again, every air that blew over the wood, over the river, was tuned to pretty knowledge,—and I learned.

The baby was three weeks old, a fine, placid infant; you seemed to see in its puckered pink face, in its large eyes and enchanting lack of nose, the prosperous complacency of its silly parents—you saw nothing more, nothing behind, lying in ambush for its adolescence. You knew exactly the sort of amiable, most marriageable young woman it would grow up.

I carried it through the still house—of well-hung doors, velvety carpets and feet barely falling—into the air

and through the rose-garden to the river brink. There were no roses; only bare earth and breaking, ruby shoots.

It was really the most seductive afternoon and it stirred in me that vague, delicious sadness which is the very breath of spring and, so they say, of courtship. I have read that a lover brings the same rapture in his train to the most prosaic woman—I felt a flick of it. The burden on my arm became something more than just a red British baby; it became symbolic of what I had been denied. I clutched at the supreme idea of motherhood—yet only as you tip-toe up to a branch beyond your reach.

I took the child for her afternoon airing, and returning, met Mr. Lee and Mrs. Vernon in the house porch. They had a kindred passion for chatter and fresh air; just as Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Lee preferred silence and the crimson security of a well-built fire.

"Give Baby to me, only for a moment," pleaded Mrs. Vernon, in her appealing, quavering way.

I obeyed, with a bad enough grace. It was time for the child's afternoon sleep and my hour of perfect liberty.

"It is a very fine baby," said the old lady, thoughtfully, to the old gentleman—and dandling it deftly; she had not lost the trick.

"A very fine baby—remarkable," assented Mr. Lee; with a jump, with a flush, with a fleet look at me.

"Muriel was just like this as a baby. You remember Muriel?"

She was smiling, she was looking at him steadily.

"I remember." He was frowning and putting out his lower lip, which, for all his years, remained smooth scarlet. "Give the child back to its nurse and come along."

"And yet like Basil also. You remember Basil as a child? Of course you do—your son!"

Mrs. Vernon laughed and rocked the little one. She had a pretty, unworn laugh; listening, you might have supposed it a girl's.

"My son! Of course, Yes, I

remember. You will get a chill if you linger here."

Mr. Lee appeared to be growing quite angry. I thought him a perfect old brute, and remembered that the confidential maid had declared him to be a man of most moody turn.

"Give the child back," he said, with a stamp of the foot, "and let us get into the wood. Half an hour hence the air will be too sharp for you, and we shall miss our walk."

"No, I shall give her to you. There!" said Mrs. Vernon, nothing dismayed and again letting out her delicious laugh.

She slipped the baby to him. Such was his agitation that I thought he would drop it, and started forward with a cry.

"Cease your squeals," he said, with great violence and glaring on me; and then, instantly softening, "I can hold a baby well enough, bless the careful woman. See! Would n't that do credit to any old wife in the kingdom?"

He was rocking the child and drawing it to him, and he looked at me with the most melting apology.

"I'm a rough old fellow, nurse, and the victim of frenzies which have no part with a grandfather. Forgive me."

He looked down at the tiny creature; her large empty eyes met his unflinchingly, her little limbs very faintly stirred beneath the weight of white, fluttering wrappings.

"God's miracle," he said devoutly, and gave her back to my ready arms.

I entered the house, and, as I went up the staircase, watched through a landing window this odd old two go plunging towards the pine wood. They went like children, with a skip and a trot and a light laughing note just implied, living only in their feet. And yet it was the cruelest travesty of youth.

And the speckled thrush kept singing, singing on the tender almond bush.

The large pale house stood in a colored gaudiness of spacious ground;

stood close in a garden that had been made many years ago—with precision, with conscientious design. There were things growing and pleasures made and statues set of the sort which you find in stories and on the stage; things unusual in common life and in little square gardens of to-day. To me, the cut peacocks had a property look, and yew trees were grown and trimmed for conscious tragedy.

There hung above the rose-garden a series of terraces, each with a marble rail. On one of these, the baby asleep and my patient attended by her husband. I took my book—while the thrush kept singing.

I was half asleep, the day unusually warm for mid-February and my book dull—I never had a mind for novels. Presently I heard voices on the terrace just beneath. They were the voices of Mrs. Vernon and Mr. Lee. I heard him ask if the walk in the wood had tired her. I heard her little reassuring reply. Question and answer struck a new note—mingled with the flaming thrush on the bough.

And then I did a thing which will earn me condemnation—I looked, I listened; I played eavesdropper with absolute heartiness, with never a twinge. I should do just the same to-morrow. And I maintain that any woman with a hungry heart in her bosom would have done the same—though few would find courage to admit it afterwards. For me, I glory in admission! They lifted a curtain for me, those two; they showed me a new world—no man of my own generation has ever found it worth his while to show it. And is that a lack in me, or perversity in man? I beat the air with this constant question.

"Valentine," the old man was saying, "the round world spun with me when you put that sprite in my arms. Don't you know?"

"Yes, dear, I know."

"It was an instant storm, Valentine, in my poor heart. The aching, intolerable joy of it!"

Mrs. Vernon laughed. So her name was Valentine!

It was then that I looked over the balcony, looked without caution. Indeed, I never paused to reflect on what might happen should one of the two look up and behold the crimson, curious face of a nurse beneath her cap! I believe now that had Mr. Lee looked, he would have killed me, his fiery mood prevailing.

But they would not look. They were in a world and of a period which was of neither time nor place—nor ever would be.

He held her hand. She was looking at him, her lips parted, her eyes laughing—a lovely look of laughing, blended with long years of tears bravely kept back. She looked arch, irresistible—how could I ever have regarded her as an old woman? Her years slipped off. How charming she once had been—and was! She bore the double fragrance of youth and of experience. She was color, curve and character—all the stages of beauty—in one elderly woman. So this is what Love can do for us! I held my breath, I bit my tongue sore. Directly I looked over the rail I marked those two for lovers.

"Valentine! As you stood in the porch with that sweeping white angel in your dear arms, I thought it was her mother you held and that you were a girl again, as I first knew you. Muriel was three months old when first we met, dear heart."

"Three months!" she was looking oddly wistful and joyful and yet more unutterably sad, in a beautiful glad way, than I could have believed possible. "Yes. And your boy, Basil, was four years old."

She laughed again—the pretty, tripping laugh.

"Your laugh! It has lived in the wind, dropped with the rain, shot in every sunbeam for me this thirty years. If we had not sometimes laughed, if we had not been given the relief of drollery, our hearts must have been broken."

"I think," she said, looking up, her eyes still merry, but her tender

lips all a-quiver, "that mine was broken long since. I—I have held the little pieces together in my bosom somehow—and gone on living. John! To love as we have, and to be denied!"

"Sweetheart!" he took both hands, he drew her so close that their old heads nearly touched.

When he said "Sweetheart," I began to tremble; I pressed my hands on my neck to keep in the pain, the protest. I was of an ague. I would have torn my heart from out me at any time—yes, I knew it, now, at this moment of frank eavesdropping—had a man modulated his voice so deliciously for me. If that one word, *sweetheart*, all liquid and all flame, could have dropped into my ear—if only once,—I could have lived and died a contented woman.

"Denied," Valentine. In all these years your dear mouth has withered and mine has never touched it. Between us there stretches the large, healing hand of honor. Love! Why grieve? We should be glad and shout. We have kept the best. We have the glory of this world, we hold the eternal promise."

"I have seen myself grow old, grow white, grow wrinkled," she said piteously; looking so pretty all the time, and so young.

Her white hair, her staid, rich garments, were merely a fancy dress—a travesty of years on so young a being, on eyes so swimming bright, on a cheek that kept pinking and paling most bewitchingly. I learnt that Love has no chronology. At thirty years, I was old, incurably old—as this big house in which I dwelt. This other woman, worshipped, had twice my total—more—and yet remained in her sparkling, tremulous teens, and so would die. Fortunate woman! How dared she say she suffered?

"Valentine! Each year has made you more beautiful, more young. Your hair! I can see it as you stood in the sun when first we met. It was a massive coronal of pure copper."

"Pretty hair; every one remarked on it," her little sigh of happy vanity

floated to me. "And once you said it was growing dull. How bitterly that night I cried myself to sleep. It was hard to grow old. A woman dreads it."

"Did I say so? I was a brute, a thick-witted clown. And have I often hurt you, dearest? Valentine! with your first cap you put on a new coquetry. To me you can never be old, never stripped of glamour. I look back all through the years and we have lost nothing; not one touch of first, shy, early love. We preserve our sweet original madness. When I have prayed, it has been for honor and against sanity. Valentine! do you remember—everything?"

"Everything—yes."

It was barely a word, it came so softly, with such sweet, unquenchable shyness.

And the old man was looking fiery, youthful, desperate.

"Our meetings—out in the open, the wild and free—whenever we could, Valentine?"

"Everything—everything, John."

"And you would look so sweet; all one rosy flutter."

"Our partings," she said, "how deep they cut!"

"Each one a mortal wound, my own; and yet—cut to pieces—we live, we love."

"Robert and Gertrude have been so good," she said, solemnly, making her eyes large, letting the pink young color fly from her cheek. "Think! Would any other two have shown such tolerance?"

"They have been good—yes," his voice held a flick of impatience; "but they have not guessed how we suffered. We have had to bear throughout the odium of a silly flirtation. I am regarded by my son as a senile beau; an old possible poet gone to worthless seed."

"And I by my daughter as an incurable coquette."

"Robert and Gertrude have transmitted their comfortable tradition to the next generation. But what matter? Why cloud our perfect hour to-day?"

"John! Our children are so sane,

so dear, and yet so commonplace."

"Full of common sense and ripe, wise years—the four of them," he growled, and looked deep into the troubled eyes of the beloved one.

"But, Sweet, we have the baby; it is something more to us than a mere first-born. It is the fruit of romance—it is a fairy baby. I hope it won't fly away, the perfect, tiny darling."

"Valentine! You a grandmother—it is all topsy-turvy. You so young, so wild; and Muriel such an elderly young woman. Sometimes when I see you demurely knitting by the fire I could laugh aloud."

And then they both laughed; it was little bells to me—listening, envying them with all my parched-up heart.

"John! I left my knitting on the hearth-rug all in a tangle. I wanted to come out so intensely; the wood beckoned, the bird sang. If Robert finds it he will be vexed; he insists on order."

"Perish order! All our life has been on the leash. They have had our interests too much at heart, those two—so dear, so different. They have insisted on doing things for our good. We suffer, pretty one, for mating with Reformers. They regard marriage as a big Committee meeting. They sit on the Board. But, Valentine, we'll be ourselves for a little. Look at the untrammelled arms of the pine trees; listen to the thrush. The fellow's heart is completely caught."

"I do hope he will choose the right thrush for a wife," she said wistfully; and then they laughed again. They were at once so volatile and so permanently wounded.

"And the river—how fast it runs, my dear. This day has gone wild; everything is quick and colored. Do you remember that once I rowed you for a whole day on the Thames, just above Taplow?"

"Yes, yes—of course. Robert and Gertrude went to—"

"They went to some Monster Meeting for the Social Amelioration, of something or the other," he said scornfully. "What long words these

worthy folk get—to cover the nakedness of their ideas! It is at once ingenious and decorous. Massive nomenclature is the only touch of talent they have."

"And we were so happy," she said. "We thought, before the day came, that it would never end. Yet when it did come, it was a mere puff—thistledown."

"It spun—in the space when you might toss a coin, Sweetheart."

"John!"—she was looking arch and most mischievous, this amazing old lady—"if there were a boat on this river, you should row me to-day. We would skim off—this instant minute. We would pretend, play beautiful make-believe, as we did at Taplow."

"Why is n't there a boat?" The impetuous old man looked up and down the swollen bosom of the brown stream. "That I should have to deny you anything!"

"John! You are so delightful; you have never grown old."

"You keep me young, dear heart; you and my sense of logic. How can a lover grow old?"

"If I can't have a boat," she said, with the most beguiling, foolish coquetry—"how do these women do it?"—"then you might get me a bunch of little golden crocuses. There is a border down there," she pointed. "It is n't very much to ask."

"A border! I will drag it up and bring it bodily, swing it over my shoulder."

He was away from her side, down the shallow steps and bending before she could say one word.

When he came back, she put out her hands, curving them, as a baby does for blossoms. They were not pretty hands, but long and lissome—and every gesture was eloquence.

"Your hands!" he stooped and kissed them. "How many weary and wonderful years have I loved them? And there, dear heart," he impulsively stuffed the flowers into her palms, "a little bunch all warm with sun and sweet with wind. Yellow ones, as your hair was, yet

with a touch more orange. And white ones, as it is now. As white, I adore it most. And these violet ones are your dear eyes—nearly."

Oh those foolish, fond old people! Their burden of intoxicating emotions was becoming too much for witness. My heart blazed, burst. Why had no man ever gathered crocuses for me—and made of me a perfect flower?

It was hard. Was the fault mine? How did these favoured women do it? What sly gift had the fairies dropped into old Valentine's cradle?

Do you remember? Do you remember? Do you remember? They kept saying it, their heads were close, they whispered, and yet each word was fire-clear. How sad they were, how joyous, how denied and most incomparably blest. They were white-haired; plump, prosperous, comfortable. So hearts do not break! You may win your victory and come out of it alive. And why was not I called for the fight?

I went away, I could bear no more. I went into the sleek house. It seemed to breathe of food and clothing, nothing else: it was all wardrobe and larder, multiplied, whichever way one turned.

The baby was sleeping. Little, wonderful child! What a burden of romance it carried—and would never know. Long before it grew to be a woman, those lovers on the terrace would be dead. My heart broke for them—no, for myself; a thousand times for myself, only for myself. They had the best that this world could give—perfect honor; undying, imperishable sweetness. Crocuses! No man has ever picked me one—nor will.

As I passed to my own room for bonnet and cloak, I could hear the level voices of the younger couple. They sounded so silly, so hollow, those two. They were so old; they had never loved. Their marriage had been more filial obedience than anything else. I had it from the ladies' maid that they would have preferred celibacy—he a student's

life, in a mild, well-to-do way; she an absorption into worthy social works. In my presence they had laughed lightly once, and declared they had married for family peace. The four old folks seemed set on it.

I could not stay in the house: it choked me. I, too, must have wildness; the mantle of the lovers had descended on me. I went down the stairs at a run, and in the hall I came across Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Lee.

They were politely nagging as usual over some disputed detail of political economy; some weighty article in a review. He held it in his hand, open.

"Come into the library and I'll prove my point," he said imperiously.

He held the door open and she looked up at him as she passed in. Her eyes, or the set of his head, or my own mad mood, or all three—I know not, nor ever shall,—made me feel that, of the four, these two had also suffered. They also had been subtle, if in a passionless, in a less, in an inevitably different way. They had loved so many things before Love—and this had been their healing and salvation. They had loved themselves, first and foremost; after that, social problems, worldly position, intellectual tusslings, religious outbursts, scientific bubbles. They had put Love last, because they had such small store to give, such a pinched chamber that would take. Their pride had been hurt—to the quick; their hearts were filled with worldly lumber. They had missed—and been spared.

I passed out into the rebellious air. The thrush had flown off and left the pink bough swaying. I looked all down the garden, at the river, at the lawn. The terraces were shielded by a jutting shoulder of the house.

Wood and river made a dim tone, struck a sombre note. There was no look of life along the garden until the sun pierced the white flesh of a statue and made it human—gave life and throb to the scene.

It was a garden dignified with statuary—of stone! It was all green glisten of mournful yew and pointed

holly. A dignified garden, a place of much reserve. It had a proud heart, the pale house; it kept its own secret.

I wished—as I tumbled towards the pine wood, longing for shelter, my tears already welling—that this place had been the wedded home of Valentine, the scene of meetings and of partings. But she had come here for the first time six weeks ago. Whatever secret the house held, it was remote from hers. This made me feel afresh how sad the world was, how strewn with broken hearts. One marvelled that the common people could find clear placing for their feet.

The wood gave me refuge, hid my weak, haughty tears. They burned, they blistered me.

I stood on the edge for a moment, thrilling with winter color; the tossing pines beat their bosoms high above my head; at my foot rose round young bushes of leafless hazel and beech, in purple frocks. The ground I trod was copper color; with leaves deep in a death-bed.

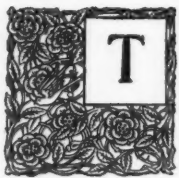
I probed in; nothing was too deep for my misery. I was going to take the moment of my life; I flung myself down and cried. Never would I forget, never cease to covet. I could see old Valentine's face—the adorable pout of her lip, the laugh in her eyes, the light. And I could see her lover—old, fat, yet with the undying fire of a poet. Tragedy had shaped these two into something very wonderful.

I saw them, watched them; I grew to believe that they were in the wood with me, marked me as I wept. I saw his worship of her; saw the utter heartbreak in her eyes—heartbreak, yet complete joy. She had been, through all her womanhood, most happy, most sad—most blest, most burdened. I would have given a great deal for a pang or so she gladly would have granted.

And so, when, like a woman, I had cried my fill I went back to the house—solitary, unwanted, as I have always been. And—whose fault? I ask the fairies.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

By MYRTLE REED



HE fine gifts of temperament and imagination which are essential to the production of true poetry are often accompanied by morbid sensibility. The soul capable of ecstasy and transport must pay its price in suffering; he who walks upon the heights must sometimes grovel in the dust. Such was the case with Edgar Allan Poe.

His sensibility, morbid though it was, is infinitely pathetic, even in a rational age. His schoolmates said, "No one knows him"; and yet, all through his life, he hungered for the sympathy, understanding and love of his kind.

When he was little more than fourteen years old, and while he was at the academy in Richmond, a schoolmate took him to his home. Here he met the mother of his friend, Mrs. Helen Stannard. She was very gentle and gracious to him, and, in an instant, his lonely heart went out to her as it might have done to his own mother, had she lived. She became his confidante and his redeeming influence. There was need for a hand like hers on the feverish pulse of the boy, who was old for his years.

She died when he needed her most, and the first grief of a heart that was to bear so many was intense and terrible. She was buried in a cemetery near Richmond, and for months afterward he haunted her grave. "When the autumnal rains fell, and the winds wailed mournfully over the graves, he lingered longest, and came away most regretfully."

She died—but never to him. For

years he was inexpressibly sad, and we may well believe that in those "solitary churchyard vigils, with all their associated memories," the sorrow and gloom of the after years began. He confessed to Mrs. Whitman that his poem "To Helen" was inspired by the memory of this boyish love.

Then came an affair which was not unlike Byron's attachment to Mary Chaworth. The first love of a boy who is also a poet is the most sublimated passion of which human clay is capable. He was still in the academy, and Elmira Royster lived across the street from the Allans, who had adopted him. He was seventeen and she was between fourteen and sixteen.

They considered themselves engaged, and after he left for the University, he wrote to her frequently. Mr. Royster thought his pretty daughter was too young to be married, and, with doubtful wisdom, intercepted the letters. It was not until after his sweetheart was married to Mr. Shelton, at seventeen, that Poe discovered why his letters had not been answered.

After he was dismissed from West Point, Poe visited his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who lived in Baltimore. Here he met his cousin, Virginia, who was not quite fourteen, and was a very beautiful girl.

One day the revelation came to both. "We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day," he said, "and our words even upon the morrow were tremulous and few. . . . And now we felt enkindled within us the fiery souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race came throng-

ing with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the 'Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.' . . . Strange, brilliant flowers burst out upon the trees where no flowers had been known before and the tints of the green grass deepened. . . . No guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart, and she examined with me its inmost recesses as we walked together." It was like another Virginia, walking with her Paul.

Poe was twenty-seven, and upon learning of his purpose, a distant relative of Mrs. Clemm offered to take Virginia into her own family and to complete her education, saying that the marriage seemed unwise and that there was no need of haste, adding that if the cousins still loved each other after a few years, they could be married. Poe heard of the offer, and wrote a passionate and indignant protest to Mrs. Clemm. The opportunity was declined, and the two were married.

The three lived together and Poe became so deeply attached to the mother of his Virginia that they formed a united household. He spent his leisure in completing his wife's education. She was a fine linguist and an accomplished musician, and he often said: "I see no one so beautiful as my sweet little wife."

But their unalloyed content was of short duration. Poverty, that handmaid of the great, was forever a threatening spectre at their door. At last Mrs. Poe ruptured a blood vessel in singing and was never well again. He had written once, in a story:

How could she die?—and of consumption! But it is a path I have prayed to follow. I would wish all I love to perish of that gentle disease. How glorious! to depart in the heyday of the young blood—the heart all passion—the imagination all fire—amid the remembrances of happier days!

Yet when the grim hand of the destroyer was laid upon his Virginia's

breast, his grief was beyond words. The fear of her loss haunted him night and day, and the threatening spectre, grown bold at last, fearlessly entered in.

There is but a single letter written by him to his wife, and this reads as follows:

MY DEAR HEART—MY DEAR VIRGINIA—
Our mother will explain to you why I stay away from you this night. I trust the interview I am promised will result in some substantial good for me—for your dear sake and hers—keep up your heart in all hopefulness, and trust yet a little longer. On my last great disappointment I should have lost my courage but for you—my little darling wife. You are my greatest and only stimulus now, to battle with this uncongenial, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful life.

I shall be with you to-morrow P.M. and be assured until I see you I will keep in loving remembrance your last words and your fervent prayer!

Sleep well, and may God grant you a peaceful summer with your devoted
EDGAR.

The little store of money was all gone, and the distracted husband was unable to earn more. An eyewitness describes the situation in these words:

There was no clothing on the bed, which was straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet.

The needed aid came, but it was too late. She died two or three days afterward, and owing to the kindness of the good Samaritan who had befriended them, was laid away in linen garments—a fact which brought strange comfort to the mother's sore heart.

After it was all over, Poe fell ill and lay in a stupor for several days, but the new friends did not fail him, though it was a long time before he was in any sense himself, and before he recovered, in some slight measure, from her death. She was in his heart when he wrote:

For the moon never beams without
bringing me dreams

Of my beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I see the
bright eyes

Of my beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-tide I lie by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and
my bride

In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Poe had three or four staunch women friends. Mrs. Clemm never ceased to love him as if he had been her son, and Mrs. Osgood, who was Frances Sargent, was his life-long friend, with the exception of a single quarrel, for which neither was to blame. It was Mary Louise Shew who was so kind to his wife in her last illness, and he had an affectionate regard for her, as also for the "Annie" whom he calls his "dear sister," and his "sweet sister Annie."

The episode with Mrs. Helen Whitman is extremely romantic. Her poems had attracted his attention, and in a lecture on "The Female Poets of America," he praised her particularly. He had never met her, but as he wandered from his hotel during a restless night, near the house where she lived, he saw her walking in her garden. This incident is commemorated in the poem which begins:

I saw thee once, once only—years ago.

In the winter of 1847, Mrs. Whitman contributed some anonymous verses, addressed to Poe, to a "Valentine" party which was given to the *literati* in New York. In June, he wrote to a friend as follows:

Do you know Mrs. Whitman? I feel deep interest in her poetry and character. I have never seen her—never but once —,

however, told me many things about the romance of her character which singularly interested me and excited my curiosity. Her poetry is beyond question *poetry*—instinct with genius. Can you not tell me something about her—anything, everything you know—and keep my secret, that is to say, let no one know that I have asked you to do so? May I trust you? I can and will.

The English lady to whom this letter was addressed ultimately gave it to Mrs. Whitman. Poe, not knowing of it, finally secured a letter of introduction and presented it to her. He came again, and with characteristic impulsiveness, told her of his love. She sent him away, but promised to write, and his answer to her first letter is, in part, as follows:

I have pressed your letter again and again to my lips, sweetest Helen, bathing it in tears of joy, or of "a divine despair." But I—who so lately, in your presence, vaunted the power of words—of what avail are mere words to me now? Could I believe in the efficiency of prayers to the God of Heaven, I would indeed kneel—humbly kneel—at this, the most earnest epoch of my life—kneel in entreaty for words, but for words that should disclose to you—that might enable me to lay bare to you my whole heart.

All thoughts, all passions seem now merged in that one consuming desire—the mere wish to make you comprehend—to make you see that for which there is no human voice—the unutterable fervor of my love for you:—for so well do I know your poet nature, that I feel sure if you could but look down now into the depths of my soul with your pure spiritual eyes, you could not refuse to speak to me what, alas! you still resolutely leave unspoken—you would love me if only for the greatness of my love. Is it not something in this cold, dreary world to be loved? Oh, if I could but burn into your spirit the deep, the true meaning which I attach to those three syllables underlined! but, alas! the effort is all in vain and "I live and die unheard."

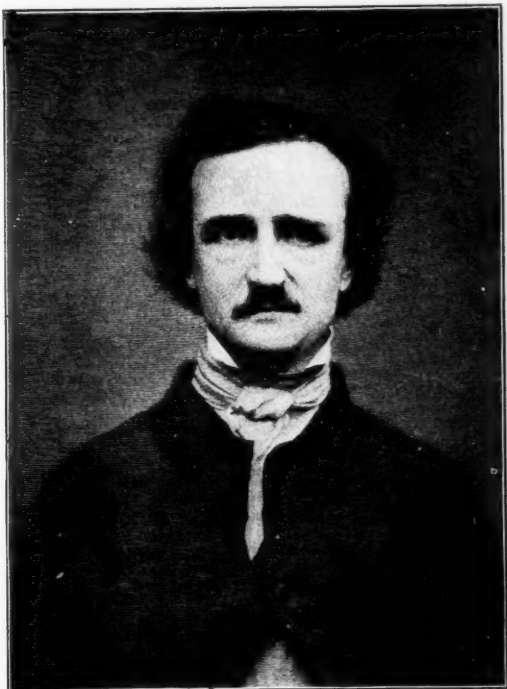
If words could burn, then, indeed, these passionate letters must have

seared the lady's heart. Dwelling upon the first thought of her, as lovers will, he says:

I have already told you that some few casual words spoken of you by — —

piness and a wild, inexplicable sentiment that resembled nothing so nearly as a consciousness of guilt. . . .

And now, in the most simple words I can command, let me paint to you the



EDGAR ALLAN POE

were the first in which I had ever heard your name mentioned. She alluded to what she called your "eccentricities" and hinted at your sorrows. Her description of the former strangely arrested—her allusion to the latter enchained and riveted my attention.

. . . From that hour I loved you. Since that period I have never seen nor heard your name without a shiver, half of delight, half of anxiety. The impression left upon my mind was that you were still a wife, and it is only in the last few months that I have been undeceived in this respect. . . .

The merest whisper that concerned you awoke in me a shuddering sixth sense, vaguely compounded of fear, ecstatic hap-

impression made upon me by your personal presence. As you entered the room, pale, hesitating, and evidently oppressed at heart, as your eyes rested for one brief moment upon mine, I felt, for the first time in my life, and tremblingly acknowledged, the existence of spiritual influences altogether out of the reach of reason. I saw that you were *Helen*, my *Helen*—the *Helen* of a thousand dreams. She whom the great Giver of all good had pre-ordained to be mine—mine only—if not now, alas! then hereafter and *forever* in the Heavens. . . .

Your hand rested within mine and my whole soul shook with a tremulous ecstasy; and then, but for the fear of grieving or wounding you, I would have fallen at your

feet in as pure—in as real a worship as was ever offered to Idol or to God.

In spite of this impassioned pleading, Mrs. Whitman steadfastly refused to marry him. He reproached her bitterly, and then begged for her forgiveness, urging her to forget everything but his love. She wavered in her determination, and he asked her to put off her decision for a week and then write to him.

She promised, but the letter she wrote was still indecisive. She did not wish to marry him, nor to give him up. He was wretched, as might be expected, and, going to Boston, made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide.

Later he went back to Providence, and called upon her. She was agitated and restless, and refused to see him then, but sent word that she would receive him at noon. He sent a message, saying that he must see her, and she returned the same answer—that she would see him at noon.

The eventful hour came. Then, and on the day following, he endeavored to persuade her to marry him and go immediately to New York. When he called the second time, she showed him some letters from friends of hers, reproaching her for receiving his attentions.

He was hurt to the quick, and immediately took his departure. That evening, instead of calling, he sent her a note of final farewell in which he said that in the future they would meet as strangers. Yet on the following day he was again at her house, pleading with her once more.

She finally consented to become his wife, upon the condition that he would never touch liquor again. He gave his word solemnly and kept it—for a time. On his way home he wrote to her, saying:

MY OWN DEAREST HELEN,

So kind, so true, so generous—so unmoved by all that would have moved one who had been less than angel; beloved of my heart, of my imagination, of my intellect—life of my life—soul of my soul—dear, dearest Helen, how shall I ever thank you as I ought!

I am calm and tranquil, and but for a strange shadow of coming evil which haunts me, I should be happy. That I am not supremely happy, even when I feel your dear love at my heart, terrifies me. What can this mean?

I write this to show you, that I have not dared to break my promise to you. And now dear, dearest Helen, be true to me.

And again, we find him writing thus:

In little more than a fortnight, dearest Helen, I shall once again clasp you to my heart; until then I forbear to agitate you by speaking of my wishes—of my hopes, and especially of my fears. You say that all depends on my own firmness. If this be so, all is safe—for the terrible agony which I have so lately endured—an agony known only to my God and myself—seems to have passed my soul through fire and purified it from all that is weak.

Henceforward I am strong; this those who love me shall see, as well as those who have so relentlessly endeavored to ruin me. It needs only some such trials as I have just undergone, to make me what I was born to be, by making me conscious of my own strength. But all does not depend, dear Helen, upon my firmness—all depends upon the sincerity of your love.

Yet once again the castle of his happiness crashed suddenly into ruins. Preparation had been made for the wedding, and he had written to Mrs. Clemm to expect him, with his bride, upon the appointed day, when Mrs. Whitman was informed that he had broken his pledge.

She sent for him, and though there was no outward sign, she knew at once, with swift womanly intuition, that it was true. As they looked into each other's eyes, the inner conflict in the soul of each was all at once made clear. She knew that he had fought and lost. He knew that "the Helen of a thousand dreams" must ever be a dream to him.

Worn out with love and sorrow and stunned by having her worst fears confirmed, she drenched her handkerchief with ether and flung herself upon a sofa, sobbing, and praying for

merciful unconsciousness. He sank on his knees beside her, begging her for a single word. At last she whispered, so low that even Love could scarcely hear, "What can I say?"

"Say that you love me, Helen," he responded quickly, then added, with infinite tenderness, "*I love you.*"

Those were the last words she ever heard from his lips, for they never met again. In this great sorrow it was "Annie" and the ever-faithful, loving mother of his Virginia who consoled him. Yet the end of the doubt and uncertainty seems to have brought some sort of relief, for he wrote to "Annie":

I need not tell you, Annie, how great a burden is taken off my heart by my rupture with Mrs. W.; for I have fully made up my mind to break the engagement. Nothing would have deterred me from the match but—what I tell you.

After a little time, he went to Richmond, and strangely enough, renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Shelton, now a widow, who was the Elmira Royster he had loved. For the rest, she says:

I was ready to go to church when a servant entered and told me that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see me. I went down and was amazed at seeing Mr. Poe, but knew him instantly. He came up to me in the most enthusiastic manner and said "Oh Elmira, is it you?"

I then told him that I was going to church; I never let anything interfere with that, and that he must call again. . . .

When he did call again, he renewed his addresses. I laughed: he looked very serious and said he was in earnest, and had been thinking about it for a long time. When I found out that he was quite serious, I became serious also, and told him that if he would not take a positive denial, he must give me time to consider. He answered: "A love that hesitates is not the love for me."

Though there is no record of a definite engagement, there seems to have been an understanding, for he wrote to Mrs. Clemm, informing her of his projected marriage, and asked her to be ready to return to Richmond

with him, to make his home her own.

He called upon Mrs. Shelton before leaving, saying he would return as soon as he had attended to some business affairs in New York, but, at the same time, he said that he had a presentiment that he should never see her again.

He was right—he had looked into the eyes of his boyhood's love for the last time.

The circumstances of his death are shrouded in painful mystery, but once again he broke his pledge. His friends finally found him in a hospital, and he never knew any one of them. Mrs. Shelton, looking forward to her marriage, received the news of his death instead, and Mrs. Clemm, the mother of his Virginia, was grieved as deeply as if she had again lost her only child.

Unhappy Master whom unmerciful
Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his
songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy
burden bore

Of "Never—nevermore."

We are as ships that go down to the sea. Some are destined for calm waters and smooth sailing, others for rocks and the storm. Some, who are pitifully weak, are mercifully spared the trial; to others, strong enough to face the breakers, the joy of the struggle is denied. There are some who meet the rush of waters without fear, and find triumph doubly sweet in the end.

For that "Unhappy Master," who fought so bravely against cruel odds, who faced the storm and thunder and scarcely knew the sun, there can be only pity in our hearts. He was as sensitive as the needle of the compass which Fate denied him, so that a wound became crucifixion. He suffered much, and seemingly without compensation—his poet's vision could not pierce the threatening cloud. He forever questioned, but there was no answer, save that which comes back to us through the years, like a solemn knell suddenly changing to mocking laughter—"Nevermore!"

DAUMIER'S CARICATURES

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



N *Charivari* for the twelfth of May, 1865, appeared a little drawing by Honoré Daumier, representing two painters seated at their easels, one behind the other, in the open fields. The first is painting zealously from nature, the second with equal zeal copies the work of his companion. No one was more likely than Daumier at that period to despise the dependence upon others of the undeveloped or plagiaristic artist; he had then been observing and recording nature for something over thirty years and was in full possession of his rich, flexible style and large vision. In his youth, however, he had himself been sufficiently swayed by the popular artists of the day, and his first steps in art were at once imitative and feeble. Even the plate for the execution of which he was thrown into prison bears no stamp of artistic superiority. It shows Louis Philippe seated on a throne in the guise of Gargantua. A plank reaches from the ground to his mouth and up this toil little people with bags of money gathered from the poor for the satisfaction of his appetite—a sufficiently impressive idea, but the massing is poor and the drawing is confused; nothing suggests the Daumier of “*Les Avocats*,” except, perhaps, the good fat line defining Gargantua’s heavy body pendent over his withered legs.

Daumier’s five or six months of confinement from which he emerged in February, 1833, seem to have served him well in the development of a personal attitude toward things

seen, and a manner of representation both ironic and tender, filled with suggestions of beauty and remorselessly eloquent of truth. M. Delteil, one of the editors of the *Catalogue Raisonné* of Daumier’s lithographs, speaks of the lithographs made just after the artist’s return to liberty as masterpieces of art and satire.

“Was it not at this time,” he says, “that he sketched the ‘*Juges des Accusés d’Avril*,’ of which the ‘*Barbe-Marbois*,’ as beautiful as a Holbein, is the incomparable and exceptional example?” It would in truth be difficult to find in Daumier’s work anything to surpass in the sense of reality and power of expression this nonagenarian marquis seated in his low arm-chair, his black close cap enwrapping a head the aged tremor of which is indescribably conveyed, his face pallid, his lip drooping, his large bony hands folded and inert, his wasted limbs showing their gaunt outline under his long gown, his huddled attitude speaking of muscles irremediably relaxed, yet wearing withal a patient dignity befitting the victim of encroaching time. In purely technical qualities also the figure is superb, with the massive structure and strong relief always the marks of Daumier’s best work, although lacking the films of tone, the “values of movement,” to use Mr. Berenson’s descriptive phrase, which became characteristic of the later work.

It was appropriately significant that this first positive triumph in an art which was to yield him many should reveal Daumier as a student of the pathetic. There is no ridicule in his presentation of Barbe-Marbois. It is a synthetic report of all that is

terrible and sad in length of years. To this side of life he continued to be sharply sensitive. If we observe his old peasant smelling a fragrant plant, his old mother leaning on her

On the other hand, for age that has fattened with an accumulation of deceits and self-satisfactions, or sharpened with greed and malevolent injustices, Daumier has no softness of



From the drawing by Daumier

LANDSCAPE PAINTERS

The First Copies Nature—the Second Copies the First

broom listening to news of her sailor son which is being misread to her by an ignorant neighbor, his old householder staring innocently at the agents of the law who have appeared at her door to dispossess her, we feel not merely the gentle irony of the incident, but all the attendant pitiful details of helplessness and hopelessness and half-stupid resignation, due to physical or mental incapacity.

mercy. No doubt his own experience at the hands of law inspired much of his contempt for the legal world which presumes to sit in judgment upon its neighbors. Certainly his pencil was never more biting or more disillusioning than in his portrayal of judges and lawyers, with an indifference of expression resting like a thin frost upon their fat or meagre faces, independent of the subsidiary expres-

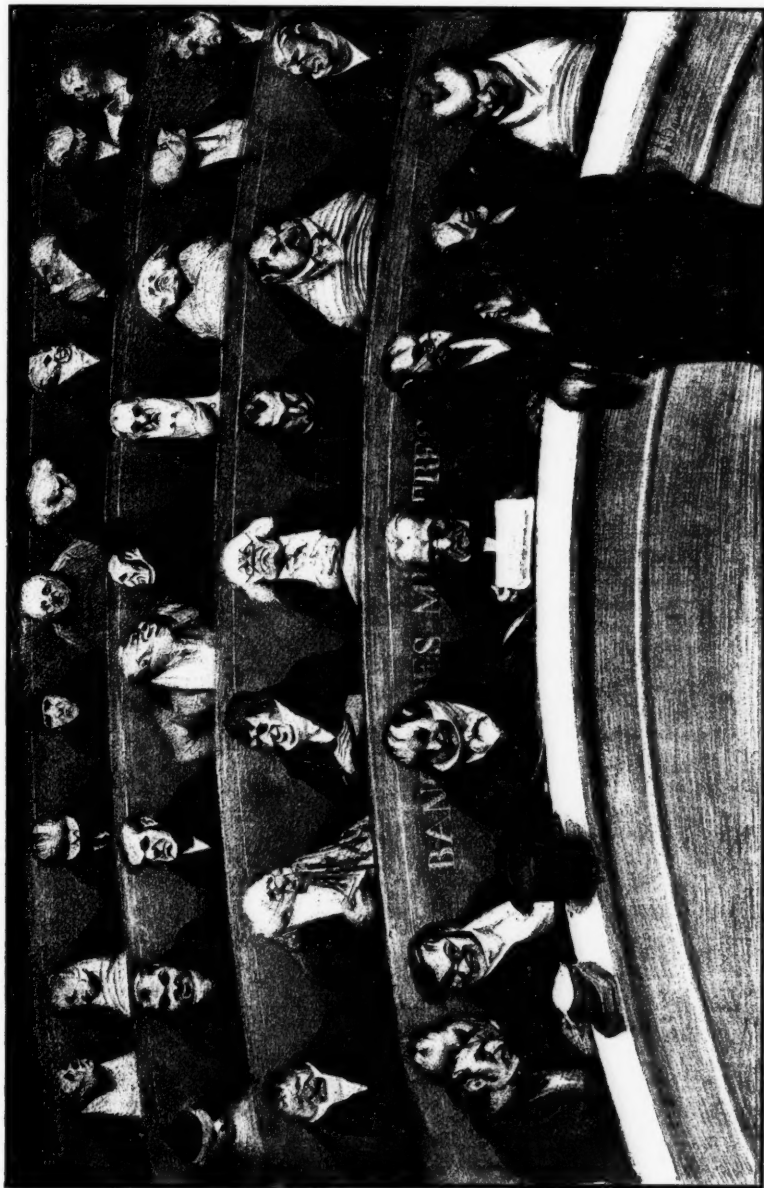
sions of avarice, cruelty, incomprehension, vanity or hypocrisy, lurking in the lines of their features and bodies and in the gestures of their invariably pretentious hands employed to accentuate an eloquence with which they are infatuated. In his famous drawing of 1834 entitled "Le Ventre Legislatif" we have this sober irony at its height. Here are M. Thiers, M. Guizot, M. Prunelle, M. Jolivet, M. Pataille, M. Etienne and other members of the *bourgeois* Government, presented almost without exaggeration, but with that emphasis on the visible traits which might be given by a gifted child depicting the countenances of its elders, or by a dweller on some alien planet curious of our racial peculiarities. The sturdy old heads are not deprived of any whit of intellectual suggestion; there is even an air of authority in their general aspect which is frequently wanting in more idealistic versions of similar subjects; but the individual faces are vibrating with the commonplace emotions of commonplace natures: time has written upon them only platitudes.

Daumier's political caricatures are nearly all marked by this extreme reticence of statement, but there are occasional significant exceptions. Perhaps the most dramatic of these is the "Rue Transnonain le 15 Avril, 1834." In this terrible drawing, which is entirely devoid of the usual features of caricature, we have a comment as stern as death itself upon the massacre of citizens surprised in their houses by soldiers who have left only corpses in their wake. Daumier shows the interior of a bedroom in which the slain have fallen in confusion amid overturned furniture. His sculptural style, actually formed by his habit of making preliminary models in clay of his subjects, and not yet released from a precision of line and a violence of *chiaro-oscuro* at variance with his later tenderness of artistic expression, was peculiarly adapted to the rendering of this passionately austere conception. It may be left as the quintes-

sence of his youthful temper, before lighter themes engrossed his pencil.

According to M. Delteil it was the severity of the censorship that obliged him temporarily to turn from such serious treatment of realities to the theatre of manners and common life, where he let his lively observation roam without restraint. He did not, however, sacrifice to any degree his opportunities to insist upon his principles through the medium of art. His "Robert Macaire" preaches through a long series of clever inventions admirable sermons upon the worthlessness and absurdity of a vagabond life nourished at the expense of honesty and orderly conduct. Daumier is never more obviously the apostle of conservative good citizenship than when he is showing the redoubtable Robert exercising his arts with impudent aplomb upon the gullible members of society, whose greed or need of gain leads them easily into traps set by such adventurers. Neither knaves nor fools command the opulent sympathy which Daumier expends upon the genuinely unfortunate and oppressed, whose part in the human spectacle he notes with a smile that is chiefly kind. We have only to consider his treatment of such episodes as the turning out of a poor tenant by a grasping landlord (again Macaire), or his magnificent representations of the horrors of war, to realize the quality of his pity when it is untainted by contempt.

It is not until we reach his studies of the *bourgeois* home, of *bourgeois* pleasures and hopes and interests, that we taste the full flavor of his ripe and mirth-provoking humor. His lithographic pencil creating the fat line, the mysterious tone, the soft black darks and vibratory lights that charm the eye with ineffable beauty, at the same time records merrily the contrast between ideals that soar and humanity that creeps. Here he takes endless delight in evoking the incongruous. The *bas-bleu* who sits in night-cap and short skirts, stretching out her unlovely



From the drawing by Daumier

583

"THE LEGISLATIVE BELLY"



From the drawing by Daumier

form in her ugly arm-chair, clutching her under lip and seeking poetic inspiration in the moonlight that fills the room with beauty; the young lovers whose passion and desire are

amateur equally vain, the one of his picture, the other of his appreciation of it—these are the people upon whom Daumier lavishes his most exquisite skill. How relentlessly he hunts to



From the drawing by Daumier

THE STARS

revealed in faces of which the fat cheeks, weak chins and snub noses are destructive of romance; the old lover swearing his passion to an eyebrow which long since disappeared; the good old couple lifting empty faces to the patient stars as they waddle, impeded by their embonpoint, along the river-bank; the worshipping parents who see in their thin-legged offspring's mediocre performance the herald of a great future; the ineffective artist and ignorant

earth the pretentiousness that magnifies the second-best, or even that magnifies the best beyond the limit of a true relative value!

I recall as typical one of his drawings in which are seen a group of ecstatic faces illumined by candlelight, peering at the open blossom of the *Cactus grandiflorus*. Near the extraordinary plant stands a showman apparently expatiating upon its rare bloom and the importance of the opportunity afforded the specta-



From the drawing by Daumier

THE FLOWERING OF THE CACTUS-GRANDIFLORUS—GENERAL JUBILATION

tors. All degrees of inanity are expressed by their round-eyed gaze, and we are made to feel how trivial is their curiosity and how unrewarding its satisfaction. The profile of the flower is toward us and it seems to gape on its clumsy stem at the stupidity of the world it has encountered. All the sham concern of shamming minds in objects which they perceive to belong to a realm of interests just beyond their comprehension is written on the vapid features of these poor beings who would pass by the cactus as an ordinary weed should they find it in company with the wayside dandelion. One thinks of the artist who thus brings before us the common infirmity of our self-conscious age with its multitudinous forms of false pride as a kind of melancholy Jacques exclaiming—

Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party;
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea—

Yet in the reflection behind Dau-

mier's cynicism there is little evidence of melancholy. His conception is mellowed and rounded by the loveliness of his art. The light that plays lambently over the grinning lips and staring eyes and craning necks is pulsing with vitality and bathes the scene in a golden warmth. The contours that define the round backs and vulgar heads sweep softly about these dull forms, giving them the placid grandeur of abstractions while preserving the significant gesture and feature of each human personality. The placing of the figures in the allotted area is so determined as to give us a sense of ordered spaciousness, and our imagination escapes easily into the background of the cool and starry sky.

The same form of genial irony and the same enchanting execution appear in many drawings of the series called "*Les Beaux Jours de la Vie.*" Daumier looked with especially amused eyes upon evidences of our tendency to make our generousities

show for as much as they are worth or a little more, such as are indicated in the drawing "Le Jour où il Faut se Montrer Galant"; wherein the middle-aged bachelor, inexperienced in free expenditure for others, fingers anxiously the bouquets at a flower-stall, appalled to find the smaller ones more costly than the larger. And here again the picture *per se* is delightful: the little round, tight French bouquets, in their paper cornucopias; the buxom form of the flower-woman, her shrewd flat countenance, the shining black hat and tight coat of

the reluctant one, making a "harmony in gray and black" as subtle and mysterious as the tone-painter extracts from the evening landscape.

There is even less cynicism and more of the pure sense of the ridiculous in the series entitled "Les Papas." The exaggeration is but slight. The idealist inevitably must shudder at the literal realism of the little scenes from family life—a family life so happy, so kindly, so innocent, so given over to little things, so enclosed from the active world of large endeavors and large accomplishment,



From the drawing by Daumier

THE DAY WHEN ONE MUST APPEAR GALLANT

"How much is that large bouquet there?"—"Ten francs."—"The Deuce! And this little bouquet?"—"Fifteen francs."—"The Dickens!"

so blind, so deaf, so dull, so shallow and so limited, yet over and over so inextinguishably good. "Une Nuit Agitée" shows us the infant screeching in its mother's arms, while the loyal father bends his bare knees before the fire warming a blanket for their offspring. The intensity of interest in the parental faces, the detachment of the furious child, the concentration of all energies and forces upon restoring the domestic equilibrium make an impression irresistibly amusing. In the same way, we are moved to spontaneous laughter by the adoration on the simple faces of the parents to whom their son brings a token of affection before they are as yet out of bed. It is the birthday of papa, and the youngster in his little night-dress has brought a crown of flowers to celebrate the anniversary, and a

sheet of his original drawings, over which papa and mamma bend with joyful pride. It is a commonplace little scene that no doubt could be paralleled in many a French household. The humor of it lies entirely in the conviction borne in upon us that these high parental hopes are not to bear any delectable fruit. The child, the father and mother, the room with its ugly bedside mat and common furnishings, are all so far outside the realm of the æsthetic and especial as to make the mere suggestion of pride in any one of them wear the aspect of violent excess. This is the whole secret of a very large number of the caricatures in one series and another; the tremendous effect is chiefly due to the perfect intellectual art that forbids the coarse note or the clumsy emphasis. If, for

example, we should compare the print by the English caricaturist Bunbury, entitled "The Family Piece" (in which a sycophantic painter is fixing upon canvas the gross countenances of a pair of vulgar people and their yawning heir tricked out as Cupid) with Daumier's "Quand on a Son Portrait au Salon," we should see how much is done for the sheer humor of the subject by the union of Daumier's robust realism with his fastidious reserve. There is nothing extraordinary, nothing to fasten the tag of vulgarity on these well-behaved people of his drawing, epitomes of pro-



From the drawing by Daumier

YOUNG HOPEFUL CELEBRATES PAPA'S BIRTHDAY



From the drawing by Daumier

RED-LETTER DAY: ONE'S PORTRAIT IN THE SALON

It is flattering, Eudoxie, to be shown in public, and I don't regret the 200 francs it cost us. There is a gentleman looking at us. He seems to find us pleasing.—(ART STUDENT) Does Heaven let such rubbish get itself painted!

priety, who are passing through the exhibition hall with faces too blank even for egoism. It is only when we perceive their effigies on the wall faithfully reproduced, and note the bitter smile upon the moustache of a painter regarding them, that we catch the moral of the little episode, with a finer appreciation of its significance than is given by Bunbury's elaborated treatment.

It is not, perhaps, too much to say that this moderation is Daumier's distinguishing trait both as man and

artist. It, at least, is what distinguishes him from all his brother caricaturists. We may look through his drawings in vain, I suspect, for one that forces the note, that calls attention to its origin in the necessity for a joke. The fun of things as they are is sufficient to him, and if his public cannot share it, the worse for them. Therefore, although he conforms readily enough to certain conventions of caricature—makes his noses longer and his eyes larger and his bodies bigger or smaller than a literal render-

ing of their proportions would dictate—he manages nevertheless to convey the spirit of reality with so little distortion that, once having seen his types, we find ourselves discovering that people in general are more like them than like the shadowy ideals that in our own minds have passed for likenesses. The numbers in the catalogue of his lithographic work run up to nearly four thousand, and it is wise to beware of forming conclusive judgments on the basis of two or three hundred examples encountered at random; but the philosophic spirit which Mr. Brownell designates as the life of criticism is so clearly apparent in these scattered pages of Daumier's criticism of life, that we safely may assume its presence in the mass of his productions. It expresses itself in his hatred of shams, in his close analysis and free exposure of mean motives, in his gleeful recognition of sentiments too high-flown for the objects that call them forth, in his contempt for foolish fears and pom-

pous vanities, in his strictures upon illiberal or illogical public acts and policies, in his intimate revelations of the narrowness of little lives that are lived as far as possible to themselves alone, of narrow horizons and egotistic interests, and in his light and ready touch upon large affairs, upon international politics and foreign types. He is conspicuously on the side of wisdom, balance, courage, honesty, self-respect, and the wide view. And the conviction apparently the strongest of all with him is that no subject or moral with which he has to deal is worth the sacrifice of the finer qualities of his art or requires such sacrifice. By obeying this conviction through all the temptations that beset an artist working for ephemeral sheets and a casual public to be caught by immediate appropriateness rather than by permanent qualities, he has obtained for his moral and intellectual views something that with our restricted vocabulary we may as well call immortality.

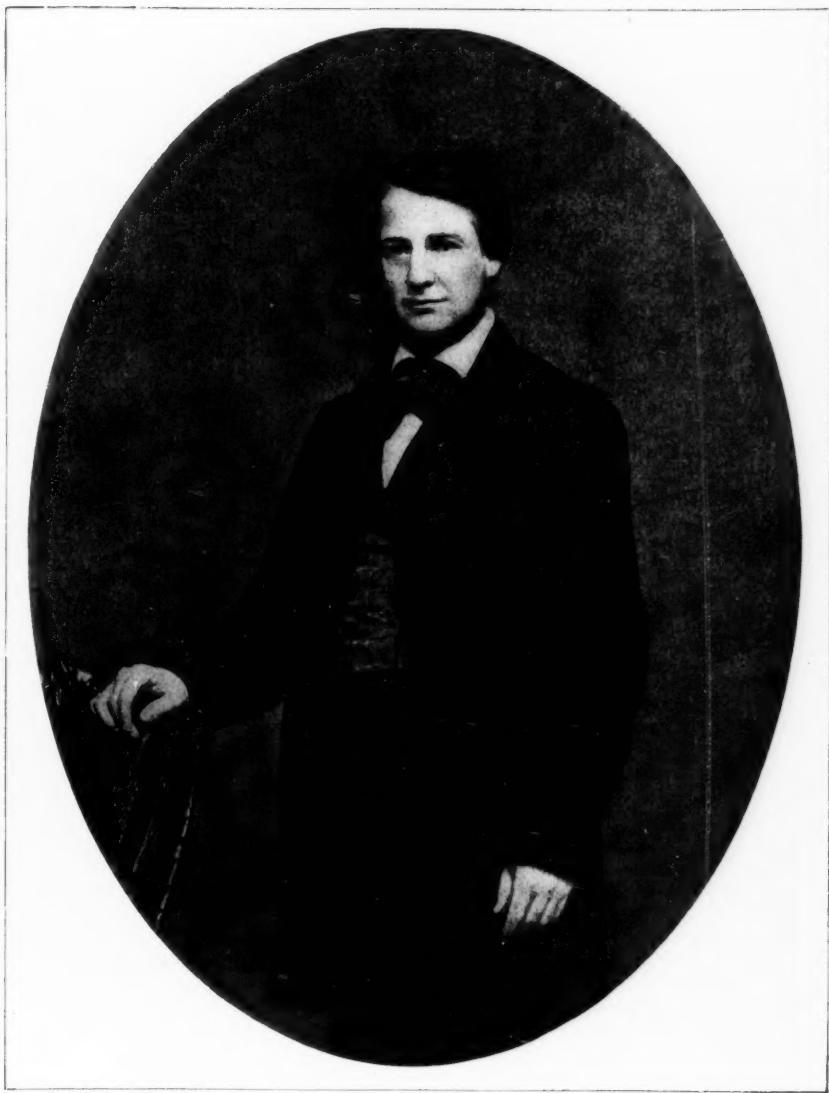
CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, "COPPERHEAD"

By EDWARD N. VALLANDIGHAM



WHEN the people of the United States go to war they have little patience with those who cry peace, and still less with those suspected of sympathy with the enemy in arms. The Tories of the Revolution were worse treated but hardly worse hated than the "Copperheads" of the Civil War. It is significant that the President of the United States, in a message to Congress, denounced the opponents of the Mexican War as enemies of their country, and that an attempt was made after our recent

conflict with Spain to revive the term "Copperhead," and apply it to those who made themselves conspicuous in opposition to the coercion of the Philippines. Time has enabled us to apprehend the attitude of the Revolutionary Tories as a conscientious manifestation of loyalty toward the monarch and the Mother country; and already the Anti-Imperialists have ceased to be a byword. The Copperhead, on the other hand, although Congress has voted to return the Confederate battle-flags, and the memory of Lee has just been honored the country over, is still unforgiven, and thousands deny even the grace of sincerity to the small minority who



From a photograph taken in 1855 or earlier

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM



From a photograph taken about the year 1867

CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM

madly set themselves barehanded against the patriotic passion of half a nation in arms.

The inexorable logic of events has left the Tories of the Civil War period, whom their loyal fellow-citizens bitterly called Copperheads, in a somewhat ridiculous light. It was the heart of their contention, even when they professed and felt no sympathy with disunion, that the Union could not be restored by force of arms, and while men begin to see that the frankest critics of Mr. Lincoln's Administration were sometimes right in detail, history as now written has given its verdict against the notion that a

temporary acquiescence in separation after the organization of the Southern Confederacy would have been better for the eventual restoration of the Union than a resort to arms. Be this as it may, it is nevertheless not too soon, perhaps, to examine the successive steps that led the most conspicuous man of those who bore the title Copperhead into the attitude that won for him opprobrium and banishment.

Clement Laird Vallandigham of Ohio, in part because of his uncompromising attitude during the Civil War, in part no doubt because of the accidental fact that his surname con-

tains four syllables, is the best remembered of those who opposed by written and spoken words the Administration of Mr. Lincoln. It is the irony of fate that few now care whether the audacious leader of the Peace Democrats was a patriot or traitor. The common public conscience seems at length to recognize in the Civil War a conflict begun of necessity for the restoration of the Union, and afterward prosecuted as well in the name of human liberty. Those who failed to see this, now more than forty years ago, must probably wait yet longer for an impartial judgment at the hands of posterity, no matter how plausible may have been their constitutional view of the crisis.

To understand how Mr. Vallandigham, while pursuing the course which, with the pitiless logic of a Calhoun disciple, he had marked out for himself, won the hatred of more than half his Northern fellow-countrymen, and the name of Copperhead, one must know the elements that went to form his character, and the political philosophy upon which he based his career. His father, the Rev. Clement Vallandigham, was for two and thirty years the pastor of a Presbyterian flock in eastern Ohio, whither he went on horseback with his bride of eighteen in the year 1807. He was a graduate of Jefferson College in Eastern Pennsylvania, and thither he sent all his sons after preparing them in Latin and Greek at home. Clement the son, at eighteen years of age, quarrelled in the class-room with the President of the College over a question of State Rights, and angered at the President's tone of rebuke, exacted an honorable dismissal before the end of his course, though he afterward returned to receive his diploma. He had already decided upon a political career. The West of that day held the Christian ministry in reverent regard, and esteemed classical learning as a rarity. The college-bred son of a well-beloved college-bred pioneer minister might reasonably, therefore, entertain any

political ambition. Young Vallandigham's reading and temperament made him a radical doctrinaire Democrat at a time when American democracy still seemed to many of its devotees consistent with the defence of human slavery; and fired with youthful enthusiasm for the democratic heroes of all times, he deliberately proposed for himself a career in constructive politics that should be marked by lofty patriotism and a scorn of petty considerations. Whatever his intellectual shortcomings in view of such an ambition, it was far less they than a determined blindness to the higher moralities of the slavery question and an unswerving devotion to a somewhat narrow constitutional theory, that prevented his later career, save in perhaps a single instance, from rising above a seemingly factious opposition to the great purposes of the nation. It thus happened that a life seriously designed to be great was for the most part merely dramatic and perhaps sensational; that the intensely earnest actor seemed ever to himself to be playing a greater part than he really played. His course presented, indeed, some parallels to that of the greater doctrinaire Democrat, Calhoun.

When not yet twenty-one years of age Mr. Vallandigham drew up an elaborate set of rules for moral conduct, ending with the sentiment, "Character is power—is influence." Two years before he entered the Ohio Legislature as the youngest member of the Lower House, he drew up another set of "fixed rules" of political conduct "to guide me as a statesman, in no instance, and under no circumstances to be violated, and this by the blessing of Almighty God." These rules bound the young politician always to prefer right to expediency, the country and the whole country to party, and sedulously to promote peace between North and South, and to uphold the Union, "except at the sacrifice of the just constitutional liberties and inalienable rights of oppressed minorities." Twenty years later, in exile as an enemy of his coun-

try, he probably looked back to these rules with an easy conscience.

A residence of several years on the Eastern Shore of Maryland in intimate social relations with a singularly amiable community of slaveholders must have had weight in determining his subsequent attitude toward the abolition movement. Early in 1847 he moved to table in the Ohio House a resolution in favor of the Wilmot Proviso. In the same year his salutatory upon becoming editor of the *Dayton Empire* proclaimed him a radical and progressive Democrat, ready to support the Constitution in its entirety, and the Union as "less sacred only than Liberty itself, devoted to the strict constructionist principles enunciated in the resolutions of 1798, to free trade, a constitutional treasury, and equitable taxation."

Mr. Vallandigham naturally supported the Compromise of 1850, and in the campaign of 1854 denounced the abolition movement, and opposition to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. "I speak this day," said he upon one occasion, "not as a Northern man, nor as a Southern man, but, God be thanked, as a United States man with United States principles; and though the worst happen that can happen, though all be lost, if that shall be our fate, and I walk through the valley of the shadow of political death, I will live by them, and die by them. If to love my country, to cherish the Union, to revere the Constitution; if to abhor the madness and hate the treason which would lift up a sacri-

legious hand against either; if to read that in the past, to behold it in the present, to foresee it in the future of this land, which is of no more value to us and the world for ages to come than all the multiplied millions who have inhabited Africa from the creation to this day—if this is to be proslavery, then in every nerve, fibre, vein, bone, tendon, joint, and ligament, from the topmost hair to the last extremity of the foot, I am all over and altogether a proslavery man."

Many men who professed these principles in 1854 came to support Mr. Lincoln's Administration in 1861, but they were not of Mr. Vallandigham's doctrinaire intellect and instinctively uncompromising temperament. Perhaps both intellect and temperament were in part inherited. He came on one side of French Fleming Huguenot blood (the name was originally Van Landeghem), upon the other of Scotch-

Irish. His grandfather, an old Indian fighter with the rank of colonel from Dunmore, and a justice of the peace in Western Pennsylvania bearing commission probably from George III cast his lot with the patriot cause in 1776, and later failed of election to Congress partly because he would not furnish the customary barrel of whiskey to the electors. His father was a rigid Calvinist and a strict Sabbatarian; his mother, taken as a mere girl, into what was but recently a wilderness, reared and ruled her large family with a firm hand.

After two defeats at the hands of Louis D. Campbell, Mr. Vallandigham



SILHOUETTE OF THE REV. CLEMENT
VALLANDIGHAM, FATHER OF C. L.
VALLANDIGHAM

obtained his seat in the 35th Congress in May, 1858, by a contest before the House. Re-elected, he took his seat in the 36th Congress in December, 1859, being then in the fortieth year of his age. A photograph, taken probably four or five years earlier, shows him much as he must have appeared at this time, with a grave, firm, amiable countenance, in its faintly smiling serenity strangely contrasted with a picture taken hardly more than a dozen years later, in which the face is lined and hardened as by the embittering struggles of a lifetime.

The election of 1860, which made Mr. Lincoln President, sent Mr. Vallandigham to the 37th Congress. When the 36th Congress met in final session in December of that year, Mr. Vallandigham confidently expected the secession of the Southern States, but he seems to have believed that secession would not bring on a coercive war. He beheld within the next few months men of all sorts making the decision that was to determine their places in the approaching struggle, and grasping the phantom of constitutional consistency, in the belief that union was attainable through peace alone, he marked out the course that he was to tread for the next four years. He was already on record as opposed to the coercion of any state that should secede, and when Mr. Lincoln, unauthorized by Congress, increased the army and navy, Mr. Vallandigham denounced the act as unconstitutional. He was soon the best hated man in all the North, but he seems really to have believed that the people of the Free States were possessed of a temporary madness that would yield to the soothing anodyne of constitutional arguments, if only they could be persuaded to pause and listen. This delusion remained with him even when millions were clamoring for his head. When in 1863 General Rosecrans, holding him prisoner of war, said that the soldiers were ready to tear him limb from limb, his answer was to propose that Rosecrans draw up his men in a hollow square and

permit the prisoner to address them in vindication of his course. He believed that after they had heard him they would be ready rather to tear in pieces their General and Mr. Lincoln.

Soon after the 37th Congress met in extraordinary session, July 4, 1861, Mr. Vallandigham's peace policy was fully developed, and as the war went on he found himself more and more alone, but unshaken in his chosen attitude. He voted for all the compromises of 1861, and proposed one of his own looking toward an arrangement for sectional vetoes upon crucial questions, such as Calhoun had once suggested. He was the mark of loyal men's hatred both within and without the Houses of Congress. There was an unsuccessful attempt in the House to call in question his loyalty. Senator Wade bitterly questioned it in the Senate, and Mr. Vallandigham, after denouncing him on the floor of the House, as "a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward," managed by the adroit use of parliamentary law, to escape censure. The newspapers for a week talked of a duel. Petitions were presented on eight different occasions asking Mr. Vallandigham's expulsion from the House. In some of these he was characterized as a traitor and a disgrace to the State of Ohio. When the Trent affair came on he prophesied that the prisoners would be released within three months in the face of a threat, and when his prophecy was about to be fulfilled, he did his best to embroil the Administration with Great Britain. Holding up a bit of Continental money in the course of one of his speeches, he placed it to his nose and declared significantly that it smelt of Magna Charta, the rights of minorities, and perhaps somewhat of rebellion.

So troublesome had Mr. Vallandigham proved throughout 1861 and the first six months of 1862, that as the elections of the latter year came on Mr. Lincoln thought it would be necessary to silence him, and on at least two occasions preparations were made

to place him under arrest. He had, even in 1860, expected something of the kind within a few months, and now he was constantly guarded by armed men. For weeks he slept in day attire, and his friends were so vigilant that the Administration did not then strike the blow. Mr. Vallandigham was defeated at the election for Congress in 1862, but his defeat only helped to confirm him in his course, for it was brought about by adding a strongly Republican county to his district, and he actually gained considerably over his previous vote in the original counties of the district. He had an astonishing popularity in his party at home, though certain Democratic leaders watched him with disapproval, misgiving or amazement.

Under these conditions he returned to Washington at the assembling of the 37th Congress in December, 1862, unshaken in his attitude, believing himself a persecuted patriot, and with the added bitterness of an able and active man baffled in his dearest ambitions. He seems now to have believed that the administration was ready to make terms of peace involving permanent disunion, and he adroitly presented resolutions denouncing as traitors all who should propose such terms, or seek to prosecute the war with a view to the subjugation of the South or the abolition of slavery. The preliminary announcement of the Emancipation Proclamation had then already appeared, and soon after the Proclamation was formally issued, January 1, 1863, Mr. Vallandigham was approached by an influential supporter of the Administration, with a question as to whether he would aid in bringing about foreign intervention and arbitration. As Mr. Lincoln had pretty sternly set his face against this idea, the agent probably spoke without official warrant. Mr. Vallandigham assented to the proposition for foreign intervention, but argued that the people of the United States must be the arbiters of their own political future. He hoped that the States

of the Northwest might act as mediators between North and South. In these negotiations he contemplated, of course, the abrogation of Mr. Lincoln's recent proclamation, and such an amendment of the Constitution as should forever set at rest the agitation of the slavery question. He had not moved since he spoke with such contempt touching the millions of Africa. Oddly enough, a faithful negro acquaintance recognized him as he was making his escape from exile in 1864, but kept the secret.

The idea of putting an end to the war by arbitration and placing slavery in *statu quo* was a dream born in part of Mr. Vallandigham's failure to grasp the larger moralities of the situation and to realize the possibilities concealed beneath the yet half-awakened conscience of the North and the passionate enthusiasm evoked by eighteen months of fighting. His last speech in Congress, delivered on January 14, 1863, threw out a hint of possible independent action by the Northwest looking toward peace. He declared significantly in this speech that should the war result in permanent disunion, the Northwest would eventually cast its lot with the South.

At the expiration of the 37th Congress Mr. Vallandigham returned home to find Ohio included in a military district with Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, under General Burnside as commandant. Mr. Vallandigham's old neighbor and fellow-Democrat, Edwin M. Stanton, was then the zealous, efficient and implacable Secretary of War. There is some reason to suppose that the recommendation of Mr. Vallandigham may have had weight in determining Buchanan to call Stanton to his Cabinet as Attorney-General late in 1860, his first important post in national politics. Already several military orders as to the bearing of arms and the freedom of speech had been issued by Burnside, whose recent military misfortune perhaps contributed to his zeal in a new work, and Mr. Vallandigham

promptly set himself to combat these manifestations of martial law. In a speech at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, May 1, 1863, he denounced such orders with all the bitterness of hatred and contempt that he could command. His language was a direct challenge to Burnside, and at half-past two on the morning of May 5th, a file of soldiers surprised the defiant speaker at his home at Dayton. Mr. Vallandigham, sending his wife to shoot from an upper window as a signal for aid, refused to open to the soldiers, and waited pistol in hand, hoping for the arrival of friends, while the military broke from room to room. As they approached the last door and no help came, Mr. Vallandigham concealed his weapon and surrendered. He was hurried to a military prison at Cincinnati, and when daylight spread the news, a mob of his supporters took possession of Dayton.

There were angry meetings and denunciatory speeches all over the country, and Mr. Vallandigham issued from his prison an address to the Democrats of Ohio, that seemed to his enemies a rhetorical attempt to conceal the weakness of a bad cause, to himself a political martyr's declaration of constitutional right. He was convicted by court-martial in effect of giving aid and comfort to rebels in arms, and sentenced to imprisonment during the continuance of the war, though the commander first argued in private that the sentence might properly have been death. The rumor was that his place of detention would be the Dry Tortugas. United States Judge Humphrey H. Leavitt denied a writ of *habeas corpus*, but only after once having reached the conclusion that the writ must issue. He revised his decision after having prayed over it long with the conviction that Mr. Vallandigham was an extremely dangerous man to be at large. Later the Supreme Court decided that the trial of civilians by court-martial was unconstitutional so long as the civil courts remained open, but that the

military arrest of civilians suspected of disloyalty was within the power of the Government.

Appeal to Mr. Lincoln brought from him one of his most memorable witticisms. Mr. Vallandigham's friends urged that if the practice of military arrests continued they would become part of the normal method in peaceful times of dealing with those who set themselves against the party in power. Mr. Lincoln seriously argued the question, and added that although he had often known men to take emetics when ill he had never known a well man to make them part of his regular diet. Nevertheless Mr. Lincoln so far yielded as adroitly to change the sentence to banishment beyond the Confederate lines, and early on May 25th the prisoner was left on a country roadside some miles from Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the hands of a single Confederate private. Even in that lonely spot the instinct of the lawyer and doctrinaire did not desert Mr. Vallandigham. He looked at his astonished captor and gravely proclaimed himself a citizen of Ohio and of the United States unwillingly within the Confederate lines, and desirous of being esteemed a prisoner of war. Only a few hours before, as he and his captor, General Rosecrans, sat together over a bottle, Rosecrans, turning to a brother officer, and pointing to the prisoner, had said, "Look at him, now; he does n't look like a traitor, does he?" Mr. Lincoln would have detected the lurking humor of the situation there with the lone Confederate soldier; but for Mr. Vallandigham it possessed no humor: it was part of a political tragedy.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Vallandigham received a semi-official intimation that a major-general's commission in the Confederate Army awaited his acceptance, but disregarding all friendly overtures from the Confederate Government, he hastened to Wilmington, North Carolina, and embarked on a blockade-runner for the Bermudas. Thence he went to Canada, and about mid-

summer in 1863 established himself at Windsor opposite Detroit.

While living at Windsor Mr. Vallandigham was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Democratic party, and defeated in the autumn of 1863 by a majority of more than 100,000; fraudulently, his friends charged, and perhaps in part with reason, for his vote was the largest hitherto cast for a Democratic gubernatorial candidate in Ohio, and the Administration was deeply concerned that the banished man should not be elected. What might have happened had he been successful it is a little unpleasant to contemplate. The exile remained at Windsor until the summer of 1864. During that time he consulted with all sorts of visitors, among them agents of the Confederacy. More important, he was chosen Supreme Commander of the Sons of Liberty, an organization which originally professed to have for its object the protection of Democrats in the exercise of their political rights. He caused some changes to be made in the constitution and ritual, and his oath as Supreme Commander was to support the Constitution of the United States. In becoming the head of an organization long suspected of having dealings with the Confederacy, however, Mr. Vallandigham took the most perilous step of his political career. How much Harrison Dodd, afterward tried for treason because of connection with the order, concealed from him, and how far he intended to go with the Sons of Liberty, it is difficult to guess. He seems at one time to have entertained the idea of using the order to force an armistice and bring about a peace convention in which the Northwest could act as mediator. The order grew to a membership, it is estimated, of 200,000 after Mr. Vallandigham became Supreme Commander, and during his stay in Canada he actively directed some of its movements. The following brief letter found among Dodd's papers was identified as being in Mr. Vallandigham's handwriting.

WINDSOR, CANADA W.
May 12, 1864

DEAR SIR:

Your letters. Am waiting to hear from you at Dayton as to time of the District Conventions. No announcement yet. Will give you notice immediately.

Tell your friend here to return at once and work at home. Nothing to do here. So, also, says our mutual friend. Be ready for Dayton meeting.

Grant has been worsted by Lee and no mistake. It is Grant who has fallen back and not L., who has advanced from West to East. L. is not, and never has been, facing northward, but Eastward.

Truly,

C. L. V.

Sherman, too, has been brought to a dead stand, first having been driven back.

A former Confederate agent recently intimated that the Sons of Liberty really hoped to set up a Western Confederacy, and that Mr. Vallandigham was committed to the program. This idea appears inherently improbable, but perhaps had he convinced himself that the war must be indefinitely prolonged, to end eventually in disunion, he might have welcomed a Western Confederacy free to treat with the South, rather than continued union with New England. There is perhaps something of natural antagonism between the Huguenots and their co-religionists the Puritans, and Mr. Vallandigham was not only without a drop of New England blood, but he had no intimate acquaintance with the New England people and their distinguishing virtues. He had lived in the South, and almost upon the borders of Kentucky, and he had the Western man's strong belief in the necessity of a free highway to the Gulf by way of the Mississippi.

Whatever he may have contemplated in exile, after his secret return to Ohio in June, 1864, he seems to have determined to prevent, if possible, any act of insurrection by the Sons of Liberty. He had learned while in Canada that the South would give no guarantees should the Northwest be moved to bring about by threats of violence a cessation of arms. Some leaders of the organization were ready to rise upon any

terms, but Mr. Vallandigham declared at last that no finger should be raised in aid of the South if permanent disunion were contemplated. He accordingly sent out strict orders that the rising planned should not occur, and even threatened, were he disobeyed, to communicate with the Administration. Nevertheless, the rumor ran throughout a portion of the order, that he would name a day for the rising, and some of the leaders intended that on August 16, 1864, Governor Morton of Indiana should be spirited away, arsenals seized and Confederate prisoners released. Cool-headed Democrats of Indianapolis took steps to prevent the execution of this plot, and the Administration arrested some of the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Vallandigham's name occurred many times in the trials that followed these arrests, but he was not molested. He discussed the matter in public while the trials were going on, and spoke boldly in the tone of a man who had nothing to fear. His friends planned resistance should there be an attempt to rearrest him.

Gen. Robert C. Schenck defeated Mr. Vallandigham in the election for Congress in 1866, but the bitterest disappointment of his life came when the Democratic Legislature of Ohio refused him the United States Senatorship in 1868. All his early doctrinaire training had taught him to regard the Senatorship as one of the noblest of public offices, and even the turmoil of his later life did not destroy his illusions, if such they were, on this subject. The current belief in 1867 was that Mr. Thurman, Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Vallandigham, had an understanding that the first should be Governor, the second the Democratic candidate for President in 1868, the third Senator. Mr. Thurman, defeated for Governor, obtained the Senatorship through the aid of Mr. Pendleton. Mr. Vallandigham vainly, and perhaps not altogether cheerfully, urged Mr. Pendleton's claims before the Democratic National Convention of 1868, and the former's only son lived to avenge his father dramatically if

ineffectively by refusing as a Democratic member of the Ohio Legislature to vote for Mr. Pendleton when he was the caucus nominee for Senator.

The Democratic National Convention denounced in its platform of 1868 the constitutional amendments adopted for the purpose of securing in perpetuity the results of the Civil War, but by 1870 it began to be seen that such a policy of reaction was a mere warring with manifest destiny. Mr. Vallandigham, therefore, at the Democratic Convention of Montgomery County, Ohio, held in May, 1871, fathered resolutions that gave the first genuine impulse to the movement afterward known as the "New Departure." He advocated the acceptance of the situation as established by the war amendments, and a realignment of the Democratic party on living issues. The resolutions demanded a strict construction of the Constitution, the guarantee of well-ascertained state rights, general amnesty, the payment of the public debt, governmental economy, civil-service reform, a sound currency based upon specie, the reconciliation of labor and capital, and a tariff for revenue only. The conception and advocacy of these resolutions constituted the most statesmanlike and constructive political act of Mr. Vallandigham's life, and it was in accordance with the policy thus outlined that his party at length came to control the Federal Government for a brief period. After such an act, even a man with a profound political tragedy in his life such as he had known, might have proved a useful public servant. The chief author of the New Departure, however, did not live to profit by his own work. Exactly a month, less one day, from the meeting of the Montgomery County Convention, he died by his own hand. While endeavoring to demonstrate to his associate in a murder trial that the victim might have shot himself in drawing his own pistol, he took up by mistake a loaded weapon, and sent a fatal bullet into his abdomen.

A SENSE OF HUMOR

By FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY



Na resort near Madison Square, where poor devils that dwell in the mysterious borderland that lies between the habitations of genius and talent are wont to seek relief from the blues of their singular lot in the red and white of the *vin ordinaire*, a party of three professional humorists was discussing the why and wherefore of things funny. The literary hack, in a flow of language somewhat alcoholic, contended that the importance of the "saving sense" was grossly exaggerated, which harangue, causing the cartoonist and the verse-writer to laugh at him, served the purpose of deepening his own conviction, if it made no converts. Nothing daunted, then, he was proceeding to elucidate his position further, when there came an uproarious burst of laughter from a near-by table, around which were gathered five or six of those "preposterous philistines" that cause the New York bohemian to be a wanderer upon the face of the earth, by their persistence in invading the places he in turn fixes upon for his bodily and spiritual refreshment. The cartoonist and the verse-writer looked at the "philistines" with disgust.

"Now," said the literary hack, triumphantly, "do you mean to tell me that is a pleasant sound?"

"Oh, well," replied the cartoonist, "nothing really humorous ever caused an outburst like that."

"Exactly," said the literary hack. "Now you are beginning to get some idea of what I mean, and I don't mind telling you that what started me off

on this train of thought was one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son that I read the other evening. One passage, in particular, stuck in my memory, and as it is quite apropos to the present occasion I shall repeat it.

" 'True wit or sense,' says his lordship, 'never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it; they please the mind and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery or silly accidents that always excite laughter, and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above.' "

"Well, if you succeed in keeping people from laughing altogether," said the cartoonist, "the only ones to benefit will be the doctors, and as for us, we shall have to take to carrying the hod."

"I don't go so far as Chesterfield," replied the literary hack, "and I am not contending, please remember, against a sense of humor, *per se*, but against the exaggerated importance that has come to be placed upon it. It was an exaggerated idea of the importance of a sense of humor that caused that crowd over there to howl like a pack of wild beasts; somebody told an alleged funny story, and each of the listeners thought he would have to make a noise or stand convicted of being a dullard. I tell you, all this talk about a sense of humor is exercising a terrorism over the bourgeois mind, which does so long to be considered clever, that it is shocking to contemplate."

"What do you propose as a remedy?" asked the verse-writer, who was becoming somewhat impressed.

"The recognition of the principle

that a sense of humor lies ever at the mercy of a sense of something higher," answered the literary hack, promptly.

"Um-m," said the cartoonist, "that sounds very oracular; where did you pick it up?"

"I picked it up in my own mind," the literary hack replied with dignity. "The principle came to me only after much thinking on the subject. Now, for instance, if I should start out by saying that I saw a funny thing the other day, and followed the remark up with the story of a man who pushed against a door that had stuck fast, and told you that at first his effort produced no motion, but that finally, by exerting more strength, he swung the door back and tumbled headlong into the room, you might condescend to smile, might you not?"

"Just a little," said the cartoonist.

"Precisely," continued the literary hack. "Now, suppose I should start out by saying that the other day I saw a good illustration of the principle of the continuity of motion, and should relate, as Herbert Spencer does, the same story of the man and the door as evidence that the man's first muscular strain, which did not produce transfer of matter through space, was yet equivalent to a certain amount of such transfer, it never would occur to you to smile at all, would it?"

"On the contrary, we should weep," said the cartoonist; "for we should n't have the slightest idea of what you were talking about."

"Yes, you would, if you would stop to think about it," insisted the literary hack; "you would see that the force that produced no motion had become latent in the door. And the fact that you did n't smile would prove that your sense of humor had to bow before your sense of the wonderful order of natural law. Keep in mind the principle that a sense of humor lies ever at the mercy of a sense of something higher, and you will see fresh illustrations of its verity every day. The old woman slips on a banana skin and falls heavily to the ground. The boy thinks it is funny,

and laughs; but the man is impressed with a sympathetic sense of the pain she may be suffering, and sees nothing ludicrous in the accident at all."

"And when you go home drunk," ventured the verse-writer, "and your wife tells you the next morning that you fell all over yourself in trying to get up stairs, you think it is funny and laugh; but your wife, who is impressed with a sympathetic sense of the pain the washwoman is suffering because you persist in drinking up all the money, sees nothing ludicrous in the accident at all."

"That's it, exactly," said the literary hack, solemnly; "I've often had the feeling that women are deficient in a sense of humor because they are so proficient in a sense of something higher."

"All the same," asserted the verse-writer, "it seems to me that a sense of humor is justly esteemed; for it implies a considerable power of discernment in its possessor. Considering humor in the broadest sense of the term, without attempting to draw any fine distinctions between it and wit, I think it may be said that its chief element is surprise born of incongruity; and, if that is so, it follows that the livelier one's sense of the congruous the livelier will be one's sense of the incongruous. In other words, to have a keen sense of humor, one must have a keen perception of the relation of things."

"I will admit," replied the literary hack, "that a considerable power of discernment is requisite to a real sense of humor. But what then? We may concede a considerable power of discernment to a mind only superficially clever. Yes, that is it; it is your superficially clever person that is always going around telling funny stories, and always seeing things at which to laugh. It's a fatal habit to get into; for it dulls one's sympathies, and blinds one to the finer things of life; and the net result is increased superficiality. From the fool with the ever-ready joke, may the good Lord deliver us!"

"Well," retorted the cartoonist,

"all I can say is that the world would be much better off for more of that kind of superficiality. My dear boy, a sense of humor is an insurance policy against trouble."

"I am aware," said the literary hack, "that a sense of humor has its uses when troubles press upon us too heavily; but, as I have tried to make clear, I am attacking its abuse, not its use. And I say that a sense of humor can be abused even as a refuge against trouble. As a matter of fact, that is one of the things I had in mind when I said that the habit of always looking on the funny side makes people shallow. It is not always wise to laugh away our troubles; for they are frequently our good angels, sent to us to impress upon us the folly of our mistakes; and, if we give heed to them—nay, hug them to our very hearts—they will broaden our sympathies, deepen our inner life, and give us a clearer insight into the things that are most worth while. You know the line in the old hymn—'E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.' Well, I sometimes think it is only by our crosses we are raised."

The literary hack paused to gulp down some more "red ink." The cartoonist and the verse-writer looked at him curiously; but they decided to forgive his little preachment, because it was not often that he indulged in such things. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he continued:

"Now, I ask, among what sort of people is it that the funny story has achieved its apotheosis? Is it not among those pseudo-intellectuals that compose our so-called smart set? Think of the artificial lives those people lead; think of their constant strain to be clever; think of their weary search after the weird, the bizarre, the risqué; think how they cultivate the risorial emotions to the exclusion of emotions of pity, charity and love; think of all this, I say, and you will gain some idea of the havoc wrought by placing an undue importance upon a sense of humor."

"There you go," said the cartoonist.

"Joining the knockers of 'igh socierty, eh?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed the literary hack, with fervor. "I may be a penny-a-liner, but that game's too cheap for me. Whatever their sins, those poor people have been hammered enough, I imagine. I don't know anything about your 'igh socierty,' I never did know, and I positively refuse to know; but if it so be that it is, in the main, an association of ladies and gentlemen for the cultivation of fine manners and the other little refinements of life, then it undoubtedly has an excellent *raison d'être*. The smart set, I take it, is a very loose term, and I meant it to apply to an apparently steadily increasing group of persons in this city, with which I have a first-hand acquaintance, and whose one object in life, so far as I can make out, is to combine all the follies of self-conscious bohemianism with those that are chronicled in the yellow journals as being fashionable in what those papers are pleased to call the 400. It is among these silly, silly people that the funny story has come to be rated higher than the awful deliverances of Mount Sinai; and if you had seen, as I saw, one of the gushing girls of this set, when she heard some cheaply cynical remark, clasp her hands and cry: 'Oh, I could just love a man who says things like that right off the bat!' you would have joined me, I think, in going out and drinking long and deeply of the stuff that killed father."

It may very well have been "red ink" that caused the untimely demise of the literary hack's paternal parent; at least, so the writer is informed by persons, who, from practical experience, are well qualified to bear witness as to its effects; but, whether or not it was the real thing in the way of patricidal fluid, the remembrance of the harrowing exclamation of his girl friend caused the literary hack to imitate his action on that lamentable occasion, by again quaffing freely of the table d'hôte nectar; and it was while he still was engaged

in this pleasing and soothing performance that the cartoonist returned to the attack.

"The trouble with you was, old man," he said, "that the girl's remark made you jealous, because you realized that you yourself could n't make clever speeches 'right off the bat.' It is the woman with canal-boats for feet that rails against short skirts, and no one can see the immodesty of an evening dress like the woman with scrawny arms and neck."

"Have it just as you please," said the literary hack, setting down his glass and shrugging his shoulders.

"Now, now!" interposed the verse-writer, "personalities are barred." Turning to the literary hack, he added: "Of course everything can be overdone, but I have always cherished a sneaking fondness for humor, if for no other reason than that it is such an effective weapon in attacking wrongs of most every sort. Workers of iniquity quail before ridicule, when they present a bold front to every other method of attack."

The literary hack could not entirely suppress a yawn.

"Yes, I know that humor has its uses in that respect," he said. "And yet, and yet," he continued, "I greatly fear that it seldom accomplishes much more than a temporary good. Your worker of iniquity may quail before ridicule, as you say; but, on the other hand, it seems to me that when we have been made to laugh at wrongs we have taken a step in the direction of tolerating them. Voltaire, who saw the ridiculous side of bigotry, undoubtedly, with his well-directed shafts, mowed a path for the spread of liberal ideas in France; and in our own time, in our own country, humorists have done valiant service in the war on political corruption; nevertheless it is inconceivable that an avowed humorist ever should attain the highest rank among the leaders of men. Just imagine Emerson, or any of the great religious teachers, in the rôle of a hawker of funny stories!"

"Well, there was Lincoln," said the cartoonist.

"I have been waiting for that," replied the literary hack. "Yes, there was Lincoln. Did you ever stand before a good portrait of Lincoln and look into his eyes? You have. Well, then, you cannot have failed to observe their ineffable look of sadness. I tell you, that man had to tell funny stories or go mad. He told funny stories for the same reason that a financial genius I have heard of spends his evenings reading dime novels. 'It was from fear of tears that he laughed.'"

"Does n't that prove that laughter is a good thing?" asked the cartoonist.

"Confound it, man!" cried the literary hack, impatiently; "who is saying that laughter is not a good thing? You are expecting me to perform the impossible feat of stating the two sides of a question at one and the same time. For heaven's sake, let us admit, once and for all, that humor, in its proper place, has its legitimate uses, and proceed to the consideration of its misuses. My point is, that it is a monstrous misuse of humor to enthrone it as the summum bonum of human existence, as so many persons in this day and generation are doing. They have actually conjured themselves into the belief that a man may be a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and yet be all right, if he only possesses a 'delicious sense of humor.' I have absolutely no patience with that sort of talk. It is part and parcel of this accursed desire to be smart. It is the hollowest of affectations. Bah!"

"There, there, now," said the verse-writer, "smooth down your ruffled feathers. What I want to get at is this: You say it is inconceivable that an avowed humorist ever should attain to the highest rank among the leaders of men; that seems to me to be highly important, if true."

"Of course it's true," said the literary hack.

"For what reason?" asked the verse-writer.

"Well," replied the literary hack, "I think it is because the unsophisticated instinct of mankind bears witness to the fact that the emotion of mirth is comparatively a low one. It is better to laugh than to cower; it is better to smile than be sour; and humor at its best, I suppose, is always kindly; but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that a man burning with indignation at a wrong, pursuing with zeal and enthusiasm an abstract principle unrelated to a 'miserable aim that ends with self,' thrilling at a noble sentiment, or looking with love upon a dear one, is a far more edifying spectacle than a man guffawing. If your companion be untainted by smart life, you will make him laugh at your peril; for if you overdo the business in the slightest, he, all unconsciously, will begin to entertain for you a feeling of contempt, and laugh at you, rather than with you. There must be a good reason for this instinct, but I must confess it eludes me."

The literary hack refilled his glass, and held it up to the light with a meditative air. Suddenly he set the glass down, and rapped vigorously on the table.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed; "I think I have it. You have read in Bacon's essays that a 'little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.' Well, I say a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to humor, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to seriousness. Don't you see?—the lowest order of mind is deficient in a sense of humor, because it thinks little of the relation of things, whether congruous or incongruous, dwelling chiefly on the flat surface of things; then comes the superficially clever mind, which, dwelling in 'second causes scattered,' to use Bacon's phrase, not only sees the humor of the incongruous relations these causes sometimes assume, but is able to take these causes and group them arbitrarily to form other surprising relations of incongruity; lastly

comes the profound mind, which, being able to pierce to the region where all causes become concatenated, dwells chiefly on that out of which all relations are formed."

"I think you mean something," said the cartoonist, "but I don't think you say it."

The literary hack smiled good-naturedly.

"In dealing with a pure abstraction," he said, "it is difficult to make one's meaning intelligible to a mind almost wholly concerned with the concrete."

"Now will you be good!" exclaimed the verse-writer; but the cartoonist contemptuously blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke, and growled something about a light subject being made ponderous and heavy guns being trained on a fly.

"Our friend can't get over the idea that I am attacking humor," said the literary hack to the verse-writer.

"Never mind him," replied the verse-writer. "I think I know what you mean. Still, there is one thing about it I do not understand. If the profound mind is able to penetrate to the region where surface causes are merged into a deeper cause, should it not, on the way down, so to speak, have cognizance of the region where the second causes assume surprising relations of incongruity?"

"Now we are getting down to business," said the literary hack. "The profound mind does take cognizance of the region where the scattered second causes assume incongruous relations, but to it these relations are not surprising, and, therefore, they are robbed of one element of their humorousness. That these relations are not surprising to the profound mind is due to the fact that it dwells, as I have said, on that out of which all relations are formed; and so it views the incongruity from below, and not 'on the way down'; in other words, it views the incongruity in the light of the causes of the incongruity. And this is why a man with a profound mind frequently views that which causes a super-

ficially clever person to shriek with laughter without having his own risibilities affected in the least. In cases of this sort, it is customary to accuse the man of profound mind with having no sense of humor, whereas the fact is, he not only sees that which the superficial person sees, but that which is deeper."

"And yet," said the verse-writer, "it is practically impossible to love a man who is always solemnly concerned with deep causes."

The literary hack smiled.

"Certainly," he replied, "such a person would not be a social success. But," he added, "I suppose that the first thing a man who has heard the call to a great task has to do is to abandon all thought of social success. Society is a merging of individualities into a common soul, whereas a man can do a great work only by harping on his individuality. Don't you see?—it all depends upon the call. A solemn ass is more intolerable than a silly ass, but if a man really has it in him to do something worth while we may forgive him much in the way of seriousness, especially if he be a philosopher. Take Herbert Spencer—despite his lack of humor, I find it very easy to love him. I know certain of his witty critics, because of the absence of light and shade in his writings, have dubbed him the 'Arry of Philosophy'; but if those superior gentlemen only had the brains to realize that philosophy, in the Spencerian sense of the term, is essentially a hunt for congruity they might be able to understand that a mind trained to the perception of unifying principles has little opportunity to be amused by incongruities, and be less ready with their sneers."

"But should n't there be a happy medium?" asked the verse-writer.

"Oh, there is no doubt about that," said the literary hack. "But who amongst us all, I may ask, is perfectly balanced? It doth not yet appear what man shall be, but as he is at present constituted it seems impossible for him to develop in

one respect without atrophying in some other desirable respect. If you would gain, you must renounce; and if you are to deal with fundamentals you must expect sooner or later to have the awful charge brought against you that you have no sense of humor. Capacity, after all, is but a mental habit; and if you are to train your mind to a capacity for philosophy it must needs be at the expense of your capacity for humor; for the two things are diametrically opposed, inasmuch as philosophy is a search for congruity and humor a search for incongruity."

"Then," said the cartoonist, "according to your way of thinking humor and philosophy are irreconcilable."

"And look at Mark Twain," said the verse-writer—"if he is n't a philosopher as well as a humorist, he is n't anything!"

"Now, gentlemen, now, gentlemen," protested the literary hack, "not so fast, I beg of you. I did n't say that humor and philosophy are irreconcilable; all I said was that our limitations are such that development in philosophy must be at the expense of humor, which does not at all mean that one can't be profound and humorous at the same time."

"Hang you and your subtleties," said the verse-writer; "let us talk common sense. It stands to reason that a man should have elasticity of mind, as well as profundity, and the mind that once in a while can forego its gropings down below and rise to the surface to play with incongruities will be all the healthier for it. Is it not true that a vein of humor will be found running through the works of the profoundest writers?"

"Through some of them, undoubtedly," said the literary hack. "But the profounder the writer the more subtle will be the humor; in other words, the more tempered it will be by a knowledge of the deep congruity lying below the surface incongruity. When we come right down to it, gentlemen, I believe that as a man's

insight into reality deepens his enjoyment of humor decreases; and I have an idea that the satisfaction we feel upon learning that a great man has humor is akin to that which we feel when we learn that he is related to us by other little weaknesses. The unsophisticated instinct of mankind *does* testify that the emotion of mirth is comparatively low. You have cited the case of Mark Twain. Undoubtedly there is a strong undercurrent of sense to all his nonsense, and I have for him the liveliest respect; but just look at the fate that overtook him when he tried to make a serious protest against the wave of imperialism that is sweeping over this country. The purport of all the replies of those that disagreed with him was: You are merely a funny man; go away back and sit down. You can't dispute it, gentlemen—man refuses to associate humor with that which he holds in the highest esteem. If I should attempt to picture Christ in the act of telling a funny story, I should either shock the sensibilities of the religious, or excite the laughter of the wicked; and in either event it would prove that there is something incongruous between humor and that which is loftiest, or is so considered to be. The wildest of anthropomorphists, so far as I know, has stopped short of ascribing humor to the Deity. Instinctively we realize that humor is impossible to omniscience; to one that can see it all, nothing is incongruous."

"Well, who is talking about omniscience?" retorted the cartoonist. "In the name of all that is sacred, come down to earth and discuss what is meet and fitting for plain every-day mortals such as we."

"To us," replied the literary hack, smilingly, "humor is bread and butter and an occasional cigarette; but I should say that the rest of the com-

mon herd had better use it as a seasoning, and not as a food, lest they get mental dyspepsia, lose all their power to digest truth, crave only that which is smart and become like those cheap cynics who would rather say something that sounded 'clever' than announce a new natural law."

For a while there was silence at the table of the three professional humorists. Then:

"It may be a trivial objection," said the verse-writer, "but I have always associated cynicism with sadness and not humor."

"Cynicism and humor," replied the literary hack, "are each allied with superficiality, and for that reason they are to be associated. Sadness, as somebody has said, is the lot of profound minds and of strong intelligences. The reason is that when you delve deep enough into causation to come to that out of which all relations are formed you are brought face to face with a great mystery. It is the consciousness of never being able to solve that mystery that brings sadness to the mind. I do not say that this sadness cannot be overcome by a belief in the beneficence of the mystery, but such a belief is a moral act, rather than an intellectual act; it is born of the subjective intuition, and not of the objective induction. Tennyson has written a verse that well expresses the plaintive cry of the intellect. It is this:

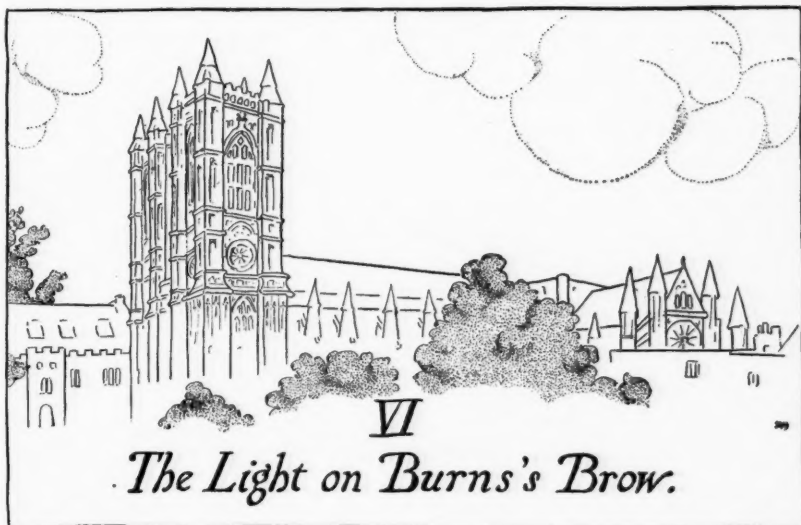
"How far through all the bloom and brake
That nightingale is heard!
What power but the bird could make
That music in the bird?
How summer-bright are yonder skies,
And earth as fair in hue!
And yet what hint of aught that lies
Behind the green and blue?"

"Let us all weep," said the cartoonist.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A. Meyer



MY own subjective London was achieving itself. I have always remembered pleasantly, how,

Without a bit of trouble,
Arabella blew a bubble,

and with emulative ease, I blew a beautiful, impalpable, iridescent sphere, and called it London.

To be sure, a single interrogation point from an earnest Tourist would have burst my bubble, for my whole London had n't a Tower or a British Museum in it.

Nor was this an oversight. Calling to my aid a moral courage that was practically a moral hardihood, I had deliberately concluded I would do

no sightseeing. Not that I objected to seeing a sight, now and then, but the sight would have to put itself in my way, and the conditions would have to be such, that I should prefer to go through the sight rather than around it.

Indeed, it was largely the word *sightseeing* that I took exception to. Such a very defective verb! Who would voluntarily put herself in a position to say, "I sightsaw the National Gallery yesterday," or "I have sightseen the whole City," and then have no proper parts of speech to say it with?

Moreover, I was not willing to go about my London carrying a Baedeker. In truth, my soul was pos-

sessed of conflicting emotions toward that little red book. As a directory it was invaluable. Never did I get an invitation to a place of mysterious sound, such as Kensington Gore, or Bird-in-Bush Road, but I ran to my Baedeker, and quickly found therein,

American girl had hers neatly covered with bright blue paper, quite oblivious of the fact that the marbled edges and fluttering red and black tapes are unmistakable. Another, a pedagogic Bostonian, had hers wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string.



THE INGENIOUS EFFORTS OF TOURISTS TO DISGUISE THEIR BAEDEKERS

the location, description and directions for reaching the same. I soon mastered the pink and gray maps, with their clever contrivance of corresponding numbers, and with my Baedeker back of me, I could have found the most obscure and bewildering address that even a Londoner is capable of devising.

But the pages devoted to "Sights which Should on No Account be Omitted," and the kindly advice on "Disposition of Time for the Hurried Visitor," I avoided with all the strength of my unsightseeing soul.

I was often amused at the ingenious efforts of tourists to disguise their Baedekers. One tailor-made

Another had a leather case which exactly fitted the volume. And I thought that as the nude in art is far less suggestive than the semi-draped figure, so the uncovered red book was really less noticeable than these futile attempts at disguise.

Having then, definitely decided that I should eventually return to America, without having set foot in the Tower, the Bank or the Charterhouse, I drew a long breath of content, and gave myself up to the delight of just living in the atmosphere of my own London.

And yet, I wanted to go to the Tower, the Bank and the Charterhouse. I wanted to go to West-

minster Abbey and Saint Paul's and the National Gallery. But I did not want to go for the first time. I wanted to revisit these places, and how could I do that, when I had never yet visited them?

First impressions of Piccadilly or Hyde Park are all very well, but first impressions are incongruous in connection with Westminster Abbey. What has crude admiration to do with experienced sublimity? How absurd to let the gaze of surprise rest upon age-accustomed glory! What presumption to look at solemn ancient grandeur as at a novelty! I wished that I had been to Westminster Abbey many, many times, and that I could drift in again some lovely summer afternoon to revive old memories and renew old emotions.

But as this might not be, then would I keep away from it entirely, and study it from books as I had always done.

One day a departing caller carelessly left behind her a pamphlet entitled "The Deanery Guide to Westminster Abbey." With a natural curiosity I picked it up and opened it.

But I got no further than the first fly-leaf, for that bore an advertisement of *Rowland's Macassar Oil*! I promptly forgot the existence of Westminster Abbey in the delight of finding that my London contained such a desirable commodity. Not that I wished to purchase the lotion, but I was absorbingly interested to learn that there really was such a thing. I had never heard of it before except in connection with the Aged, aged man, a-sitting on a gate, who manufactured Rowland's Macassar Oil from mountain rills

which he chanced to set ablaze. The remembrance of that dear old white-haired man, placidly going his ways, and content with the tuppence ha'penny that rewarded his toil, filled my soul to the exclusion of all else, and he made a welcome addition to the census of my own London. It was pleasant, too, to reflect on the sound logic of the English people when they coined the word "anti-macassar." How much more restrictedly definite than our word "tidy"!

Well, then next it came about that I went for a walk.

And, as was bound to happen sooner or later, I was strolling unthinkingly along, when I found myself with the Houses of Parliament on my right hand and Westminster Abbey on my left. I was fairly caught, and surrendered at discretion. The only question was which way to turn. As I had no choice in the matter, I should logically, have gone, like John Buridan's Ass, straight ahead, and so missed both; but the Abbey, with an almost imperceptible nod of invitation, compelled me to turn that way, and involuntarily, though not at all unwillingly, I entered.

Whereupon I made the startling discovery that I was in the Poets' Corner! Now, I had definitely planned that if ever I *did* visit the Abbey, I would enter by the North Transept, and gradually accustom myself to the atmosphere of the place. I would go away after a short inspection,

and return several times to revisit it, before I even approached the Poets' Corner. And to find myself thus unexpectedly and somewhat informally introduced to an inscription



THAT BORE AN ADVERTISEMENT OF
Rowland's Macassar Oil!

attesting the rarity of Ben Jonson, took me unawares, and my eyes rested coldly on the words, and then passed, on, still uninterestedly, to Spencer, Milton and Gray.

Uncertain whether to advance or retreat I took a few tentative steps which brought me to the bust of our own Longfellow. The dignified and old-school New Englander is here represented as a plump-faced and jovial gentleman with very curly hair. The marble is excessively white and new looking, and altogether the monument suggests the Longfellow who wrote "There was a little girl, who had a little curl," rather than the author of *Evangeline*. But if not of poetic effect, the bust is satisfactory as a fine type of American manhood, so I smiled back at it, and passed on.

Then, by chance, I turned into the South Transept.

It was about five o'clock on a mid-summer afternoon, the hour, as I have often since proved, when the spell of the Poets' Corner is most potent. The hour when a prismatic shaft of sunlight strikes exactly on the marble forehead of Burns, and flickering sun-rays light up the face of Southey. There, above the mortal remains of Henry Irving, I stood, and as I looked up, I knew that at

last Westminster Abbey and I were at one.

For I saw Shakespeare.

It was not the emotional atmosphere of the place, for that had not

as yet affected me. It was not historic association, for I knew Shakespeare's bones did not rest there. It was not the inherent, artistic worth of the sculptured figure, for I knew that it has never been looked upon as a masterpiece, and that Walpole, or somebody, called it "preposterous." But it was Shakespeare, and from his eyes there shone all the wonder, the beauty and the immortality of his genius.

I am told the whole monument is wrong in composition and in execution, but that is merely

A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,—Its body, so to speak; its soul is right.

Or at least it was to me, and from that moment I felt at home in Westminster Abbey.

Without leaving the United States, I could have found a more magnificent statue of Shakespeare in our own Library of Congress, but no other representation of him, in paint or stone, has ever portrayed to my mind, the personality of the poet as does the Abbey monument.

I invited emotions and they ac-



I TOOK A FEW TENTATIVE STEPS WHICH
BROUGHT ME TO THE BUST OF OUR
OWN LONGFELLOW

cepted with thanks. They came in crowds, rushing, and soon I was unqualifiedly certain that I would rather be dead in Westminster Abbey than alive out of it. Having reached this important decision, I broke off my emotions at their height and went home.

The next day, as the sunlight touched Burns's uplifted brow, I was there again, and the next, and the next.

The first impressions being comfortably over, Shakespeare and I became very good friends, without the necessity for heaving breast and suppressed tears on my part.

I had affable feelings, too, toward many of the other great and near-great. It amused me to learn how many succeeded in getting into the Abbey by the mere accident of dying while there was plenty of room.

John Gay, they tell me, is one of the interlopers, and his epitaph,

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it,

is dubbed irreverent.

But to my mind, the irreverence is not in the sentiment, but in the fact that it is placed upon his tomb, the responsibility, therefore, even

though Gay requested it, lying with his survivors. Surely the man who wrote "Trivia" is as much entitled to honor as many others whose virtues are set forth in stone.

But if any one is disturbed by Gay's irreverence, he has only to step through the door which is close at hand, into the little chapel of St. Faith.

For some indefinable reason, this chapel breathes more the spirit of reverence and holiness than any other in the Abbey. There is no especial beauty of decoration here, but he who can enter the solemn little room without putting up the most fervent prayer of his life, must be of an unresponsive nature indeed.

It did not seem to me inharmonious to visit the Chapels of the Sanctuary in charge of a verger. The Abbey guide is also a philosopher and friend. His intoned information is pleasantly in keeping with the chiseled epitaphs, and his personality is invariably delightful; and he so dominates the group of Tourists he conducts, that they often show signs of almost human intelligence. The guide answers questions, not perfunctorily, but with an air of personal interest. To be sure, he passes lightly over many of the



HE SO DOMINATES THE GROUP OF TOURISTS HE CONDUCTS THAT THEY OFTEN SHOW SIGNS OF ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE

most impressive figures and proudly exhibits the fearsome Death who jabs a dart at Lady Nightingale, while her husband politely endeavors to protect her. But after becoming acquainted with the chapels, one may return on free days and visit, unescorted, the tomb of Sir Francis Vere.

The Waxen Effigies greatly took my fancy. Hidden away in an upper room, they are well worth the extra fee which it costs to see them. The verger describes them with a show of real affection, and indeed, I felt strangely drawn to the ghastly puppets, which are, undoubtedly, very like the Kings and Queens they represent. William and Mary are cosily lodged in a case by themselves, and their brocades and velvets and real laces are beautiful to look upon, though stiffened by age and dirt. Elizabeth is a terror, and Charles the Second a horror, but vastly fascinating in their weird dreadful-

ness. Again and again I returned to my waxen friends, and found that they gave me more historic atmosphere than their biographies or tombs.

Hanging round the outside of the Abbey, I, one day, stumbled into St. Margaret's. The window is wonderful, of course, but I was more interested in remembering that here Mr. Pepys married the wife of whom he later naively chronicled:

"She finds, with reason, that in the company of other women that I love, I do not value her or mind her as I ought."

Having seen the church where Pepys was married, I felt an impulse to visit the house where he died. But I was relieved rather than otherwise, to learn that no trace of the house now remains.

And anyway, the house where he died, was n't the house where he made the pathetic entry in his Diary:

"Home, and being washing-day, dined upon cold meat."

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED

LAST night I dreamed of a deserted space,
In some dead world of rock, where nothing grew;
A worn-out world, the pale sun scarce reached to,
And silent, as the tomb of a dead race.
A cañon, deep and wide, ran thro' the place,
And on each brink, there stood a form I knew
And looked across, and they were I and you,
And each one recognized the other's face.

Then leapt I down dim miles of steep descent,
Across, and up, until I reached your side,
Whereat, you smiled, and kissed my lips and eyes,—
And at your kiss, the barren rocks were rent,
Sweet Spring burst forth—the earth was glorified!
And lo, I stood with you in Paradise!

FREDERICK TRUESDELL

BESIDE STILL WATERS

By A. I. DU P. COLEMAN



WHEN, on his accession to the duchy of Ferrara in 1559, Alfonso II found a gracious act to do in the liberation of his great-uncle, the unhappy Giulio, from the prison in which he had languished for the space of fifty-three years, it is recorded that all men marvelled at the strange dress *alla borsessa*, the fashion of the days of Duke Borso, of the century before, in which he rode once more through the remembered streets. It is the same feeling, although, thanks to the multitude of admirable biographies that cover the period, less startling and unfamiliar, of which we are half conscious when we open such a book as Mrs. Brookfield's story* of the goodly fellowship of the "Apostles"—the brilliant band of eager, impetuous young men of genius who at Cambridge, in the days before the first Reform Bill, were, in Lord Houghton's words

braced together,
Ardent in the healthy race,
Comrades of the way and weather.

It is a pleasant excursion from the noisy city of to-day to the old-world peace of the little university town where the friends paced, in thoughtful converse or with bursts of boyish laughter, along the serene walks that skirt the Cam—"Camus, reverend sire," that still, as in Milton's days, comes "footing slow." Of this life, as well as of the Apostles when they had gone out to do their work in the world, still joined by their old af-

fection, Mrs. Brookfield has many a charming anecdote to tell which makes more real to us the personalities of Maurice and Trench, of Spedding and Sterling and Monckton Milnes, of Kemble and Hallam (here rescued into life from the position of a mere subject of marvellous elegy), and even of Tennyson himself, much as one has read about him.

The smallness of England, which affords material for scornful comment to visitors from a "boundless continent," has its effect both upon literature and upon friendship. The eighteenth century was an age of satire not merely because party politics ran high, and the satirist was sure of his reward; it was so quite as much because the confines of a small London bounded both the writing and the reading world, and no shaft of Dryden or of Pope could fall harmless through the reader's ignorance of its point. And to-day the ties of friendship formed at Eton or Harrow or Winchester are drawn closer "beside still waters" at Oxford or Cambridge, and saved from relaxation by many meetings amid the gracious amenities which the growing hurry of the time has not yet entirely abolished.

But to the calm, delightful life of an earlier day,

broadening slowly down
From precedent to precedent,

a new terror has been added of late years by the advent of the indiscreet biographer—to some extent a peculiarly modern pest, the product of an age in which the newspapers violate without remorse every inmost sanctuary. In the book to be mentioned presently Mr. Russell deals with the

*The Cambridge "Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. Scribner.

decay of reticence among the changes over which he is able to look back; and the voluminous biographer who rushes in where people better equipped and authorized fear to tread, uses to the full the license which modern customs give him. Mr. Wright is not the only offender of the last few years. The circle to which he finds himself condemned by the practically unanimous verdict of the critics who have preceded me will furnish him for companions the venturesome Mr. Purcell, whose unfortunate life of Cardinal Manning is not yet forgotten, and Mr. Sherard, who spoke some manly words of Oscar Wilde at the time of his death, when it still required a certain amount of moral courage to do so, but later fell into the same sin of parading his own opinions, ingenious, carping or censorious, at wearisome length under cover of the interest felt in a remarkable man who had the final misfortune to be his subject. Mr. Wright, however, is in worse case than they. He cannot plead first offence: he has already rifled more than one sepulchre to serve his own ends. Dear old FitzGerald, who of all men would most have abominated such a performance, and Sir Richard Burton, in whose biographer it would have seemed obvious that a person of tact and good taste was required, have already fallen victims; and now comes this "Pater,"* of which it is difficult to write in strictly parliamentary terms.

Mr. Wright's claim, trumpeted with an assurance that would be most offensive if it were not so amusing, is that he has corrected the mistakes of all previous biographers and been the first to present the real Pater to the world. Some services he has undoubtedly rendered; his researches have brought to light many facts about Pater's ancestry, his childhood at Enfield and Tonbridge, and his school-days at Canterbury, which no previous writer has given us—though what purport to be

word-for-word reports of conversations with friends who had not seen him for thirty years before his death are open to no small suspicion, which is increased by demonstrable inaccuracies in things about which one happens to know. The illustrations are not seldom valuable; and in a way, from the publisher's point of view, the book is curiously well contrived for the purpose of ensuring a large sale. The irritating ineptitudes which provoke the reader to throw it repeatedly across the room make for a rapid deterioration of the copy first purchased, while there is enough of real interest and value in the whole to induce him to replace it sooner or later by another.

And then—although to one who sits in stern, unsmiling judgment upon it, the verdict inevitably presents itself that in taste and conception it is about as bad as it could possibly be,—the very faults end by having the effect of an over-dose of certain poisons, and provide their own antidote in the unconquerable amusement that almost removes the irritation. The Mr. Jackson (said to have been the original of Marius) who bulks larger and larger throughout the second volume, until poor Pater might well put up the prayer of Diogenes to Alexander, presents more than one unconsciously diverting side. His drawing-room at Camberwell, pictured from almost as many points of view as its owner, is pompously designated (presumably in harmony with his Jacobite proclivities) as the "White King's Drawing-Room"; and it is but a step to the contemplation of Mr. Jackson as the White King—either Charles I, in which case no one who has Mr. Dick's experience in mind need wonder at the repeated obtrusion of his head, or, still more temptingly, as the King whose behavior so surprised Alice. His fondness for inconsequent memoranda, his difficulty in seeing real people "by this light," his readiness to send several thousand soldiers to support the cause he favors—these and other traits would

*The Life of Walter Pater. By Thomas Wright. Putnam.

enable even a beginner in higher criticism to prove that "Through the Looking-Glass" was written, probably by Mr. Wright, some forty years later than the date assigned by tradition; while for confirmation of this hypothesis comes a portrait of the recurrent Mr. Jackson, "in Mr. Wright's study at Olney," where the expression is exactly that of a White King "evidently uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures."

But a discursive and humorous mind leads one too far. The serious condemnation of the whole method of the book lies in the fact of its utter neglect of the canon which, by some strange, prophetic instinct, Mr. A. C. Benson laid down years before he had ever heard of Mr. Wright: "The biographer has to take a life *en masse*, and, disentangling the predominant and central threads, cast the rest away; in this process rejecting facts and incidents whose isolated interest is often greater than the interest of what he retains, because it is on the latter that the pearls of life are, so to speak, strung."

To turn from the helter-skelter accumulation of disproportionate and unconnected facts with which we have been occupied, to the ordered, classical work of Mr. Benson, is like waking from a confused and painful dream to the clear sunshine and thrilling bird-songs of a morning in the country. It is not only by the contrasting value of his life of Pater that Mr. Benson comes to one's mind at the moment. His latest book * takes up and carries on with a startling fidelity Pater's own work in style. In the opening chapters especially one is continually reminded, in a way for which one could scarcely have ventured to hope, of "Emerald Uthwart" and "The Child in the House." I will leave it for Mr. Wright, when his appetite is set for a fresh subject, to tell us exactly how far we may trace an autobiographical revelation in this and Mr. Benson's

first book; but one cannot help feeling that their author might say of them what Stevenson wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of "Memories and Portraits":

Much of my soul is here interred,
My very past and mind:
Who listens nearly to the printed word
May hear the heart behind.

The recent republication of his youthful "imaginary portrait," long out of print and almost forgotten,* gives the measure of the years of sedulous discipline which have gone to the making of this finished style. As I turn its pages with renewed delight (noting the fresh, vivid picturesqueness, a little dulled in his later work by the cultivation of the reflective function to which Arthur Hamilton proclaims his devotion), it not only recalls the keen pleasure with which I read it on its first (anonymous) appearance more than twenty years ago, but carries me still farther back to a memorable evening when, but a boy myself, I was bidden to the hospitable house at Kenwyn occupied by the future Archbishop, then Bishop of Truro. The mellow lamplight still gleams on a delightful scene—the dignified, kindly prelate in his purple cassock, an ideal episcopal figure; the tall, graceful lads who were to tread such diverse paths in the garden of letters; and the great dogs rising lazily from the hearth-rug to greet the visitors.

Such scenes as this Mr. Russell's book † frequently suggests, in another instalment of the remembered treasures which he has more than once shared with many readers—only last June with the readers of this magazine. His style, less severely academic and chastened than Mr. Benson's, has a charm of its own—the charm of the easy, flowing talk of a man of the world

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

* Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. By A. C. Benson. Holt.

† Seeing and Hearing. By George W. E. Russell. Dutton.

* Beside Still Waters. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Putnam.

Though he is in no narrow or partisan sense an adherent of the old régime, he lingers lovingly over its vanishing graces, contrasting them, in the light of his keen observation and full knowledge of present-day conditions, with the vulgar ostentation and heedless rush of modern London society. In the mood in which this paper has been written, I cannot do better than close it with the words in which he describes the

country-house of the past, when people "passed nine months out of twelve under its sacred roof—sacred because it was inseparably connected with memories of ancestry and parentage and early association, with marriage and children, and pure enjoyments and active benevolence and neighbourly goodwill." Happy those who have been led beside such still waters, and made to lie down at the last in such green pastures!

THE HAMMOCK NOVEL, AND OTHERS

By VERNON ATWOOD



WHAT ails the summer novel? Are we really less intelligent in summer than in winter? Is the summer reader too unexact or the writer too indolent? Or is it, perhaps, that the canny publisher saves the sleaziest works of fiction for the season when everybody is amiable because everybody is, more or less, out of doors?

Whatever the reason, this year's crop of facts seems to justify the light esteem in which summer fiction is held by the discerning. Even the novelists upon whom we have most relied will sometimes fail us in the spring. Mr. Henry James has not yet written a hammock novel, but short of Mr. James upon whom can we rely for an all-round-the-year conscientiousness in dealing with the consumer of fiction? Not, I grieve to say, upon that pleasant writer, Mr. John Fox. His spring story, "A Knight of the Cumberland"* is but a pretty sketch that takes an hour in reading and leaves the fiction-hunger quite unappeased. Still, Mr. Fox is always a graceful writer and no book of his could make his readers

so exasperated and reproachful as they feel toward Katherine Cecil Thurston at the end of "The Mystics"*—supposing they endure to the end of that doleful piece of work. Mrs. Thurston is a writer of talent—that fact was even clearer in her first novel, "The Circle," than in the more popular "Masquerader," but "The Mystics" contains no trace of that talent. It might have been written by an incompetent understudy so far as interest is concerned, and no amount of oxygen in the reader's blood can make it seem to him other than hopelessly wooden. It is, indeed, the most flagrant example imaginable of a novel written when the author is not looking.

Perhaps most writers have this mysterious and unsatisfactory understudy among the multiplex personalities in their mental make-up, but at least there are yet no signs of one in Mrs. Wharton's intellectual constitution. And there is neither summer nor winter on the plane where her work is produced. "Madame de Treymes"† is brief, indeed, but an absolutely flawless and satisfying piece of workmanship. It is one of those international episodes whose interest arises from certain funda-

* The Mystics. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Harper.

† Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton. Scribner.

* A Knight of the Cumberland. By John Fox, Jr. Scribner.

mental differences between the French and the American temper of spirit.

Fanny de Malrive is a New York girl so unhappily married to a French marquis that even his family concede the impossibility of their life together, and countenance her when she leaves him and obtains the custody of her child. After some years of life devoted to this little son, John Durham, an old friend and neighbor, crosses her path, loves her and tries to exact a promise of marriage contingent upon a legal separation from her husband. Goodness, safety and peace, for which she longs inexpressibly after her married experiences in Paris, are embodied for her in John Durham, but she refuses to take any step forward toward freedom unless assured that her husband's family will not oppose her in any way: there must be no contest, no publicity, nothing which would enable her son to reproach her for seeking her own peace at the cost of aspersions upon the name to which he is born.

Durham turns for help to her sister-in-law, Madame de Treymes, who is willing to assist them with her influence if Durham will pay her lover's gambling debts—though she does not phrase the condition so badly. To Durham, happiness purchased at such a price would be tainted, and without explanation he abruptly declines her mediation. The fine point of the story depends upon the ultimate ability of the Frenchwoman to understand his motives and to admire them disinterestedly. That personal recklessness of conduct may well be united to absolute fineness of perception, insight and a generous enthusiasm for the subtler delicacies of feeling and behavior, is not an American idea. We are not in the habit of thinking these things after these ways, and the notion almost puts us to intellectual confusion. Such a union of qualities is, however, essentially Gallic and perfectly possible. Mrs. Wharton has etched the character of Madame de Treymes so finely and so strongly

that it commands first belief and then sympathy. And this is a notable feat.

Scarcely less notable is the way in which she contrasts our American theory of the duty of the individual to be good and fine, and happy if he can, with the French idea of the importance and solidarity of the family. A few lines, and the whole thing, the characteristic attitude of two civilizations, is before you definitely. The author's detachment is perfect; she takes neither side, but makes both very clear, and the intellectual pleasure which the reader experiences in consequence is something to be grateful for.

Detachment, however, is certainly not the strong point of such of the summer's fiction as deals with abstract propositions. Of course, in the first place, fiction ought not to deal with abstract propositions. If there is an established principle in the art of story-telling, one might suppose it to be that a story exists for its own sake and not as the vehicle for some general idea. The novel-with-a-purpose is not likely to be a work of art, though this dictum is subject to modifications depending upon the genius of the author. But it is safe to lay down the rule that if anybody below the intellectual level of George Eliot writes a novel to prove something, that novel is a good one to leave behind in the bookcase when you go forth for your summer holidays. The more unimpeachable the abstract proposition, the worse are the results. Take the impeccable statement that labor is ennobling. When used as a basis for fiction, it is sure to produce novels that are neither impeccable nor ennobling. More than one summer story this year has disastrous labor troubles of this description.

Consider, for instance, Miss Constance Smedley's "Conflict."* The theme in this story is the proposition that labor produces a higher type of woman than idleness. Miss Smedley tries to start her two heroines

* Conflict. By Constance Smedley. Moffat.

fair by giving each excellent natural endowments. One likes them both in the earlier chapters and recoils from both later on—after Miss Smedley's theories get the whip-hand of her instincts as a creator. The "Conflict" of the story is between the ideals of Mary and Susan. Mary is a Birmingham stenographer so passionately devoted to her work that her employer confides to her all his business secrets and bequeaths her the business, a large tube-works, when he dies. Susan is a married woman living in a London flat and devoted to manicuring, massage and all the harmless stunts recommended by the beauty-editors of the Sunday papers. Susan believes that Woman was created to make herself attractive to Man, and is satisfied with that philosophy, though it does not call into play her fine natural abilities. The two women meet, and Susan tries to convert Mary to her view of life. She only succeeds in teaching her to wear becoming hats and modify the slovenliness of her attire. Later, Mary repays this obligation by preventing Susan's elopement with a Brute who is unusually unpleasant, even for an English-woman's conception of a "magerful man." This Brute is also Mary's rival in the tube business. Her magnanimity to him in a deal about a patent reduces him to a pulp, and he promises never to let his basilisk gaze rest upon Susan again. Mary marries a noble soul and has no difficulty in managing the family and the tube-works too. She is supremely happy. Susan joins her husband who has found employment in America, belongs to many clubs, is much admired and remains supremely miserable. The moral seems to be that it is better to stenograph and be slovenly than to be well-groomed and hold an erroneous philosophy of the affections.

Miss Smedley's unhappy Susan is the "parasitic woman" whom various pseudo-scientific women writers have told us about. Of course, in reality, the woman in domestic life usually

works twice as hard as her sister in business, has less stimulation and duller pleasures, finding her compensation in satisfied affections. Distinctly exceptional is the woman who answers in any degree the descriptions of those who accuse her of "parasitism." Susan, however, neither toils nor spins. Her flat seems to keep itself, and her absolute destitution as regards duties certainly lays her open to the reproach of uselessness.

Miss Smedley is decidedly clever; she has an eye for character, a vivacious style and other valuable gifts, but her talent totters under the burden of the abstract proposition she has undertaken to demonstrate. And if her talent totters, that of Mr. David Graham Phillips flounders, falls over itself and expires.

In "The Second Generation"* Mr. Phillips attempts to demonstrate that everybody, but especially the children of the newly-rich, must work or be damned, physically, mentally and spiritually. The characters are tiresome and impossible to the last degree, except the Spartan old father who is yearning to leave his wealth to his children, but will not, because he believes poverty will be best for their souls. The people who seem good in the eyes of the author are just as vulgar and repulsive as the ones he denounces. And yet it remains profoundly true that, in order to make life worth living, a human being must have some occupation which justifies his existence to himself. It is just as true as if Mr. Phillips had not exploited the idea so noisily and so objectionably! But we all prefer being led to being driven, and the author of "The Second Generation" is so frantically in earnest that he makes you feel he is prepared to scourge and kick the idle into paths of usefulness. And this is an attitude that even the industrious resent. I cannot imagine anybody but a walking delegate of the most exclamatory type taking pleasure in "The Second Generation," and yet I am

* The Second Generation. By David Graham Phillips. Appleton.

sure the author is guilty of most excellent intentions. But he is much too partisan to produce anything like conviction for the reader. It is his partisanship rather than his praise of toil that is offensive, and yet there is something about the praise of toil that seems peculiarly fatal to the literary toiler, more fatal, even, than other abstract propositions.

One can hardly class Mr. Howells's new book under this heading, but our pleasure in it is certainly modified by the fact that the author is committed to the celebration of an ideal commonwealth of his own devising. "*Through the Eye of the Needle*"* is a tale of Altruria, a land with which the writer has previously dealt. The Altrurian traveller marries a rich New York widow and takes her back to his own country whence she writes descriptive letters to a friend at home. The worst she has to say about that land of heart's desire is, by implication, that life is rather dull and the Altrurian food insipid. But these things are trifles compared to the satisfactions of existence in a state where three hours' work a day entitles everybody to everything they need or want. The book expresses the author's resentment against a civilization like our own, in which religion so ineffectually tempers the law of struggle under which we live. It is an outcome of the longing for ideal conditions, the protest of a tender heart against all such cruelties of life as are conceivably avoidable. And yet, somehow, it leaves the reader not half so kindly disposed toward his fellow-man, not half so eager to make this a better world, as he was after reading "*Lemuel Barker*" or "*Silas Lapham*." But Mr. Howells has edified us so long and in so many ways that he has earned the right to tell us about Altruria if he likes, quite regardless of our liking.

It is a far cry from Altruria to Wall Street—which is undoubtedly one reason why Mr. Howells likes Altruria. Mr. Lawson is another

offensive partisan in literature—or perhaps I would better say fiction. Whatever it may be for stocks, "*Friday the Thirteenth*"* is undeniably a bad day for literature. But then, Mr. Lawson probably had lots of fun writing his story of "*the Street*." It's a poor novel, that can't please the author.

This story contains the sure-thing panacea for stock-gambling that Mr. Lawson has been talking about for some time. The book has been out for some time, and yet there has been only one panic in Wall Street. It was n't at all the size of panic he gives the recipe for. If others follow, we now know who is responsible for bringing them about. It is a case of "all can grow the flowers, for most have got the seed." But perhaps the Lawson carnation is the greater horticultural achievement.

In the slang of criticism, "*Friday the Thirteenth*" is not "convincing" as a Wall Street story. It sounds as if the author were not at home with his subject! You get the same sensation of dubiety when Laura Jean Libbey describes high society. On the other hand, Edwin Lefevre in "*Sampson Rock of Wall Street*"† is convincingly realistic.

The latter is a good tale, all about a rich man's son who tackles business for himself and shows that he has some of the parental qualities and can become a magnate off his own bat. How magnates are made is a popular subject just now, and literature is much speedier in reflecting life than it was a few years since. Mr. Lefevre holds no brief for any theory, bad or good and consequently can devote more of his attention to the reader's pleasure than can Mr. Lawson or Mr. Phillips. And, after all, to please the reader is far from being a contemptible purpose.

On this point the reader has nothing to complain of in the Cana-

* *Friday the Thirteenth*. By Thomas W. Lawson. Doubleday.

† *Sampson Rock of Wall Street*. By Edwin Lefevre. Harper.

* *Through the Eye of the Needle*. By W. D. Howells. Harper.

dian stories of Lawrence Mott* and W. A. Fraser.†

Canada was annexed to the United States for the purposes of literature when Gilbert Parker began to write about "Pierre and His People." The alliance has been permanent and profitable. Did it not give us that most haunting and exquisite of all Parker's works, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," as well as "The Seats of the Mighty," Miss Dougall's "The Madonna of a Day," Mrs. Cotes's careful study of provincial life in Canada, and Professor Roberts's best work? "The White Darkness" is a collection of stories whose scene is set in the great Northwest where Indians, criminals, and the Mounted Police combine to make life adventurous and exciting. Mr. Mott writes incisively with no waste of words, and he has the dramatic sense in a high degree, but tragic bloodshed is much more frequent in his pages than in Parker's tales of the same sort—thereby betraying that the author has hardly passed the age where murder and sudden death seem more important events than tranquillity and length of days.

Mr. Fraser is well aware of the value of the quiet life, at least as a background for stirring events. The background of "The Lone Furrow" comes well into the foreground however. It is the story of the search for a country clergyman who has suddenly and inexplicably dropped out of the life that has known him. The characters are all apotheosized Scotch folk. Why is it that the Scotch are so satisfactory in real life as friends and neighbors, and so unsatisfactory as characters in fiction, except when set forth by a master-hand?

With the recent publication of "The Sinner,"‡ the presentation of Fogazzaro's trilogy to English readers is complete. The scope of the word is only fully revealed when the three volumes are considered as one. Re-

garded thus, we have all the data of heredity, environment and circumstance that shaped the life and soul of Piero Maironi, the "Saint." It is impossible to deny that the work is veritably great. I confess to a sensation of regret, almost of envy, that a work of fiction so broadly based, so carefully reared, so almost majestically complete at last, should not have been conceived and written in English, should not have dealt with a man of our own race! There has been nothing so important done in our language since George Eliot was in her prime, and even then it was done with a difference. I do not, of course, mean that Fogazzaro's work, blurred for us as it necessarily is by translation and by the fact that it deals familiarly with types and environment that are strange, can ever give us half the pleasure to read that George Eliot's work constantly gave; or that it can ever give us half the pleasure it must give to an Italian citizen of the type to whom it is meant to appeal,—but I do mean that it is obviously a literary achievement of the first magnitude, both in intention and execution, and that it would be sheer stupidity not to recognize its monumental character. It is my firm conviction also that monumental work is somewhat out of the critic's range. There is not enough of it for him to become familiar with it or establish a method of treating it. It is—and it is well to let appreciation go at that.

In saying George Eliot's great work was done with a difference, I meant chiefly the difference between her day and ours. Scientific facts and deductions did not then play so great a part in our estimate of character as now. For instance, one of the most remarkable things about Fogazzaro's study of Piero's temperament is that it is as scientifically accurate as it is humanly interesting. We all know nowadays that the saints of the Middle Ages are classed as neurotics, if not hysterics. Great religious exaltation requires a certain

* The White Darkness. By Lawrence Mott. Outing.

† The Lone Furrow. By W. A. Fraser. Appleton.

‡ The Sinner. The Patriot. The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Putnam.

degree of nervous impressionability. A phlegmatic saint is a contradiction in terms. But, as Fogazzaro most carefully shows in his study of Piero's heredity and the shaping circumstances that determined his adoption of his mission, the requisite

degree of nervous impressionability may well stop just short of the neurotic. Fervent righteousness is no proof of loss of mental balance, and it is not the least of the author's achievements that he satisfies us that his saint is sane, with the Higher Sanity.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



WHAT would the novelist of character do if all the world suddenly became perfectly "relaxed," un-
Down perfectly "relaxed," un-
with resentful, tolerant of the
Perfection! other man's point of view, unselfish in the far-reaching sense in which Miss Call uses that word in "Every-Day Living"?

This idea took away my breath as I was reading the admonitions of that instructive little volume. Just suppose such a state of perfection as she advocates had been universal in Jane Austen's day. Mrs. Bennett would not have been vulgar and vociferous; Mr. Bennett would not have been selfish and sarcastic; the incomparable Darcy would have overcome his pride by ratiocination instead of affection; Marianne would have taken to Christian Science to eliminate her "sensibility," and the reading world for a hundred years would have been unspeakably impoverished.

I confess that "New Thought" in most of its forms seems to me to take the flavor out of its disciples—for one self-hypnotized person is a good deal like another self-hypnotized person,—and if the demoralization is really extending to literature as well, then we shall soon have no refuge left. I hate to decry perfection—but how can anything which is bad for literature be good, in the long run, for humanity?

Professor Thomas's "Sex and Society" is a volume of essays dealing

with the difference in the
"Sex and Society" social activities of the two
sexes brought about by the
fact that woman is more stationary, a storer of force, and man more energetic, a spender of force. In biological phrase, the former is anabolic and the latter catabolic. The general reader will not be profoundly interested in the way these characteristics worked out in the social forms of primitive man, but the final chapters on "The Adventitious Character of Woman" and "The Mind of Woman and the Lower Races" are distinctly popular in their character.

The last-named title is somewhat unhappy, for it has apparently led reviewers to assume that Prof. Thomas considers the feminine mind of a low grade. What he really says is that Nature in the beginning started out on the plan of having woman the dominant force, with man as a mere aid, but that in the course of time there was a reversal of plan and "woman dropped back into a somewhat unstable and adventitious relation to the social process." So long as man was the hunter and provider, and woman the creator of industrial activities, such as agriculture, pottery-making, weaving and tanning, their relation, according to Prof. Thomas, was such as to secure the best results for the species; but when the hunting life came to an end, and man took over industrial pursuits from woman, she fell, as a result of his ultimate control of wealth, affairs and all the substantial interests, into a condition

of "limited stimulation" mentally—in which condition she still remains. He considers it probable, however, that, taking into consideration the superior endurance of woman (derived from her anabolic tendency) and her superior cunning (evolved by her stationary life), her capacity for intellectual work under equal conditions might be even greater than that of man.

Up to this point the common-sense reader can follow Prof. Thomas

Prof. Thomas

vs.

The Race

with assent as well as interest, but after this point his conclusions are not those the good judgment of the race has sanctioned. He is anxious to have our common life receive the benefit of woman's intelligence and to have woman herself get the advantage of a fuller stimulation than she receives at present. He has few good words for woman as she now is. He finds her suffering from "irregularity, ill-health, pettiness and unserviceableness," and he recommends for her not only the broader education which many women are now receiving, but also, married or unmarried, the pursuit of some gainful occupation out in the world. As for her special work in life, he disposes of it thus:

"The period of child-bearing is not only not continuous through life, but it is not serious from the standpoint of the time lost. No work is without interruption, and child-birth is an incident in the life of normal woman, of no more significance when viewed in the aggregate and from the standpoint of time than the interruption of the work of men by their in-and-out-of-door games."

This airy treatment of natural function is not only distinctly unscientific but deficient in plain common-sense. It brings Prof. Thomas out on the same platform as Mrs. Stetson-Gilman; only she objects to the domestic life for woman on

the ground that it is hard work and not much fun, while he objects to it because it makes her uninteresting and "petty" (from the masculine standpoint) and "unserviceable" economically.

This accusation of economic unserviceability will bear a little investigation. The value of a human being has been held by the courts to be anywhere from \$4500 to \$100,000, according to the earning capacity of the individual. At this valuation, which certainly is not excessive, it could easily be shown that the creation of human beings is, financially speaking, one of the largest industries of the country.

Were I a serious-minded reader, instead of an idle, I should wish also to know how Prof. Thomas's plans for woman would harmonize with Galton's law of heredity. It is not accidentally that woman is anabolic or a storer of energy. Her mental as well as her physical forces are static rather than kinetic. Galton long ago called attention to the fact that the children of parents who exhaust their own brain-power do not inherit extraordinary abilities. The children of the great—those who achieve creatively—are never great. On the other hand, great men are almost invariably born of women of unusual force of character and latent mentality, brain-power that is exercised only on the ordinary pursuits of life, and not exhausted in creative work.

This being so, is not woman's refusal to compete with man in the more arduous and creative forms of intellectual endeavor, simply the condition upon which the race is renewed without mental deterioration? Culturally, her mind may be as active as it pleases; creatively, it must not. And the instinct of the sex seems always to have recognized the distinction.



The Editor's Clearing-House



AN APPEAL TO MR. H. G. WELLS

"BUT why," one finds oneself asking with exasperation as one lays down this really remarkable book,* "why drag in the comet?" Men of genius are rare, and Mr. Wells is undoubtedly one of the men of genius of our day. I don't know how much of my feeling is the result of personal prejudices and predilections, and how much my sense of wasted forces will be shared by other people, in contemplating an author with Mr. Wells's amazing gifts deliberately wasting himself on prophecies, and fairy tales, and the transcendental futilities of the second half of this book, of which it is not too much to say that the first could not have been produced by any other living writer of our language.

Surely the first thing required of a work of art is that it should be a homogeneous whole, but "In the Days of the Comet" breaks in two in the middle, so hopelessly that it is not in human power to repair it. And Mr. Wells evidently shares the opinion of the governor of the feast that it is best to set forth your good wine at the beginning. The hero of the work is not a very honorable person; he is by his own showing a thief, and only accidentally not a murderer, but he is a great creation, alive to the ends of his dirty fingers, gloriously, pitifully human. We follow breathlessly his sordid and commonplace adventure, see with his eyes, feel with his pathetic, distorted, half-educated little soul; and just as we are palpitating with the trigger of his revolver clicking as it were against our own fingers, a douche of cold water is flung over us, and we are left gasping—it is one of the most skilfully engineered things in fiction—only—only—*what* an anticlimax! We experience the offended discomfiture of the victim of a practical joke. Compare the intensely living, ac-

curately realized and presented personality of Willis in the first part, with the invertebrate prig that he becomes after "the great change." I don't know who else will agree with me, but I am assured of one sympathizer in my disappointment, and that is no other than the author himself.

Mr. Wells is far too clear-sighted not to measure all his creation has lost in interest and reality by his metamorphosis. Hear him on the subject: "At the end, and particularly after the death of his mother, I felt his story had slipped away from my sympathies altogether. Those Beltane fires had burnt something in him that living still and unsubdued in me, rebelled in particular at that return of Nettie. I became a little inattentive. I no longer felt with him, nor gathered a sense of complete understanding from his phrases." How does he dare so frankly to voice the condemnation of his own story? Perhaps he thinks to disarm criticism by forestalling it. "I had a moment of rebellious detestation," he continues. "I wanted to get out of all this. After all, it was n't my style. I wanted intensely to say something that would bring him down a peg, make sure as it were of my own suspicions by launching an offensive accusation." The reader shares with unfortunate completeness this moment of "rebellious detestation." Very gladly would he take Willis down several pegs—all the pegs, indeed, that he has gone up as the effect of the "green vapours" that have regenerated our unhappy planet. For *hi-presto!* "The solid ground has failed beneath our feet." The human beings whose unhandsome romance has purged us with pity and terror have been whisked away from our straining sight, and in their place here are Harlequin and Columbine bowing and smiling in the "art nouveau" transformation scene of a children's pantomime, with corn ten feet high and poppies as big as sunflowers.

* In the Days of the Comet. By H. G. Wells, Century.

It is a sad fact that no theologian has ever been able to invent a Paradise that did not more or less repel by the mere fact of its own perfection, and Mr. Wells's picture of the rejuvenated earth, with baths on the train, and sublime skyscrapers euphemistically called "towers," opening on streets full of fruit trees and streams, is no exception to the rule. There is an unfortunate suggestion of an International Exposition about it, with a moving pavement and aeroplanes and every luxury. Those seeming oranges are really electric lamps which will illumine the city in the most fairy-like manner every evening at the touch of a button in Mr. Imry Kiralfy's private office. And then those terrible Beltane fires that were to destroy "the triumphs of our old bastard, half-commercial fine art."

One tries to imagine, not without a tremor, of whom the committee might consist who decreed the burning. I seem to see the votaries of Burne-Jones piously consigning all the Sargents to the flames, while the whiskered painters of my childish days would have made short work with the pre-Raphaelites. Ruskin, who was the supreme arbiter of taste to a whole generation, would have left us few specimens of Whistler; and I have a friend of great culture and refinement who can see nothing in the canvases of Tintoretto but "heavy-limbed women hurtling through the air." Before the art critics had got half through their first Beltane, the fires would have become *auto-da-fé*, with the reek of human sacrifice smoking to outraged Heaven. But it is ill girding at the defects of a writer whose qualities one intensely admires. To make fun of Book II of Mr. Wells's latest romance is not very difficult; but it was also by no means the object with which I took pen in hand, which was rather to address to an author whom I have not the happiness of knowing personally, but in much of whose work I take the keenest delight, an appeal to give me more of the kind I enjoy and fewer of the flights into which my lack of fancy constitutionally disables me from following him. After all, that is what it comes to, and as I write it, I see the futility of the request. Most probably these pages will never meet Mr. Wells's eye, and quite as

probably, if they do, he will be inclined to regard them as merely impertinent. It is not unlikely that he may think he knows how to do his own work, and write his own books, quite as well as a stranger. And even were he disposed graciously to consider the likes and dislikes of an individual reader, his complaisance might cost him much more popularity than it brought him. Perhaps it is true that there is no disputing about tastes; but in that case there is certainly no such thing as criticism. To me at any rate it seems regrettable that any one with such a supreme gift for describing the present should occupy himself so much about the future. He can set contemporary human beings alive upon the stage as few people can, and he prefers to guess about giants and Martians. "Kipps" is one of the great novels of the century, and "Love and Mr. Lewisham," if not quite "Kipps," is very much from the same pen. Mr. Wells has more than almost any one the rare power of seeing things as they really are. Perhaps he may claim that he has arrived at this calm, detached view of things in themselves, unaffected by phrases and catchwords, by the very ability to *planer au dessus* that I am deploring, and that it is his balloon voyages into the infinite that enable him to examine this little planet, that seems so large to most of us, so impartially, and to present it in such correct perspective.

But I am only half convinced; indeed, I am convinced of the contrary. The more I consider this particular history of the Comet, for instance, in which he has sought to fuse and combine his two methods, the more it seems to me that the introduction of the supernatural element is clumsy, inartistic and unworthy of him; that it would have been a greater triumph to demonstrate the barbarity and absurdity of the current views on certain subjects (not, surely, a difficult thing to do) without invoking the intervention of such an incredible god out of such an obvious machine. The creator of Kipps and Anne, of Mr. Lewisham and Coote and the Walsinghams, might be the Balzac of our literature; it is distressing that he should be content to be its Jules Verne.

HOWARD OVERING STURGIS



The Lounger



WHAT a tempest in a teapot has been made in England over the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "The Mikado!" After much talk and many interviews it was ordered off the stage during the visit of Prince Fushimi; and to my thinking quite rightly. The Mikado is a sacred person to the Japanese, and it could hardly be considered courteous to caricature him on the stage during the visit of a Japanese prince. The money loss caused by the

Lord Chamberlain's decision was very great both to Mr. Gilbert and to Mrs. D'Oyle Carte who controls the stage rights of all the Gilbert and Sullivan plays. The situation, notwithstanding this loss, must be amusing to Mr. Gilbert, it is so like one of his own creations. Mrs. Carte hardly sees any fun in it, for she is out of pocket some thousands of dollars, "The Mikado" being to-day the favorite Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.



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SIR W. S. GILBERT



Photo by Vander Weyde, New York

REGINALD DE KOVEN

Mr. Reginald De Koven is again to the front with his musical comedies. After the great success of "Robin Hood," which still is his best, his work was not so conspicuous for its real musical qualities, and it was not so popular; but in "Happyland," his most recent performance, he has again made good, not only musically but from the box-office point of view. In the photograph here given the photographer has caught Mr. De Koven in the act of composing.



There has been a good deal of girding at Americans by English writers recently,—and while the most of it is confined to the yellow press, there are a few higher class writers who indulge themselves in abusing us. Most of these attackers hide behind pen names such as "Anglo-American," "Rita," "Colonial." The last of these published his attack in the sober columns of *The Contemporary*. "Colonial" hits hardest at American women, who, he declares, have vulgarized London society. If they have, I can only say that London society took kindly to the vulgarizing.



He speaks among other things of "risky plays that are brought over from France in defiance of the Lord Chamberlain," and blames the American colony for the plays and the defiance. This is nonsense. The Lord Chamberlain permits plays and stage exhibitions that would not be tolerated in America. Are Americans responsible for La Milo and the Seldoms, whose exhibitions of themselves as nude statues have delighted the town? In spite of the protests of a few writers and clergymen, the exhibitions have gone merrily on. And these protests, after all, were only drawn out by newspapers in search of "copy." The English are very fond of calling us prudes and puritans; if we are, how can we encourage

"risky plays" in defiance of the Lord Chamberlain?



On the seventh of August, Coventry is to have a great celebration, and the lady who modestly calls herself La Milo is to ride *à la* Godiva through the town. According to the newspapers, she is to wear a costume which will consist of "fleshings, with a light gauze cloak attached to one shoulder." The only other clothing will be the same as that worn by the original Godiva—abundant hair. The people of Coventry are immensely pleased, particularly as La Milo offers her services gratuitously in the name of Charity; and Charity, as we know, covers a multitude of sins. Godiva, gracious lady, was so respected by the people of Coventry that only one man gazed upon her as she rode. In the case of La Milo, there will be no necessity for peeping Toms: the show is an open one. Not only every Tom but every Dick and Harry will be there to see—and none of them will be struck blind. Where is the Lord Chamberlain now? Will he stop this show—which, after all, is only the clever advertising of a music-hall "artiste." The sight will be an unusual one, and charity will be well rewarded; but I doubt if our American "prudery" would "stand for" such an exhibition.



While the English are constantly girding at Americans, they do not like criticism of themselves in the public prints. In private they are very frank and say things that a foreigner would not dream of saying. Mrs. George Cornwallis West (Lady Randolph Churchill), although American-born, may be considered quite an Englishwoman by this time, having lived the most of her life in England and having had two English husbands. I do not know whether it is as an English or as an American woman that she writes so freely of English manners, or the lack of them, in the *Gentlewoman*:

The extraordinary restlessness, the craving for something new, before there has been time to understand or enjoy what is in hand, is of a necessity causing manners to deteriorate, and is certainly curtailing the amenities of social life on which past generations set such store. A nod takes the place of the ceremonious bow, a familiar handshake of the elaborate curtsy.

The carefully worded, beautifully written invitation of fifty years ago is dropped in favour of the generally garbled telephone message, such as "Will Mrs. S. dine with Lady T. and bring a man, and if she cannot find one, she must not come, as it would make them thirteen?" or a message to a club: "Will Mr. G. dine with Lady T. to-night? If not, will he look in the card-room and see if any of her lot are there, and suggest somebody?"

Women of all classes dress far more expensively than formerly—in fact, Englishwomen's progress in matters of dress is phenomenal. There is no doubt that luxury is greatly on the increase. The young couple who were thought to be well provided for with £2000 a year barely subsist now on £4000 or 5000.

The standard of education and culture is higher nowadays for the majority than it used to be in the old days. On the other hand, deportment, which used to be thought all-important, is much neglected, and many young girls walk in a room nowadays as though they were striding over a moor, and loiter about on sofas in a manner which would have shocked their grandmothers.

These shocking manners belong only to what the French call "high life." The middle-class, or rather the upper-middle-class, English girl is more or less prim, if not in her heart at least in her manner.

Mrs. Cornwallis West speaks of the "generally garbled telephone message," and well she may. Nothing so bad as the London telephone service can easily be imagined. I do not wonder that so few people have telephones. The London telephone book is not much bigger than our Social Register, and even so it is padded out with advertisements. Miss Carolyn

Wells's account of its use in a recent number of this magazine, may seem to those who have not tried this instrument of torture as the exaggeration of a humorist. Not a bit of it. It is all true, and Miss Wells has not told the worst. It is hard enough for me to understand the English of the cockney in the most favorable circumstances, but over the telephone I am helpless. The "Are you there?" (our "Hello!") has to be heard, not to be understood, but to be appreciated. I heard an American woman say, the other day, that she could make herself understood much better in France than in London; and she thinks that French would be understood by the average London cabby as readily as "American." Now she writes down addresses and hands them up through the trap door in the roof of the cab.



I doubt if many Americans like England as well as I do; at the same time, I must confess to a little irritation at the "certain condescension" with which we are still regarded by a majority of the English people. We have faults enough, heaven knows—almost as many as the English themselves; and it does us good to be rapped over the knuckles for them. But we have our virtues, too—as many as have the English. We may boast a bit, and we may fling our money about; but they stand ready enough to pick it up. I have never known people more eager for money or more shameless in showing their eagerness than the English. Money goes faster in London than anywhere else in the world. Of course, the natives know how to manage, and it is astonishing how little some of them live on; but the travelling American spends money by the handful, and has nothing to show for it. The American cannot live cheaply in London and decently at the same time. If he is willing to live in grimy lodgings with no conveniences for keeping clean, he can do so; but even these he will not find very cheap. I went to look at lodgings in a good part of the town

recently, and ended by going to a hotel. The lodging rooms were large, at least the sitting-room was, but the bed-rooms were half dark; and the price of the rooms alone, without food—and without bath—was sixty dollars a week; after June 1st, seventy-five. I would not have taken them as a gift. Of course this would not be dear for the Ritz or some other fashionable hotels; but then I do not patronize such places as these. I finally found a hotel for much less money, with three good meals a day included. London is so enormous that I dare say if one knows just where to look, one can find just what one wants. The hotel selected, for instance, is quite distant from Piccadilly Circus, but it opens out over Kensington Gardens, and from my bedroom window, I can see the Round Pond and Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born, and set my watch by the palace clock.



It is this sort of thing that makes me love London in spite of many irritations. You find historical and "literary landmarks" everywhere. I went out to send a telegram one day, and opposite the office I noticed a house with rounded front that looked very familiar. "That must be Thackeray's house," I said to myself; "it is certainly 16 Young Street." And crossing over, I read the tablet that confirmed my guess. A few steps away is another Thackeray house; just below my window are the trees under which he sat and the paths he loved to tread. Not far from the Round Pond, across the Gardens, is the lovely house of J. M. Barrie, whose pen has repeopled these walks and lawns. The Round Pond and the Broad Walk are alive with the creatures of his fantastic brain. And there is Kensington Palace itself, filled with memories of departed royalty. It was here that the young Victoria was told of her accession to the throne. But I am not writing history; I am merely attempting to show that we can forgive English

people much for the sake of the pleasure their country gives us; for their history, their literature is ours in spite of all they can say. We are of the same stock and who can deny that in some respects we have improved upon it? America has given us qualities of mind and heart that would add much to the attractiveness of our English cousins—though they have many qualities of their own that we might be glad to possess.



One would suppose that London was well supplied with tea-rooms: they are to be found everywhere, like beer-saloons in the Bowery; yet another and very important one has just been added to the list. London has long wanted a Rumpelmayer's, and now it is to have one. Vienna, Paris and the principal resorts of fashion on the continent are supplied with their Rumplemayers, but until the present season London has been slighted. Rumpelmayer is famous not only for his tea but for his toast. It was not so long ago that in this magazine "Arthur Pendennis" devoted a large part of his letter to the celebration of Rumpelmayer's toast. The "A. B. C's." and other popular resorts will not find a rival in Rumpelmayer's. No three-penny cups in the *Salon de Thé*. Two shillings is the lowest price for the cup that cheers its patrons. Rumpelmayer does not serve dinners or suppers, only teas, and a very select luncheon from the grill, with nothing but water to wash it down. "For lunch the best people drink water," says Mr. Rumpelmayer; and as he caters only to "the best people," he ought to know. The W. C. T. U. should applaud this sentiment. Now comes the question—when is New York to have a Rumpelmayer's? Are we to be outdone by London and Paris in so vital a matter as tea?



All good Americans must rejoice at the great success the Sothern-Marlowe company have had in Lon-



Photo by Dover Street Studios, London

THE "AMERICAN INVASION"

don. There has been nothing like it in the experience of the oldest critics. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn were merely names even to the dramatic critics of the London papers, so little does London care for what New York is doing; but they are more than names now. Mr. Sothorn, they say, is the best Hamlet London has seen for years, and Miss Marlowe as Juliet (*vide the Times*) is "love itself." What surprises the critics more than all is the way these American actors speak English; which might surprise them less if they knew that both had English parents. One of the leading dailies—the *Chronicle*, I think—advised English actors to visit the Waldorf Theatre and learn from these Americans how to speak their own language! Not only the daily papers but the magazines have joined in the chorus of praise. Nothing more notable has been written of these actors than Mr. Arthur Symonds's article in the *Monthly Review* "Great English Acting" is the title of his essay, and he writes without reservations of any sort.

Madame Patti has been confiding a part of the story of her life to the *Echo de Paris*. She frankly confesses to sixty-four. When the interviewer marvelled that it could be possible (did n't she mean forty-six?) she insisted, adding:

You want to know, I suppose, how I managed to reach such an age without appearing too much damaged. Well, I have done nothing at all. Up to forty I stinted myself in nothing, and ate and lived as I chose. After forty, however, I took to a comparatively strict way of living. Since then I have eaten no red meat, and have drunk only white wine and soda. When I feel weak, a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liqueurs. My diet consists of light food and white meat, chiefly sweetbreads, sheep's brains, fowl and vegetables. I always sleep with the window wide open in summer, and partly open in winter, so as not to get the cold air straight on my face. I never get to bed early, hardly ever before half-past twelve or one. A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not

want to get fat. That is my only secret of health. Above all, I think it is necessary to take a bath before going to bed.

Mme. Patti had heard Dr. Strauss's "Salome" in Paris and did not like it—in which she is not alone. "What a part!" she exclaimed.

I would not sing it for anything. I am a good Catholic, and nothing would have ever made me sing in a Biblical play on the stage. As for me, I adore Wagner. I never met him, because he refused to know me. And the reason was that I refused to create the part of Kundry in "Parsifal." I thought there was a great deal of shrieking to do in the part, and refused to sing it. Wagner was furious, and never would meet me.



I am rather surprised to find that Walt Whitman is fairly well known in Russia. Not as well known as Poe or even Fenimore Cooper, but books have been written about him, and his poems have been translated for Russian reviews. "The Poet Anarchist, Walt Whitman," is the title of a recent volume published in Russia by K. Chukovsky. I have not seen the book, but I have read about it in a letter from St. Petersburg to the London *Tribune*, a new daily which gives much space to literature and the arts. Besides these translations, several by a M. Balmont were printed in a Russian review, last year. Of the latter the *Tribune's* correspondent says:

"Beat, beat, drums," for instance, is translated into hexameters, and the commotion, the terror, the alarm that pulse in Whitman's hasty, irregular rhythm are strangled in M. Balmont's ponderous cadence. There are inexact renderings, too: "Burst like a ruthless force!" becomes, in M. Balmont's hands, "Burst with inexorable power!" The translation of the poem "To Europe!" is, in point of rhythm, a much fairer representation of the original, but here again there are inaccuracies that one had not expected to meet in the work of a poet of M. Balmont's

standing. Of the disembodied spirit of the martyr in the cause of freedom, Whitman writes that "it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counselling, cautioning"; M. Balmont renders the phrase "whispering, cautioning, hastening."

M. Chukovsky criticises M. Balmont severely, but has not greatly improved upon his method. According to the *Tribune*,

M. Chukovsky frees Whitman's poem from all its American implications, and with frequent use of the imagery of the original writes a spirited poem of his own on the onward march of the race. The result reminds one of the modern Russian decadent school rather than of Whitman, but it was worth printing. To a certain extent, M. Chukovsky has adopted the same method in his version of "Europe," which challenges comparison with that of M. Balmont. M. Balmont's rendering is the more literal, but M. Chukovsky's is better poetry. Yet in this poem M. Chukovsky suffers from a certain vacillation between the two methods, and when he writes of "the ripening of the seed of laughter," it is not quite clear whether he has carved a fresh image of his own or whether he has misunderstood the original: "The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily. . . . The creatures of power laugh aloud. And all these things bear fruits." On the whole, M. Chukovsky's versions are full of vigor, though they are by no means always Whitman.

If one only knew Russian it would be interesting to read Whitman in that language—to no one more interesting than to the "good gray poet" himself.



One of the greatest singers England ever called her own is Mr. Charles Santley. Not only did Santley in his prime have a great voice, but he was a great artist, and in opera a great actor. In May last his friends and admirers celebrated his fiftieth year behind the footlights. It was a fine celebration, and never did singer better deserve such an ovation. Music is popular in England, but

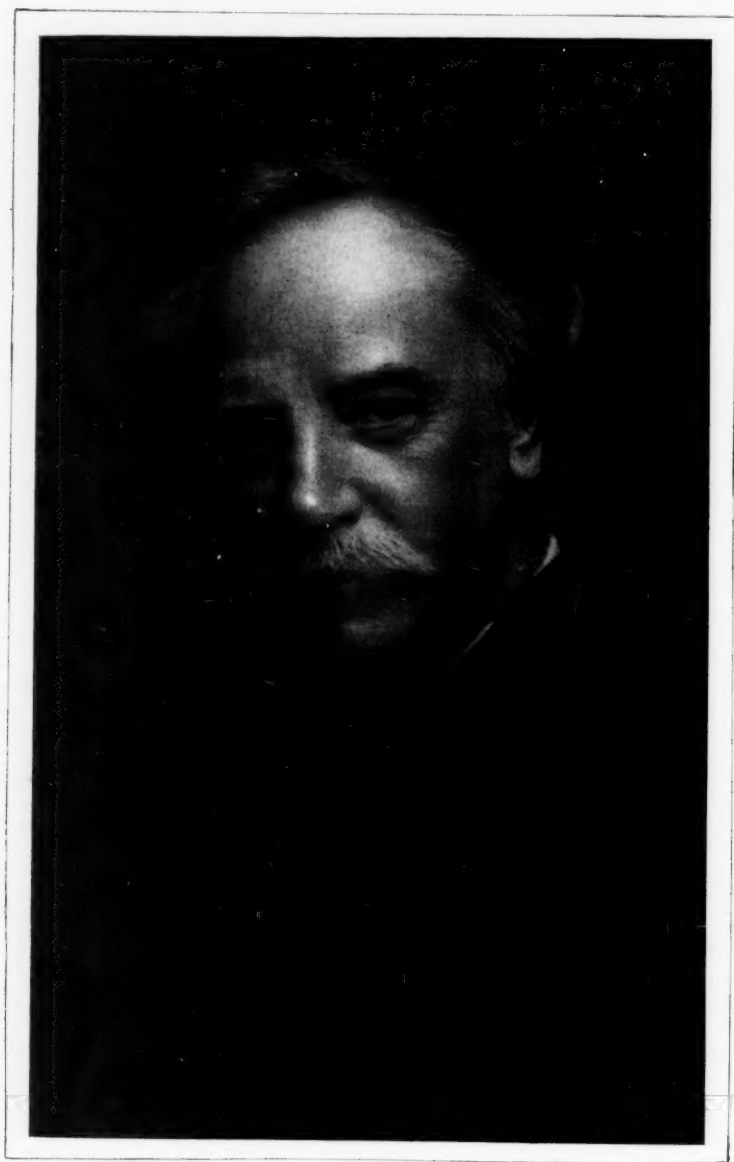


Photo by Histed, London

CHARLES SANTLEY

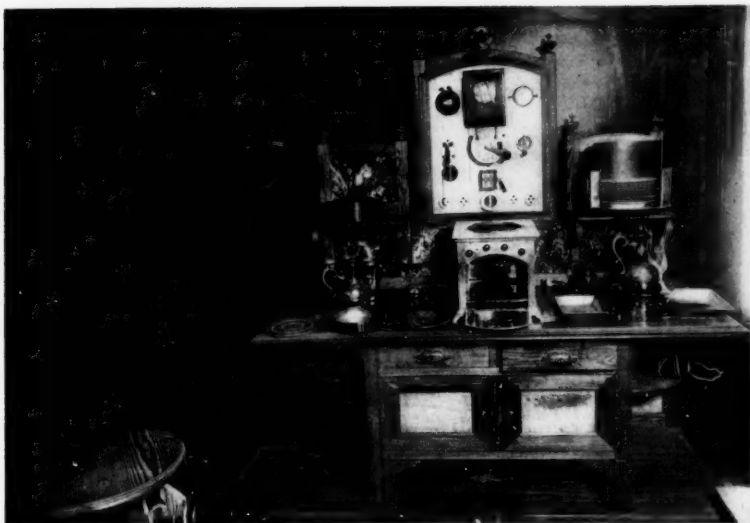


Photo by M. Branges, Paris

KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE AT TROYES

English singers have not added a great deal to musical history. Santley did more than any one English singer to raise the national standard. His contemporary, Sims Reeves, was perhaps the more popular of the two, for tenors are always more popular than baritones, but Santley was the finer artist. Reeves never came to America, but Santley did, and sang in opera with Mme. Parepa-Rosa. Never shall I forget the night when he and she and Adelaide Phillips sang "Rigoletto" at the Academy of Music. Such a crowd and such enthusiasm! That now neglected temple of music was packed to its doors, and wedges of excited people extended from the portico out into the street. I was among the fortunate ones, for knowing the stage-door man I got in at the back and thereby escaped being crushed to death. Many years later, when Santley had reached middle age, he returned to America for some special performances in oratorio.



A friend of mine, a famous prima-donna, sent me a hurry call to dinner

at her house, adding that the singer whom I admired of all others would be there. I knew at once that she must mean Santley, and sure enough, it was he. "I can't ask him to sing, of course," she said, "but it may come about." As we lingered over the table the two singers began to talk over the times when they had sung together. "Do you remember when we sang such and such a duet?" she would say; and as they recalled the old days when they had sung together in London, he stepped through the folding doors, that stood conveniently open, into the music-room, sat down at the piano and played the old tunes over. Then she hummed the aria along with him, and it was not many minutes before they were both singing away, song after song, until far into the night. I was the only audience, for Santley had particularly requested that it should not be a dinner-party; but never was an audience, no matter what its size, more enthusiastic. Now Santley is an old man, if one may judge by dates and the color of his hair. And the prima-donna—who will call her old! Her hair may be gray and her years may be more

than they were when she held her audiences spellbound; but she is still a young woman, and always will be. In her case the years do not count.



A French gentleman by the name of Georgia Knapp, living at Troyes, has a house that Jules Verne might have created. It is the result of electrical experiments, and is run in a manner that is most mysterious to the uninitiated. When the bell at the entrance is rung the gate opens of its own accord, and a voice out of nowhere directs the visitor up the path to the house. There more electrical appliances add to the mystery. If one is invited to dine, he is surprised to find no footman waiting on the table. The plates are changed, the courses served by unseen hands. Should the visitor be allowed below stairs, he will see the workings of these mysteries. Electrical apparatus confronts him on every side. There is nothing done except by electricity, and most of the devices are the invention of the owner of the house.

The Baroness Orczy, who writes successful English novels, is a Hungarian by birth, and did not come to England until she was fifteen years old. Her father, she tells us in a recent autobiographical note, was a distinguished diplomat as well as an accomplished musician, and at one time was director of the National Opera House at Budapesth. The Baroness lives in London and is married to an Englishman, Mr. Montagu Barstow, an artist, whom she met when she was studying art. Six years ago she discovered quite by accident that she had a talent for writing, not only writing fiction but writing plays. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was her first great success, both as a novel and as a play. As a play it was produced in England, and played for a season or more by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. Few playwrights have such a record as the Baroness Orczy. Two of her novels were published by the Messrs. Putnam. The new one I see is announced by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. It is called "The Gates of Kamt," and has ancient Egypt for its background.



Photo by M. Branges, Paris

TABLE IN THE HOUSE AT TROYES



BARONESS ORCZY

For forty-six years the Nestor of American sculptors, John Quincy Adams Ward, has had a studio in New York; it is fifty-seven years since he began his studies under the late Henry K. Browne, and twenty more since he first breathed atmospheric air. His work is more familiar to the public than that of any of his rivals. Hundreds of thousands have seen his "Indian Hunter," "Shakespeare" and other statues in Central Park, his colossal "Washington" in Wall Street, and his "Greeley" in front

of the *Tribune* office; and almost as many are acquainted with the figures with which he has adorned other eastern cities—Washington, Brooklyn, Hartford, Newport, Boston. Less well-known, though one of his finest works, is the bronze figure of the late Henry B. Hyde in the corridor of the Equitable Building in Broadway. Mr. Ward has held and still holds distinguished honorary positions in art institutions and associations; and the place he holds in the hearts of his fellow-workers was



Photo by Vander Weyde

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS WARD

shown last spring at the dinner in his honor given at the National Arts Club in this city. His seventy-seventh birthday (June 29th) found him hard at work on an equestrian statue of General Hancock—which accounts for the horse in the accompanying photograph.

24

Not only has England celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Santley's

first public appearance, but it has celebrated the fifty years of Matilda Betham-Edwards's literary life. Miss Edwards must not be confused with the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the novelist, miscellaneous writer and Egyptologist. Miss Betham-Edwards wrote a novel when she was only twenty-one years of age, and has written other stories since; but it is as a writer of books relating to France that she is best known and will be

longest remembered. English people will tell you that nothing has done more to encourage the *entente* than her books, of which "Home Life in France" is a conspicuous example;

for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. One of her early poems attracted the notice of Dickens, who gave her £5 and printed it in *Household Words*. Her Psalm for children, "God make my life



Photo by Maull & Fox

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS

and France has made her an "Officer of Public Instruction." Forty years ago, at the request of Mark Lemon, she contributed to *Punch* a series of papers called "Mrs. Punch's Letters to her Daughter," and when John Morley was its editor, she frequently wrote

a little light," is included in the Congregational Church hymnal, and several other books of sacred song. Miss Edwards, whose writing days are now virtually over, owing to age and illness, lives in a little villa at Hastings. Some years ago she received a civil

service reward, but illness eats up a good deal of money and her friends decided that a testimonial of a practical nature would be more welcome than a silver punch-bowl or even a silver inkstand.

Only a few weeks ago Miss Betham-Edwards published a volume of "Literary Rambles in France" which is likely to be her swan-song. Before writing this book she had saturated herself with the spirit of the great writers in whose footsteps she has rambléd. Miss Betham-Edwards is no hack writer. Her books are not thrown together to carry reproductions of "snapshots." They are literature; for she is a writer, and she knows what she is writing about.



A reader of this magazine who lives in Spain away off in a remote northern corner, to illustrate the remoteness of the corner in which she lives, tells me this story:

A friend in America sends her the *Sunday Herald*, with its wealth of illustration, with which we are all so familiar, but which is such a new thing to the natives of her neighborhood. There is an old beggar, a man of ninety years of age, who comes periodically to her house for alms, with whom she likes to talk, for he is a nice respectable beggar, not the trampish kind that we are familiar with. One day he noticed that the illustrated supplements of the *Herald* had been thrown away. He asked her for them, and she gladly gave them to him. In the course of a week he came back radiant, with a basket of vegetables on his arm, which he presented to her, and asked for more *Herald* supplements. "What do you want with them?" she asked out of curiosity. "For the young girls in the mountains," he replied. "They love them. They give me all the vegetables I can eat, and all that I can sell, for those pictures of the saints." "The saints?" asked my friend, remembering that the pictures were usually of actors and actresses, ladies of fashion, etc. "Yes," he

said, "the beautiful saints. They love them, and they will give me all I need to live upon if I give them the pictures of the saints."

It is hardly necessary to say that my friend gladly gave him the "saints," and he went away as happy as though he had found a gold mine. And so, virtually, he had, for what does one need in this world more than to have one's wants supplied? and these pictures of "saints" supplied all his needs.



The publisher of Mr. W. F. DeMorgan's "Alice-For-Short," in a literary note concerning that book, writes:

Of course, all an author's facts are jottings from the world he has seen, and *quicquid agunt homines* is just as much the *farrago* of Mr. DeMorgan's *libellus* as anyone else's—only perhaps his tales, so far, contain less of *ira* and *voluptas* than modern best-sellers generally do.

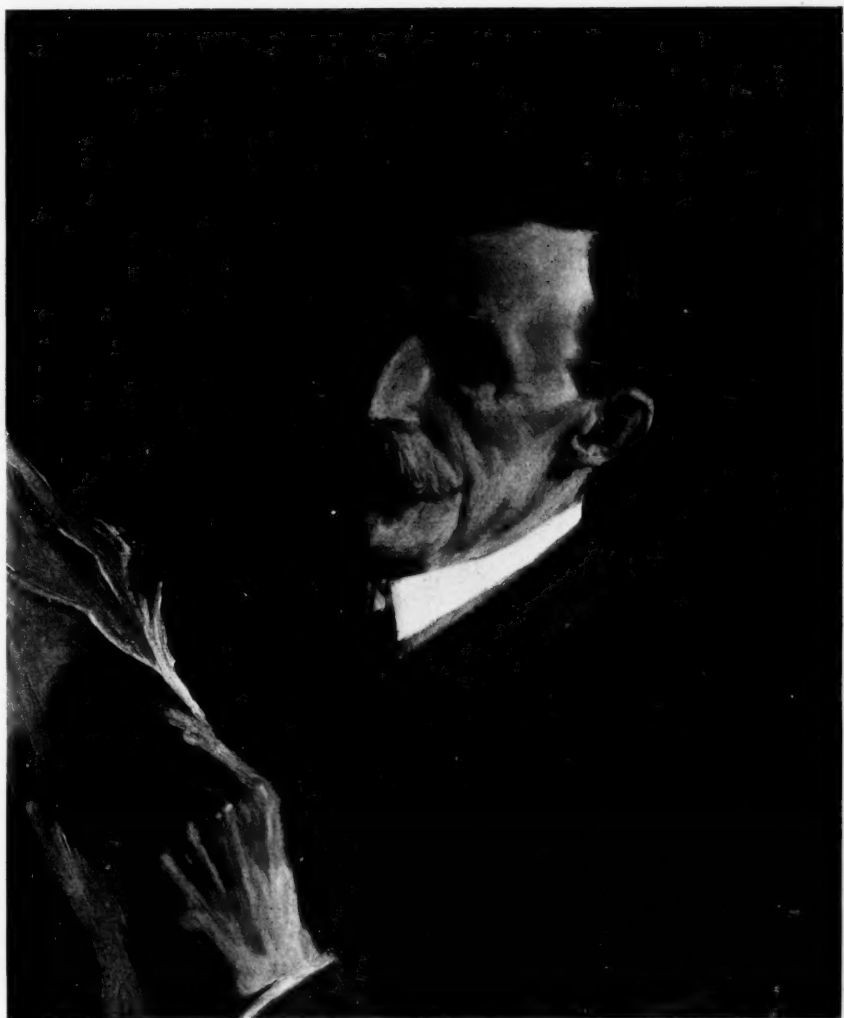
I wonder how many readers would be attracted to the book by this extraordinary statement. It is hard to tell whether it is a promise or a threat!



The accompanying portrait of Professor F. W. Maitland of Cambridge, whose remarkable attainment and career were the subject of a paper by H. A. L. Fisher of Oxford, in the July PUTNAM'S, was intended to accompany that article, "A Great English Scholar," but arrived too late. It shows the rare intellectual quality of the man, and is not without a hint of the valetudinarianism which made his comparatively early death appear less unnatural, though not less regrettable, than it would otherwise have seemed.



Readers of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY will learn with regret of the sudden death, at the early age of forty-four years, of Professor Albert H. Smyth, whose researches in connection with his monumental edition of the "Life



FREDERIC WILLIAM MAITLAND

and Writings of Franklin" were responsible for the publication in the early numbers of this magazine of Mme. Brillouin's charming letters to the aged philosopher, and his no less charming replies.

Mr. Smyth was born in Philadelphia, and was educated in the public schools of that city, and graduated from the Central High School, after which he studied at Johns Hopkins University.

Having taken all honors in English there, he returned to Philadelphia to accept a post in the faculty of the High School, which he held until his death—a period of twenty years. As head of the Department of English, he was enormously popular with the students, his hearty good-fellowship winning him friends in school and out. As a lecturer he was so much in demand that he found himself forced

two years ago to give up the platform for a time in order to devote himself exclusively to his literary and school work. His "Life of Bayard Taylor" is a charming biography. It was not his only book; and his edition of Franklin may well prove to be definitive. Mr. Smyth represented the United States Government at the celebration of the Franklin bi-centenary in Paris last year, and was entertained by the Legion of Honor, which decorated him with its ribbon. One of his last public appearances was made as spokesman of the Medical Club of Philadelphia, on the occasion of a literary reception. At the time of his death he had just begun the preparation of a "Life of Washington," which bade fair to prove no less important than his Franklin.



Mr. Robert Steele writes to me from the Savage Club, London:

Some years ago I edited the "Love-Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn," as a supplement to Vol. II. of "Kings' Letters." A volume "Copyright 1906, by John W. Luce & Company" of Boston, Mass. has just reached England, which is a literal reprint of my edition (with the exception of two corrections of printer's errors), without the slightest acknowledgement. Under the United States copyright law, my work can be reprinted by anyone; but it is usual to yield to the editor whose work is annexed the poor justice of putting his name to his work.

The American publishers' comment on this statement is that, so far as they know, the Letters are not copyrightable either here or in England, and that their copyright claim is made merely to cover their decorations and illustrations. The question of ignoring Mr. Steele's editorial labors is not touched upon in their reply.

CORRECTIONS

We regret that, in "The Permanence of the Poetic Drama," by Miss Rittenhouse, in our June number, Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" were inadvertently credited to The Macmillan Company instead of to The John Lane Company, which issues these and Mr. Phillips's non-dramatic volumes "Poems" and "Marpessa."

A New England reader calls our attention to the fact that Miss Mary C. Crawford, in her "Longfellow: Poet of Places," in PUTNAM's for February, alluded to the "Skeleton in Armor" as having been dug up at Taunton instead of at Fall River—an obvious slip of the pen or memory.

Mrs. J. G. Blumer of Sierra Madre, Cal., advises us that the title of the paper on the Colony Club, which appeared in the May PUTNAM's, is a misnomer. She says that "The Newest Woman's Club" means "the club of the newest woman;" whereas the article is really about the newest club for women. She condemns in unmeasured terms the title under which the article actually appeared, but trusts that her severity will be forgiven in consideration of her outraged feelings.

Mr. S. E. Bradshaw writes from Furman University, Greenville, S. C.—"Your attention may already have been called to a repeated error in the June PUTNAM's. Tennyson's friend, A. H. Hallam, was Arthur Henry and not Arthur Hugh, as stated twice in your paragraph. (You doubtless had in mind Arthur Hugh Clough.)"

